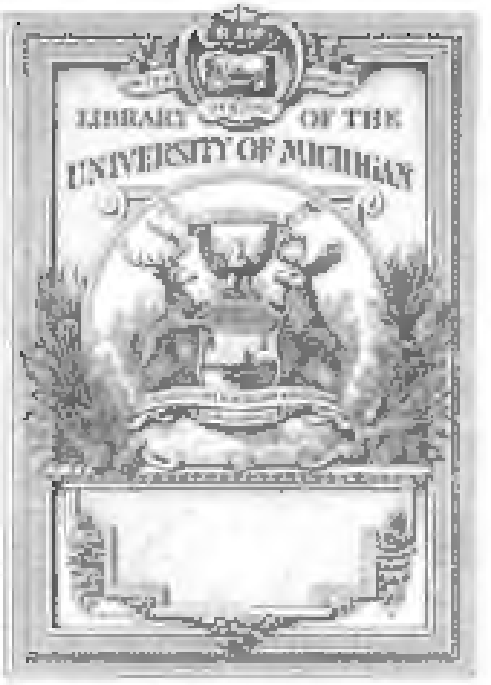
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google

AP
4
.M6

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

VOL. XVIII.

JANUARY—MARCH 1905

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY
ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

INDEX OF AUTHORS

		PAGE
ADAMS, ARTHUR H.	Bond Street	Mar. 136
ALEXEI	Nihilism	Feb. 59
APPONYI, THE COUNT ALBERT	The Hungarian Crisis	Feb. 24
AUTHOR OF "THE GREATNESS OF JOSIAH PORLICK"	The Black Vengeance	Mar. 94
BACON, REV. JOHN M.	The Birth of Telegraphy	Jan. 115
BAILEY, H. C.	Beaujeu	Jan. 167, Feb. 167, Mar. 148
BARRY, RICHARD	The Siege of Port Arthur	Feb. 1
BATY, T., D.C.L., LL.M.	Coal for Russia	Feb. 128
CAILLARD, SIR VINCENT	An Empire in the Making	Jan. 30, Mar. 37
CARTWRIGHT, JULIA (MRS. ADY)	Edward Burne-Jones	Mar. 17
CORNFORD, L. COPE	The Wardship of Empire	Feb. 106
EGERTON OF TATTON, THE EARL	The Papal Medals of the Italian Renaissance	Feb. 48
G. W. P.	Counter Reformation Plots and Plotters	Feb. 117
GORKI, MAXIM	Man	Mar. 1
GREGORY, LADY	Living Legends of the Fianna	Feb. 74
HARE, CHRISTOPHER	Vittoria Accorambona	Jan. 150
HODGSON, W. EARL	Some Problems in Salmon-Fishing	Mar. 65
HOGARTH, D. G.	Cyrenaica	Jan. 90
HUGHES, J. STANLEY	Which of the Women?	Jan. 85
HUTTON, EDWARD	Umbrian Art	Jan. 129
MARZIALS, SIR FRANK T., C.B.	Gryllus	Jan. 157
MONK, KATHARINE HENRIETTA	The State Registration of Nurses	Jan. 141
OTTLEY, THE REV. EDWARD BICKERSTETH	Religious Instruction in Primary Schools	Feb. 137

145186

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

			PAGE
PRATT, EDWIN A.	British Railway Rates v. Foreign	Jan.	107
RAMSAY, SIR WILLIAM, K.C.B., F.R.S.	What is an Element?	Feb.	93
REES, ALFRED W.	The Hypocrite	Feb.	146
ROYCE, G. MONROE	The Hon. Whitelaw Reid	Feb.	39
SICHEL, WALTER	Going, Going, Gone!	Jan.	1
SOLANO, E. JOHN	The Destiny of Britain in Central Asia	Jan.	56
STRATIOTES	The Military Deadlock	Mar.	8
TAYLOR, BENJAMIN	Municipal Aspects of the Housing Problem	Mar.	113
VILLARI, L.	The Effect of the War on Russian Public Feeling	Mar.	78
WILSON, H. W.	Naval Lessons of the War	Jan.	15

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

Accorambeni, Vittoria	CHRISTOPHER HARE	Jan.	150
Art, Umbrian	EDWARD HUTTON	Jan.	129
Beaujeu	H. C. BAILEY . Jan. 167, Feb. 167, Mar.		148
Birth of Telegraphy, The	REV. JOHN M. BACON	Jan.	115
Bond Street	ARTHUR H. ADAMS	Mar.	136
Black Vengeance, The	AUTHOR OF "THE GREATNESS OF JOSIAH PORLICK"	Mar.	94
British Railway Rates *v.* Foreign	EDWIN A. PRATT	Jan.	107
Burne-Jones, Edward	JULIA CARTWRIGHT (MRS. ADY)	Mar.	17
Central Asia, The Destiny of Britain in	E. JOHN SOLANO	Jan.	56
Coal for Russia	T. BATY, D.C.L., LL.M.	Feb.	128
Counter Reformation Plots and Plotters	G. W. P.	Feb.	117
Cyrenaica	D. G. HOGARTH	Jan.	90
Destiny of Britain in Central Asia, The	E. JOHN SOLANO	Jan.	56
Effect of the War on Russian Public Feeling, The	L. VILLARI	Mar.	78
Element? What is an	SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, K.C.B., F.R.S.	Feb.	93
Empire in the Making, An	SIR VINCENT CAILLARD Jan. 30, Mar.		37
Empire, The Wardship of	L. COPE CORNFORD	Feb.	106
Fianna, Living Legends of the	LADY GREGORY	Feb.	74
Going, Going, Gone!	WALTER SICHEL	Jan.	1
Gryllus	SIR FRANK T. MARZIALS, C.B.	Jan.	157
Housing Problem, Principal Aspects of the	BENJAMIN TAYLOR	Mar.	113
Hungarian Crisis, The	COUNT ALBERT APPONYI	Feb.	24
Hypocrite, The	ALFRED W. REES	Feb.	146
Living Legends of the Fianna	LADY GREGORY	Feb.	74

Google

			PAGE
Man	Maxim Gorki	Mar.	1
Military Deadlock, The	Stratiotes	Mar.	8
Municipal Aspects of the Housing Problem	Benjamin Taylor	Mar.	113
Naval Lessons of the War	H. W. Wilson	Jan.	15
Nihilism	Alexei	Feb.	59
Nurses, The State Registration of	Katharine Henrietta Monk	Jan.	141
On the Line		Jan. 168, Feb. 161, Mar.	138
Plots and Plotters, Counter Reformation	G. W. P.	Feb.	117
Port Arthur, The Siege of	Richard Barry	Feb.	1
Primary Schools, Religious Instruction in	Rev. Edward Bickersteth Ottley	Feb.	137
Railway Rates, British v. Foreign	Edwin A. Pratt	Jan.	107
Reid, The Hon. Whitelaw	G. Monroe Royce	Feb.	39
Religious Instruction in Primary Schools	Rev. Edward Bickersteth Ottley	Feb.	137
Russia, Coal for	T. Baty, D.C.L., LL.M.	Feb.	128
Russian Public Feeling, Effect of the War on	L. Villari	Mar.	78
Siege of Port Arthur, The	Richard Barry	Feb.	1
Some Problems in Salmon-Fishing	W. Earl Hodgson	Mar.	67
State Registration of Nurses, The	Katharine Henrietta Monk	Jan.	141
Telegraphy, The Birth of	Rev. John M. Bacon	Jan.	115
Umbrian Art	Edward Hutton	Jan.	129
Vengeance, The Black	Author of "The Greatness of Josiah Porlock"	Mar.	94
Vittoria Accoramboni	Christopher Hare	Jan.	150
War, Naval Lessons of the	H. W. Wilson	Jan.	15
Wardship of Empire, The	L. Cope Cornford	Feb.	106
What is an Element?	Sir William Ramsay, K.C.B., F.R.S.	Feb.	93
Which of the Women?	J. Stanley Hughes	Jan.	85
Whitelaw Reid, The Hon.	J. Monroe Royce	Feb.	39

Google

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

JANUARY 1905

GOING, GOING, GONE!——WALTER SICHEL Page 1

NAVAL LESSONS OF THE WAR——H. W. WILSON 15

AN EMPIRE IN THE MAKING (I)——Sir VINCENT CAILLARD 30

THE DESTINY OF BRITAIN IN CENTRAL ASIA——E. JOHN SOLANO 56

WHICH OF THE WOMEN?——J. STANLEY HUGHES 85

CYRENAICA (*Illustrated*)——D. G. HOGARTH 90

BRITISH RAILWAY RATES *v.* FOREIGN——EDWIN A. PRATT 107

THE BIRTH OF TELEGRAPHY——JOHN M. BACON 115

UMBRIAN ART——EDWARD HUTTON 129

THE STATE REGISTRATION OF NURSES——KATHARINE HENRIETTA MONK *(Matron and Superintendent of the Nurse-training School of King's College Hospital)* 141

VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI——CHRISTOPHER HARE 150

GRYLLUS——Sir FRANK T. MARZIALS 157

ON THE LINE 163

BEAUJEU (CHAPTERS I—IV)——H. C. BAILEY 167

No. 52. XVIII. 1.—Jan. 1905. A

Google

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (DECEMBER).

RUSSIA, ENGLAND, AND M. JOSEPH PRUDHOMME—LAURENCE JERROLD

THE DECLINE OF PARLIAMENT—LEONARD COURTNEY

THE ORGANISATION OF NATIONAL RESOURCES—G. F. SHEE

THE MEDALS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE. I. (*Illustrated*) — THE EARL EGERTON OF TATTON

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE—WILFRID WARD

ELIZABETHAN CRIME-PLAYS—J. SLINGSBY ROBERTS

RHODESIA AND THE CHARTER—I. DOBBIE

BAYEUX TAPESTRY—J. HORACE ROUND

LIBERAL CLUBS AND THE LIBERAL PARTY—W. J. FISHER (late Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*)

MOUNTAINEERING ACCIDENTS—REGINALD HUGHES

THE LAW OF HUSBAND AND WIFE—ALFRED FELLOWS

ON THE LINE

The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, *"Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.*

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

GOING, GOING, GONE

THERE is no creature so little self-conscious, or perhaps sub-conscious, as the Anglo-Saxon. Essentially social, habitually "a child of the established fact," he takes for granted not only that he is what he and his imagine themselves to be, but that that he is what he has always been. Like the traveller who fancies the landscape racing with him as he whirls along, he hugs the illusion that if things undeniably move, he, at least, remains unchanged. John Bull is drawn unaltered in political cartoons. He still wears his early nineteenth-century guise. He continues a dignified and sturdy farmer, with what Dickens once expressed as "no bigod nonsense" about him. And yet John Bull is not quite the same as he supposes, still less has he kept all the characteristics which our candid friends across the water have from time to time described for us with such graphic and lively candour; nor, on the other hand, has their caricature of "Jacques Rosbif" remained unqualified.

One such—M. Simond—who penned two most interesting English volumes describing us during the earlier years of the last century, seems to reveal another world than our twentieth-century Britain.[1] Eighty years before, Voltaire, in his English Notes, praised our independent liberty and laughed at the *sang froid* of the nobleman who was too grand to condescend to help in extricating his overturned coach from the ditch

[1] "Journal of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain during the Years 1810 and 1811." By Louis Simond. Edinburgh: J. Ballantyne & Co. 1817.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

which he surveyed stolid and unmoved, yet so hospitable as to invite a stranger to his mansion, and so indifferent to his wife as to let him flirt with her. And, without counting innumerable recent books, M. Taine gave to the world in the early seventies his fastidious, discriminating, and hypercritical "Notes on England." The portrait of character presented by these intelligent foreigners from the seventeen-twenties to the eighteen-seventies has many points in common. The outlines and expression agree, and agree in features, some enduring but many now vanished; while the costumes and environment, the fashions and foibles have mostly, for worse or better, passed away altogether. It may help comparison to linger awhile over these matters, before glancing at what manner of men we actually are to-day.

Of all these accounts M. Simond's is the most perceptive. He had a gift of clear insight unblurred by over refinement. From 1810 to 1812 he spent two years in our midst. There are many points of difference between his observation and M. Taine's some sixty years afterwards. M. Taine was disgusted with the gloom of the London Sunday. He said that it resembled "an immense and well-ordered cemetery." M. Simond observed only groups of staid, well-dressed and cheerful people. What would both of them have said to the London Sunday of our moment, with its laxity of church attendance, its restaurant-dinners, its renouncement of discipline! Neither of our spectators, however, remarked upon the lack of rational provision for the people on their one day of absolute leisure. Now this is all changed, and Museums and Galleries, infinitely richer than they have ever been, stand open in stated hours and may, at least, compete with the public-houses. The twentieth-century Sunday in London is a democratic Sunday, and the stony weight of *bourgeois* Sabbatarianism has been rolled away. "Universal darkness" no longer "buries all." Take again another test by which the idiosyncrasies of a nation may be judged—its amusements. M. Simond and M. Taine both agree in holding our athleticism driven to

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

excess; but the former admired what the latter deprecates! After watching the skaters on the "Serpentine River," the former remarks:

> Ladies crowd round to contemplate the human form divine—strength, grace and manly beauty. There is certainly much to admire in this respect in the class of gentlemen in England which is not only handsomer, but stronger than the labouring class both of town and country. It appears to me that it was the reverse in France, and that gentlemen in general were rather inferior in bodily faculties to countrymen and town labourers. This difference may be ascribed to the practice of athletic amusement being much more general in England—much more a part of education; and to the circumstance of the young men being introduced later to the society of women in England than in France.

But what in those years might have appeared a fondness for violent exercise has now turned into a mania for looking and betting on it. Athletics have become a show and athleticism a gambling counter. Professional athletes abound. Football wholly, and cricket constantly, are "run" on "gate-money" principles. Our "democracy" crowds to witness a play of muscle or of skill which it does not share. Somebody achieving his century and a half in Australia precedes on the street placards all the convulsions of warfare or of nature. As for the Turf, the newsboy rests not day nor night, crying "Hall the winners!", and even the milkman, who knows no more about horses than about cows, has his petty wager. Races, multiplied by scores, are watched not by sight nor from interest but through "tapes" and for excitement; and here, as in so many other social departments, faith has been replaced by credit. In old days the great merchant would, twice a year, drive his four-in-hand from a mansion in Billiter Square to Epsom or Ascot with proud humility. Now the gold and diamond "kings" of Park Lane, who are better judges of the odds than of the points, and more skilled in horse-power than in horses, run racers of their own, pamper jockeys and feast trainers. Only in the hunting-field is sport still sociable and a means of uniting classes. The old simplicity

Digitized by Google

of walking after and shooting game has yielded to the luxuries of the "battue" with elaborate luncheons to armies of beaters, and selfish disdain of everything but "rocketers" and "high-flyers." In these respects the old Horatian tag now applies to us:

> Nos nequiores mox daturos
> Progeniem vitiosiorem.

And women are now Amazons. It would, indeed, have startled M. Simond to have seen ladies matched in cricket and hockey. Some fifty years ago Mrs. Grote with her bat was considered an eccentric exception. So far from ladies crowding round "to contemplate the human form divine" the tendency inclines to the converse. But apart from its extravagances, the healthy physical development of women and the free-trade of girls vying with boys in games of the present day must be regarded as a great improvement on the false prudery and delicate coddling of previous generations. Duelling has disappeared and there is, at least, one noxious form of spectacular athletics which is practically obsolete. It is a good thing surely that pugilism, brutal and brutalising, has gone out of fashion. And yet even this coarse exhibition of strength—intensified by the engravings of favourites in the shop-windows—had its better side. "No precipitation," says M. Simond, "no unnecessary motion, and, above all, no anger. One of the first requisites is impassibility under the severest bodily pain. . . . There is a sort of courtesy and law of combat here as well as in more deadly encounters. . . . The sword or pistol equalise strength, and secure politeness and circumspection between individuals in the higher ranks of society; the fist answers the same purpose between the high and the low. A gentleman well taught can by that means repress and punish vulgar insult when supported by mere bodily strength."

Our theatres, which M. Taine about thirty years ago criticised as a fashionable, but decorous, if not very artistic,

Google

amusement, were very different when M. Simond was here—the time when Mrs. Siddons was nearing her retirement. There were only four of them, and their audiences were not *à la mode*. In the box seats, which could be bought singly, a lady sat by her milliner. Except for the Garricks and Kembles the actors "were everywhere exposed to contumely and insult: treated with disrespect, they cannot be respectable." In the side galleries "certain ladies" carried on "their trade quite openly . . . and with a degree of shamelessness for which the inhabitants of Otaheite alone can furnish any precedent." The "gods" hurled down nutshells, apple cores, or orange-peel on both performers and spectators. There were brawls when prices were raised, and "the crime of *lèse parterre* at Covent Garden produced the riotous factions of the 'O. P.s' (old prices) and N. P.s, which rivalled those of the Guelfs and the Ghibellines. Gallophobia was at its height, and if a Frenchman was represented it was as a sneak, a rascal, or a *petit maître*. As for the plays, M. Simond did not think much of British humour; he calls it "farcical gravity," and opposes it to the French trifling with decorum. Diderot, indeed (though the cherisher of the *Comédie Larmoyante* was no great judge), denied that we had comedies at all; ours were mere "satires, full of gaiety and strength, but without moral and without delicacy." Here M. Simond disagreed with him:

> . . . I must confess [he writes] that I have hitherto seen no very bad morals on the stage,—but a great deal of very bad taste. There is, on the contrary, in most modern plays, fine speeches about virtue and patriotism brought in head and shoulders and always vigorously applauded. This does credit to the moral sense of the public; but I own I should like to see, on the stage, something of these satires . . . of which Diderot speaks, and to be introduced to that reprobate Congreve. "The bad taste which precedes good taste," said Horace Walpole, "is preferable to that which follows." The dramatic genius of the English *franchit les distances;* from the first bad taste it came at once to the last, without intermediate degrees.

It seems strange that M. Simond should here omit Sheridan —the English Beaumarchais. He proceeds to criticise the

Google

proportions of the theatres themselves, which he considers very unfavourable to perceiving fine shades of transient expression and to hearing what is not vociferated. "With the dimensions of the theatres of antiquity, they should adopt likewise the mask and the contrivances to augment the voice."

At Christy's, where the mineral collection of Greville (Lady Hamilton's Charles Greville) had just been sold, our author saw nothing so notable as the auctioneer himself:

> It is a received thing here that a person of that profession is to play the buffoon, and amuse his customers with exaggerated and fantastical descriptions of the things he offers for sale, odd digressions and burlesque earnestness, particularly when he deals in objects of taste. . . What he says does not persuade anybody; it is not meant to be believed, but merely to amuse the crowd of rich idlers who go there to kill time. . . .

How surprised would M. Simond have been to witness the authoritative assumption of connoisseurship now prevalent in the famous market of art, to peruse in the newspaper puffs of great auctions all the slang of the duel, to read that "at this point Mr. Bildheimer took up the challenge, and a keen, exciting contest ensued; a sharp thrust was given when Messrs. Bragnue topped the bid by another £500, which was instantly parried by the offer of a cool thousand more on the part of Mr. Martini (believed to be acting for a foreign potentate), until the climax was reached when the first bidder floored all antagonists by the unprecedented offer of £25,000!" None the less one may regret that the old satire from the rostrum has well-nigh vanished; for M. Simond's description of collectors remains true as ever:

> It must be owned that the anxious solicitude of amateurs about trifles, the importance they attach to certain conventional beauties and merits of their own creation . . . the little tricks they practise against each other in the pursuit of their common game, and manœuvres of various sorts, afford ample field to ridicule and materials to amuse the amateurs at their own expense.

A more serious contrast is afforded when M. Simond gives

Google

an impression of our hospitals which reads like a fresh page from Fielding, or a new grotesque horror by Hogarth:

. . . I shall relate what I saw. The physician seated at a table . . . with a register before him, ordered the door to be open; a crowd of miserable objects, women, pushed in and ranged themselves along the wall; he looked in his book and called to them successively. . . . The poor wretch, leaving her wall, crawled to the table. "How is your catarrh?" "Please your honour, no offence I hope, it is the asthma. I have no rest night nor day, and "——"Ah, it is an asthma. . . Well, you have been ordered to take, etc."——"Yes, sir, but I grow worse and worse, and "——"That is nothing, you must go on with it."——"But, sir, indeed I cannot."——"Enough, enough good woman, I cannot listen to you any more." . . . The catarrh woman made way for a long train of victims of . . . disorders detailed without any ceremony before young students. Then suddenly followed a surgeon, followed by several young men, carrying a piece of bloody flesh on a dish. "A curious case," they explained, placing the dish on the table, "an ossification of the lungs! Such a one who died yesterday—just opened." . . . The women being despatched, twenty or thirty male spectres came in and underwent the same sort of summary examination. The only case I recollect was that of a man attacked by violent palpitations, accompanied with great pain in the shoulder. . . . His heart had moved from its right place! The unhappy man, thrown back on an arm-chair—his heart uncovered—pale as death—fixed his fearful eyes on the physicians. . . . The case excited much attention—but no great appearance of compassion. They reasoned long on the cause without adverting to the remedy till after the patient had departed—when he was called back from the door, and cupping prescribed! . . .

English independence and eccentric originality have always formed a pet theme of French observers, though it may be questioned at this hour of international communication whether this native characteristic is not being fatally mitigated.

This originality is said [remarked M. Simond even in 1810] to wear off in England, and it would be a matter of regret. . . . Europe runs some risk of becoming Chinese, and retaining no other distinction of character than those of rank and situation, or no other moral qualities than seemliness and decorum.

How much truer is this now when the whole of Europe is fast becoming a cosmopolitan hotel!

But at this time the English were still a peculiar people. Divided into "nob," "snob," and "mob," classes still found

Google

means of humouring each other; and the rich took care to have their blinds drawn up on great party-nights for the delectation of the poor, who gathered in crowds to stare at the grandeur of festivity very much as a beggar regales himself by kitchen-whiffs over his crust of bread. What those festivities could be is shown by the picture given of the Prince Regent's, when an artificial landscape was raised on the banqueting table, with a meandering stream reflecting the light of five hundred flambeaux. Gold and silver fishes frisked in this mimic river until "they were seen with astonishment and dismay to turn on their backs . . . and expire, without any one being able to guess at the cause."

Where are now the rebellious distress and awful misery caused by machinery, the self-respect disdaining to solicit alms? Where are the middle-class habits, the glaring drunkenness in highways and high places, the life of the road, the lack of education, the insults offered to Parliamentary reporters? Where are the black-gowned clergy with sermons an hour long? Where is the clerk with his unctuous "eightmen" and his "Our Sal, our Sal?" They have vanished with the raised pavement in Piccadilly, the green fields of Paddington, with the old Ranelagh and Vauxhall, with the "night-houses" and tea-gardens; with the mother-in-law of fiction and "the infidel" of tracts. The regency banquets can now be procured by any long purse in glittering restaurants. Diffusion is the order of our day: converse no longer an art; we have more small change than ever, but fewer five-pound notes.

Old social boundaries are gone with ancient landmarks; barriers have everywhere been destroyed. Formality, ceremony, even chivalry, are on the wane. We are becoming Americanised. Perhaps nowhere is the contrast more startling than in the nursery. The emancipation of the child has indeed advanced by strides, and the twentieth century is happily a children's Eden. What would our grandparents have given for "Alice in Wonderland"? Children are no longer cooped and gagged. Childhood owns now a literature of its own;

Google

exquisite toys and amusements abound to satiety. Children live with their elders, echo, and sometimes patronise, them. No more do they catch the tone and accents of servants. They are catered for in every department. There will probably soon be a child-drama. If the little Franks and Lucys of Miss Edgeworth could return, what remnants would they find of their prim and unnatural precincts? The Fairchild Family—whose unconscious humour so delighted our youth—have now no scope for their grim and awe-striking avocations. If "Little Henry" were now to compass the conversion of his "Bearer, Boozey," the bearer would retort that "Little Henry" must first himself be "converted." Children are no longer spoiled—by the rod; the ferule in the sideboard drawer never reappears, even at Christy's. "Little Miss" no longer "kisses her papa's hands." The child-horizon is cloudless and unlimited. All this is, in many ways, a vast improvement; but undeniably there is a reverse of the medal. Children are overtreated, and sometimes *blasés;* the monotony of excitement bores, and even endangers, more than the monotony of discipline. And the perpetual association with grown-up people lends itself to abuse. "What do you want to be?" asked a little boy of a little girl not long ago. "When I grow up," was Bridget's proud reply, "I mean to be a Bridge-player like mamma." What "Assistants" can "Parents" want in forming characters like these? Still another modern child inquired of his uncle if he "read many novels," and whether they were not full of "love-making rot." The obedient uncle confessed to his inquisitor, and was then met by the staggering question, "Do you go in for it much yourself?" Even Zola might have been puzzled. Our children soon train us up in the way we should not go, and in the language we should not use. "Papa," shouted a schoolboy not long ago, "you've got to play in the match this morning: Jones [the twelve-year-old captain] says *any old crock will do.*"

But these, after all, are only finer varieties of Leech's *enfants terribles*, and in the sixties "the coming east wind"

Google

(as Mr. Matthew Arnold termed it) was already palpable. Years have brought with them more complicated developments. There are the enormities of wisdom and freaks of knowledge, "infant phenomenons," with parents whose drawing-rooms are Kindergartens, and who collect curiosities of childhood.

There is, too, the luckless child who is a mere appanage of the restless lady of fashion panting to be "smart" and quenching all ideals in the chill stream of prosy pleasure. She, too, "collects" children, but more as china than books. She drags the over-dressed darlings about with her like dolls when she pays visits in her motor-landaulette. The cheap magazines reproduce her children's portraits for the benefit of the suburbs, and publicity's limelight is focused even on babyhood. Again, children are now apt to be pert, and occasionally condescending to their parents. Reverence is not the vogue, and a crêche for fathers and mothers may one day become imperative. Nor, curiously, are children themselves now regarded with the same respect. I, for one, do not care to hear them spoken of as "the kids," but that, of course, is a mere matter of taste. What should, however, be remembered, is that the modern child, frank and omniscient, runs a risk of losing what is at once the prerogative and the lesson of childhood—simplicity. In the older days a distinguished man was walking in the Botanical Gardens with his two little daughters. One played at being Asia and Europe, the other at being America. The child-possessor of America was jealous of her sister, and a little quarrel ensued. The father settled the dispute by "throwing in" the Botanical Gardens with America, somewhat to the chagrin of Asia and Europe, who thus missed the brightest jewel in her imaginary crown. The modern child would probably be too wise for such foolish fancies. It mocks at fairyland, and cares little for romance. It is a well-balanced child, that usually knows for how many counters it is playing, and would certainly not weigh the Botanical Gardens in the scales against Europe and Asia. On the other hand, the modern child is

Google

healthy. Morbidity has ebbed away as well as "Prunes and Prism"; and if there are few Miss Prues, there are still fewer Paul Dombeys. Indeed, parents are much more likely at present to be "misunderstood" than children. It would be a fine theme for a novel—the misunderstood mother. The "child of the future" will surely be a portent. Like America, he will buy us up, and the climax will be reached in a child-king.

Another modern trait is the tyranny of Bridge, which will one day provoke a revolution. So serious a subject shall not be enlarged upon now. I will only call attention to the type which it has evoked. The Bridge countenance every one must recognise, that visage with its tight solemnity; it confronts one everywhere, an incarnation of the "Bridge at midnight," a spectral mask of infectious boredom. It is all part of the modern rage for quick sensation, for sharpness, rather than for variety in pleasure, for quick sips at the same phial, for "penny a peeps." Can anything be more monotonous than the gamut of modern frivolity, the forced week-end visits, the inhospitable hospitalities of the same old folks, the dreary patter of the same old jokes, the want of real intercourse and interchange of people and of ideas. The reigning informality of fashion has not brought real gaiety into play. The early Victorian, who will soon claim a corner in the Natural (or will it be the Unnatural?) History Museum, with his heavy set dinners, solid épergnes, stout ugliness, ungenial self-complacence, and false propriety, provoked the secret insurrection of Bohemianism. But in Bohemia (which has now dissolved into Alsatia) there was real fun. Is there fun now in the burlesque-green-room and music-hall pranks of the "smart"? Now that women are quite "emancipated" and live in the smoking-room, now that our theatres enable Brixton "to see life," have the amenities of feminine existence improved? Is it not now constantly a case of "Will any lady go outside to oblige a gentleman?" But if chivalry is on the wane among the well-to-do, it must be confessed that an

Google

improvement is apparent in the respect paid to women among what are commonly called "the lower classes," though perhaps this is owing to the great room for improvement in the brutal conditions from which they are fast emerging.

But "Society" is not confined to the "smart": the "blues" still wield a little sway in the hushed shrines of "culture," where vehemence hides abashed and coterie-idols are faintly worshipped. Yet there is also one strain of real and welcome novelty common to all, whether of Bayswater, Belgravia, Bloomsbury, or the Cromwell Road—and this last district is a supreme test, for there it is always Sunday afternoon. I mean our extraordinary youthfulness, the renaissance of the antique. No old ladies seem to be left except in the country, where wreaths of ever-withered Tabithas crown the tombstones of village scandal like immortelles. Look down in any theatre from the dress circle on to the stalls. All the women seem of one age, and most of the men of one baldness. The elderly pace the whole treadmill of amusement with greater zest than the young, who think thrice now before they marry each other. In one of the Greek tragedies a chorus of old men excuse their dances because "dance we must." No such excuse is wanted now. Swift spoke of folks beginning to grow old at forty: at that age we are just beginning to enjoy life. Middle age now is like the "sorbet" of the long dinner, it gives a new zest to the appetite. Age fosters much more freshness of manifold interests than heretofore. If it frolics and gambols, it also travels in many bypaths and ventures on continual phases of experience and feeling. The weak point of all this "renouvellement de la jeunesse" is, of course, that growing old gracefully is fast ceasing to be the mode. The frisky matron and the risky patriarch are still less edifying spectacles than the girl of the period who decides what plays are fit for mamma to behold, or the *rusé* youth who offers his acute counsels to "the governor."

Many things, however, are changeless; among them our public schools, which, despite their adoption of every modern in-

Google

convenience, still teach little else than public spirit. The British tourist also has not changed his spots. True, cheap fares and rapid journeys have brought all classes to the Continent. But the Englishman abroad, of whatever class, still patronises the Continent, whose existence he only deigns to notice as a theatre for his superiority. He is still "much pleased with Mont Blanc," and he still sets an example to "those beastly foreigners."

England, too, has never ceased to love a lord; and what Pope sang over a century and a half ago is truer than ever:

> And oh! the sweetest of all earthly things
> To speak with Princes and to talk of Kings.

I for one have never thought Thackeray's brilliant "Book of Snobs" a wholly well-directed shaft. Snobbery is, after all, only a sort of spurious hero-worship. In every class there is an aristocracy, and a liking for the best is natural and inevitable in a country of classes and traditions. What deserves mockery is the adulation of the base pretending to be the best. If the peerage has lost leadership and personality since the Georgian days, it has undeniably set a far better example. But a curious feature of contemporary society is the gradual disappearance of this respect to rank, at any rate, in the country. Three generations ago, there was no nonsense about it. Every squire and parson was his lordship's humble and obedient servant, while to Diggory or to Hodge he was almost an emblem of divinity. Two causes have contributed to this decline and fall, the millionaire and the parish council. Plutocracy and Democracy have met together. Should they ever make permanent alliance the old English liberty may stand in real danger; the old English "quality" begin to hide its head.

The bad symptoms of "society" now are an itch for publicity, a desire to be rich without work, a love of short, superficial doses in literature and art, caprice without lightness or enchantment, ponderous frivolity, haste without heroism or adventure. But, as a matter of fact, there is no real "society"

Google

at all. It is a menagerie. The sense of home, with its accompaniments of dignity and repose, is vanishing from our midst, and this is manifest in fiction as on the stage; even comfort in its most material forms is sought anywhere, everywhere. "Society" bears every mark of transition. Its vulgarity, which causes each class to ape the one above it at the expense of self-respect, pocket, and digestion, is the makeshift for imagination, its ambitions seem aimless and astray. Better far the frank period of avowed worldliness for higher issues.

No doubt this is born of diffusion, speed of communication apart from ease of communicability, increase of comfort without enlargement of ideas, the march of science in aid of mammon —in a word, of "Progress." Doubtless, too, the "Smarts" (as they were called so early as Queen Anne) have always nourished similar faults; doubtless, also, in this sense we may repeat Sir Francis Burnand's retort to the objector that *Punch* was not so good as of old, "It never was."

But another "society" is gradually being prepared. Nothing has been more remarkable during the last thirty years than the revival of unselfish enthusiasm. Philanthropy is now not only a science but a religion; and while the intellectual side of existence unfortunately withers, and spontaneity, even in coarseness, is being dried up, it is refreshing to realise that the giver as well as the gift is becoming daily more devoted to the cause of suffering accentuated by civilisation.

WALTER SICHEL.

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

NAVAL LESSONS OF THE WAR

THOUGH the war in the Far East has now been in progress for the best part of a year, there has as yet been no attempt, so far as the writer is aware, in any English work accessible to the general public to sum up its naval lessons and to apply their teaching to the peculiar conditions of the British Empire. The British Admiralty has been in the closest touch with all that has happened, but the results which it has ascertained have naturally not been communicated to the world, though the influence of the war is plainly to be seen in various new departures of British naval policy. Yet the naval operations have been of unusual importance and interest even to the unprofessional reader, as they may be said to have thoroughly tested the implements and strategy of modern naval war, upon success in which the very existence of England depends.

The test has been on a considerable scale, whence the difference between this war and the conflicts between Japan and China in 1894–5 and between the United States and Spain in 1898, where one side was far inferior to the other in material strength as well as in skill, and where actions between hostile fleets of battleships did not occur, because in either case one navy was without battleships. In this war the material employed has been of the very newest and best; the Japanese fleet was ahead of most of its European competitors in obtaining the most perfect appliances, while the Russian ships, notwithstanding unfavourable reports which have been circu-

Google

lated in England, were excellent. The force of the two combatants at the opening of the struggle was as follows:

	Japan.		Russia.
First-class battleships	6	...	7
Armoured cruisers (modern) . . .	8	...	2
Other cruisers	16	...	9
Destroyers	19	...	23

The Russian force was indisputably weaker, but not so much so as to render its position hopeless, while Japan was hampered by the fact that Russia had a considerable fleet in Europe, which sooner or later was certain to attempt to intervene in the war. Hence Japan had to nurse her strength to the utmost, and her admirals were ordered in the most imperative terms to refrain from risking their heavy ships. To these orders the inconclusive issue of several of the actions must be ascribed.

On the eve of war the general impression on the Continent was that the Russian fleet in the Far East would easily be able to hold its own. *Le Yacht* published an interesting article in which the Japanese *personnel* was declared to want just the very qualities it has displayed—vigorous initiative, technical skill in gunnery and the handling of fleets, unity of purpose, and, in a word, all that States endeavour to obtain by maintaining organised navies. Though the English public had formed a juster estimate of the Japanese navy, competent writers in the British press thought that the struggle for the command of the sea would be a desperate one, and that in obtaining so great a prize, the Japanese must lose heavily in ships and men. The Russian navy was known to have paid great attention to gunnery, and there was good German authority for the high quality of its shooting. It had not, like the Spanish or Chinese navies, neglected target practice; indeed, on the eve of war the continual firing carried out by the fleet at Port Arthur was one of the reasons which led intelligent neutrals to for bode war.

The first lesson of this war, in which it confirms previous experience, is the advantage of a prompt offensive. The Russian fleet at Port Arthur had been warned of the immi-

Google

nence of hostilities, but does not appear to have taken the warning seriously. There were some precautions on the eve of the Japanese attacks of February 8 and 9, but the ships did not protect themselves by getting out nets, constructing booms and keeping their crews at quarters. The Japanese torpedo boats appeared about midnight, and fired twenty-three torpedoes, of which a very small number took effect. But though the damage done was far less than we should have expected, on that fatal night Russia lost her chance of commanding the sea with her fleet in the Far East. Two battleships and one cruiser were badly injured, and probably it was only the skill and presence of mind of the junior officers on board them that saved them from total destruction. The blow struck was stunning, and had it been instantly followed up by the Japanese, Port Arthur would have fallen within the first three weeks of war.

The unreadiness of the Russians does not appear to have been altogether understood at Tokio, or else there were conditions, of which we know nothing, that intervened to prevent the seizure of Dalny—an event expected after the first blow at Port Arthur—since the opportunity was allowed to pass. On the morning after the torpedo attack, Admiral Togo appeared off Port Arthur and shelled the Russian fleet, but only inflicted upon it slight additional damage. His attack was not pressed, clearly because he was not allowed to risk his ships, though many of his junior officers would have preferred more resolute tactics. From this point on for several weeks there was no serious fighting between the fleets. The Russians made no more grave mistakes, though they displayed a great want of initiative, and failed to use their torpedo craft with energy. The Japanese maintained a mild blockade of Port Arthur, and the two fleets virtually neutralised each other. But the Russians had abandoned all claim to the command of the sea.

The value of a perfect co-ordination of political and naval action is a second lesson of this war. When matters were

Google

growing serious, in the winter of 1903–4, the Japanese navy underwent a special battle-training—constant firing at long range with heavy guns, under war conditions, torpedo work at night, in bad weather, using live torpedoes, manœuvring at night without lights, night-firing, and the rehearsal of operations that were actually to form part of the war when it began. Hence the immense self-confidence which the Japanese displayed, and the complete preparedness of their fleet when the hour for action came. Plans were practically worked out immediately before war, and not pigeon-holed at the Japanese admiralty. In fact, the Japanese navy took a "flying start."

This power of intelligent preparation, so that the maximum of force may be exerted in the minimum of time, is what we mean by the word organisation, and the study of all modern wars shows it to be the chief factor in giving success. Here, happily, there are signs that the British Admiralty is taking action, and that in the future useless exercises, of no military value, will be eliminated from the training of our fleet, so that its whole energy will be concentrated upon readiness for war. Yet the danger always remains that the military section of the Admiralty may be obstructed in its efforts by the civil section or by the Cabinet, which may refuse to vote the funds required, not understanding the vital importance of the measures proposed.

A third lesson of the war in the Far East has been the importance of the Napoleonic principle of concentration of force. The Russian Admiralty did not place in the Far East a fleet equal to the Japanese, though without any great difficulty it could have done so, since there were a number of older battleships and cruisers in the Baltic that might have been very serviceable had they been stationed at Port Arthur or Vladivostock. Possibly the want of docking and repairing facilities was the explanation of this mistake. But even accepting this explanation, it does not account for the fact that when war was imminent isolated ships were not recalled and placed in safety. Thus three vessels, the *Variag*, *Korietz*, and *Mandjur*, were lost to the Russian flag with their crews for the whole of

Google

the war, and the Japanese were given an easy victory at Chemulpo. The present British Admiralty is taking steps to do what the Russians left undone, and to withdraw weak and old ships from exposed positions. Yet not till the advent of Sir J. Fisher to Whitehall was this policy of concentration adopted, so easy is it for the obvious to escape the attention of those whose main energy is absorbed in routine work.

In the first twenty-four hours the Japanese navy had asserted its temporary command of the sea (temporary because the arrival of the Baltic fleet was always to be feared, and might transform the conditions), yet it is instructive to note that the greatest difficulty has been experienced in blockading the Russian ports. Up to May, indeed, Port Arthur was only watched while Vladivostock was practically left unmolested to the date of writing. The peculiar geographical conditions of the Far East enabled the Japanese to adopt this policy, since the Vladivostock ships could not well escape from the Japan Sea without being sighted from the Japanese coast, and thus could not suddenly fall upon the communications of the Japanese fleet at the Elliot Islands or the Japanese army in Korea. The Straits of Korea were held by Kamimura with four armoured cruisers, a force slightly superior to the Vladivostock ships, but this disposition left the Russians free to cruise within the Japan Sea, or even, as they actually did in July, to pass out through the Tsugaru Straits and blockade Yokohama. It was dangerous for the Japanese squadron to leave its post and go in pursuit, as the Japan Sea is famous for its fogs, and under cover of fog the Russian ships might easily have slipped southward past Kamimura, and caused great damage to the Japanese transports and colliers. At the same time, with the Japanese force available it was impossible to blockade Vladivostock, because the port has two entrances, a considerable distance apart, because of the frequency of fogs there, and because of the want of a good naval base near at hand. At the very outset the Japanese naval force proved too weak for the work which was demanded of it, and notwithstanding its high

Google Digitized from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

efficiency was unable to perform that work with perfect success. Yet it had a greater margin of superiority as against the Russian fleet than the British navy possesses against one existing and possible naval combination.

At Port Arthur a strict blockade was attempted towards the close of May, but the Japanese have never been able to prevent isolated ships from running in and out. The long range guns mounted in the Russian works keep the powerful Japanese ships at a distance and do not allow them to close in as Admiral Sampson did at Santiago. Thus the *Lieutenant Burakoff* ran in and out; the *Reshitelny* and *Raztoropny* escaped; and numerous merchantmen and junks laden with supplies and ammunition have made their way through the blockading line. This is in entire accordance with British manœuvre experience and it shows the practical impossibility of sealing a hostile port by any blockade, however close. We must be prepared in war to see hostile ships escape singly, if not in squadrons, should we attempt a blockade, though whether we can blockade is more than doubtful, as there are no good bases near the ports which we should have to watch, whereas the Japanese were able to seize and use first the Elliot Islands, only seventy miles from Port Arthur and well placed from the strategic point of view, and then Dalny as their flying bases. Their battleships could remain at these points in perfect security, and receive from their cruisers off Port Arthur information of the enemy's movements. Hence the conditions must be pronounced far more favourable to them than they would be to ourselves in any probable conflict.

Turning now from the strategical lessons of the war to the tactical lessons, the first and most striking is the comparative inefficiency of the torpedo. From this weapon much had been expected, and it was employed upon a large scale. But except in the initial attack at Port Arthur it has gained no successes,[1] and even at Port Arthur it did not sink a single

[1] Since this was written, after six attacks the *Sevastopol* has been seriously injured outside Port Arthur by the Japanese torpedo flotilla.

Google

ship. It failed to put any Russian ship permanently out of action. That the *Retvisan*, *Tzarevitch*, and *Pallada* would have sunk if they had been torpedoed far from shore is probable, but not certain. As it was, contrary to all anticipations, they were again at sea in five months, and very little the worse for their experience. The torpedoes used upon them were the large and powerful 18-in. of latest pattern, which, after the British experiments upon the *Belleisle*, might have been expected to shatter completely the part of the ship struck and to cause a terrible shock to the boilers and machinery. The actual damage was as follows: a large hole was blown in the *Retvisan's* side, her engines were thrown slightly out of alignment and her boilers developed leaky tubes. She was easily repaired, but her speed was much reduced. The *Tzarevitch* had her rudder blown off and her steering-gear damaged, but the injury was completely repaired. The *Pallada* was struck amidships; the torpedo exploded in a coal bunker, blowing a large hole and damaging the Belleville boilers. The injury was easily and swiftly repaired. An even more astounding failure of the torpedo occurred in the case of the *Sado Maru*. This liner, without any kind of protection, first of all had 150 shells fired at her by the Vladivostock fleet, and then was torpedoed twice with the 18-in. Whitehead by the *Rossia*. The torpedoes blew enormous holes in her and did great damage to her engine-room, but she did not sink, and was towed into Sasebo looking outwardly little the worse.

A second fact which appears with regard to the torpedo is the infrequency of hits, even when attacking ships which are not in motion. In the first and most successful Port Arthur attack the Japanese destroyers slowed to five or six knots and closed to within a short distance of their enemy, but of their twenty-three torpedoes only three made hits. In the other attacks on the Port Arthur ships they do not appear to have scored any successes, for though there were reports at the time that several Russian ships had been hit, these do not seem to

Google

have been true. On the night of June 28–4, when the whole Russian fleet was outside the harbour, a long series of attacks was delivered by the Japanese torpedo craft, with no result whatever, but on this occasion the Russians are said to have had nets out and to have been covered by a boom. The greatest gallantry and coolness were displayed by the Japanese, so that the failure of the torpedo was not due to any want of courage or skill on their part, and it remains an almost inexplicable feature of the operations.

Against ships in motion, the generalisation still holds good that the torpedo is useless. No hits have been effected during the war, though attacks are said to have been made repeatedly upon the Russian fleet during the battle of August 10; and, after that battle, the Russians report attacks on the *Askold* and *Tzarevitch*. The Vladivostock squadron was also attacked by the Japanese flotilla in June, but again without any result. It looks, then, as though the efficacy of the torpedo had been greatly exaggerated, though the weapon is being so rapidly improved that predictions with regard to its future are dangerous. Its accuracy, range and size are being steadily increased, and in the near future we shall have to reckon with 21-in. and 24-in. torpedoes—21-in. tubes are already being designed for the newest American battleships—the explosion of which in contact with a battleship's hull ought to be deadly. But the bigger and heavier the torpedo grows, the larger the vessels that are specially built to use it must be, and the smaller their number, so that the danger to be apprehended from destroyers and submarines appears to be much less than had been supposed.

If torpedoes have proved comparatively inefficient, far otherwise is it with mines. Before the war mechanical mines were despised by a large school of British naval officers and neglected in the British service, so that it was possible for a British officer to write in 1904 in a Service periodical:

> Most foreign nations appear to be ahead of us. . . . I am not aware that we even yet possess a mechanical blockade mine which has got beyond the experi-

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

mental stage, though I know we have been carrying out spasmodic experiments with them for the last ten years.

As a matter of fact, the British navy had Captain Ottley's mine, which is of a type similar to those used by the Japanese, but the use of these mines in war does not appear to have been thoroughly worked out as it was in Japan. Yet mines in the Far East have done what torpedoes have failed to do, and there is an enormous list of casualties to their credit. On the Russian side, the battleship *Petropavlosk*, the cruiser *Boyarin*, the mine-laying ship *Yenesei*, the gunboats *Bobr*, *Gilyak*, and *Gremiastchi*, and several torpedo boats or destroyers were sunk by Japanese or Russian mines, while the battleships *Pobieda* and *Sevastopol* and the armoured cruiser *Bayan* were considerably damaged. On the Japanese side the battleship *Hatsuse*, the coast-defence ship *Hei Yen*, the cruisers *Sai Yen* and *Miyako*, the gunboat *Kaimon*, and the torpedo-boat No. 48, were injured or destroyed by mines, most of them sinking almost instantaneously, while the *Yashima* is reported to have been sunk or damaged. In the case of the *Petropavlosk* and *Hatsuse* the mines which caused the ships' destruction exploded right under the magazines and fired them, whence the terrible consequences of the explosion. The ships were rent in two, and almost every one below perished. The detailed accounts of these two great disasters at once recall the *Maine* catastrophe in 1898, when that American battleship was blown up in Havana harbour, and an American Court of Inquiry found that she had been destroyed by a Spanish mine. It was contended, however, at the time by many expert officers that there was no instance of flame passing upwards through water and steel into the interior of a vessel, and therefore it was declared impossible that she could have been destroyed in this way. But in the light of the *Hatsuse* and *Petropavlosk* affairs, it is now reasonably certain that the Court of Inquiry was right, and that a mine had been laid under her by some enemy either of Spain or the United States.

As to the reported loss of the *Yashima*, there are no trustworthy particulars, and the very fact that she was lost cannot

Google

be said to have been definitely ascertained. But, even if she is ruled out of the list of casualties, the surprising fact remains that more than one-seventh of the battleship force on either side has been destroyed by mines. The mine thus appears to be one of the most serious perils of the future, and its use is certain to spread unless restrained by the laws of war. It is an inhuman weapon, the more so as it is terribly dangerous to neutral shipping, and there are three instances in this war of neutral vessels, plying their lawful trade, having been damaged or sunk by it. In a European struggle the risk to neutrals would be very great indeed, as the volume of traffic passing through the waters which may be sown with mines will be far greater than it was in the Far East. Here it would seem that some international agreement is required, limiting the use of mines to territorial waters, in the interest of all Powers alike. The weak state cannot be allowed, like Russia, to presume upon its weakness, and because it is unable in fair fight to injure its enemy, to attack that enemy in a manner which imperils neutral lives and property.

If the torpedo has been relatively ineffective, it has yet produced a very curious effect on naval actions. All the fighting between large ships in the Far East has been conducted at extreme ranges. The *Asama* destroyed the *Variag* at a distance of 4000 to 7000 yards; in the great action of August the two fleets were never less than 8800 yards apart, and generally 5000 to 8000 yards. As one result of this long-range fighting the 6-in. guns with which most battleships and cruisers are largely armed have been proved to be almost useless. The heavy guns, 12-in., 10-in., and 8-in., have done all the work. In the light of this fact, it is distressing to reflect that the British Admiralty clung longer than any Power to the 6-in. gun, the demise of which had been foreseen by every intelligent critic, and that England has still eight battleships and eight large armoured cruisers completing in which a large number of these guns are mounted. In our very newest battleships and cruisers, however, an immense step forward has been taken which for

Google

the first time within living memory gives England ships indisputably superior to anything building for any foreign Power. Her two new battleships will carry nothing smaller than the heavy 9·2-in. gun, and her new cruisers nothing smaller than the 7·5-in. weapon. These two guns are well suited for long-range fighting, and every Power in the world will be compelled to follow in England's steps.

The war has demonstrated conclusively the value of the modern large-size battleship and armoured cruiser. The Japanese battleships and cruisers have been continuously employed on difficult service and have taken part in four severe actions, yet in not one single case has disabling injury been inflicted upon any ship by gun-fire in encounters at sea.[1] The same is true of the Russian battleships. The *Tzarevitch*, in the battle of August, was the target of the whole Japanese fleet, and was hit fifteen times in every part of the ship by 12-in. and 8-in. shells, which might *à priori* have been expected to put her out of action and to wreck her completely. As a matter of fact she lost only four officers and eight men killed and fifty officers and men wounded out of a crew of about 750, so that her armour gave her men good protection. Of her larger guns, sixteen in all, only two were put out of action. It had been supposed that a single hit below the water-line would destroy even the largest ship; the *Tzarevitch*, however, was struck by a 12-in. shell below her armour, which inflicted very little injury. Her funnels were wrecked and her foremast almost shot away, while the officers and men in her conning-tower were placed *hors de combat* by Japanese shells, one of which killed the Russian admiral. But at the end of the battle the *Tzarevitch* was quite able to defend herself and could steam fourteen knots, though only at a fearful expenditure of coal.

There are no published details of the injuries to the other

[1] The destruction of the Russian ships at Port Arthur was effected by high-angle fire, not by normal fire. High-angle fire attacks battleships where they are weakest, on their thinly-armoured decks, and no vessel can resist it.

Google

Russian battleships, but these are not likely to have been more serious than those of the *Tzarevitch*, and not one of the battleships sank. The fighting quality of the large armoured ship has thus been decisively proved. Of course, if the Japanese had employed Nelson tactics, they would, after gaining an advantage at long range, have closed in to complete their victory, when the results of their target practice would have been very different. But just when the moment for such action had arrived night came down, and the risks of night action in these days of mines and torpedoes are very great indeed. Hence Admiral Togo, perhaps wisely, drew off, though an English critic may feel that he would have done better, in view of the immense moral effect of the complete destruction of the Russian fleet, to have pressed his advantage to the utmost. It is in the last hour of battle that the fruits of victory are gathered in, and the great leader at sea must be of that temper which "counts nothing done while aught remains to do." Had he struck hard and heavily in August the Baltic Fleet would never have sailed, and though he might have lost a ship, it is probable that he would have taken at least one of the enemy's in exchange. The spectacle of this indecisive action makes Nelson's courage and genius in always forcing a close encounter, where he must either have won a complete victory or suffered a complete defeat, ten times more admirable, for Nelson fought, as did Togo, with the certainty that if he were beaten it was the end of his country. But he took risks, and took them with a bold heart, knowing that "nothing great can be achieved without risk."

At the same time, Togo had many difficulties to face. He could not open his attack impetuously, as a fighter would love to do, because the Russians had to be coaxed out and away from Port Arthur. Any premature attack would have led the tortoise to withdraw its head behind the shelter of its cuirass of forts. In the second phase of the battle he may have been prevented from closing as he would have wished by the necessity of keeping his fleet interposed between the Russians and

Google

Kiaochau and Vladivostock. In the brilliant action which Admiral Kamimura fought with the Vladivostock cruisers, ulterior purposes once more intervened to prevent the destruction of the Russian squadron. The Admiral was charged with the duty of covering the Straits of Korea, through which it was imperative that none of the Port Arthur fleet should pass. He met the Vladivostock ships, evidently attempting to effect a junction with the Port Arthur fleet, attacked them with the utmost energy, and destroyed their weakest unit, the *Rurik*, inflicting tremendous damage on the *Gromoboi* and *Rossia*, each of which ships is stated by Russian authorities to have lost about 800 men. The Japanese fought with the more fury because of the extreme severity shown by the Vladivostock ships to Japanese and neutral shipping, but when Kamimura may be said to have had the shattered *Gromoboi* and *Rossia* at his mercy he let them go, and broke off the pursuit instead of following them at all costs and sinking them. The undoubted explanation was that he feared to uncover the Straits of Korea, and turned back to meet the Port Arthur fleet. Yet this seems to have been another error, for a pursuit of the battered ships would have placed him in a position to meet any Russian refugees off Vladivostock. The more the history of this war is studied, the more clearly does it appear that it is the first duty of the commander to press the immediate advantage to the utmost, and that the ulterior results are, as a rule, best secured by such a course. "Not victory, but annihilation," is the true aim of naval war.

A fact shown by the fighting has been the necessity of providing protection for all guns. At Chemulpo the *Variag* lost one-third of her crew because her guns were without shields. No one, on the other hand, was injured below the armoured deck. In the battle of August 10, the *Askold*, a cruiser of very similar design to the *Variag*, was struck by fourteen shells, mostly of large calibre. She leaked heavily after the battle, but her loss of life was small, as her guns were protected by shields. Her funnels were damaged, one of them having

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

been shot away, and another badly injured; two heavy shells struck her below the water-line, making large holes in her side, but they did not pierce the armour deck or cause very serious damage, beyond admitting a considerable quantity of water. Her speed fell to twelve knots from a nominal twenty-three, but externally the amount of water in her hull did not change her appearance or perceptibly alter her trim. A French critic believes that there was some defect in the Japanese shells, since, as he says, "they did not open enormous holes or destroy the decks, as do melinite shells." Certainly, if the Japanese projectiles were a fair specimen of the shells used by European artillerists—and it is probable, notwithstanding the French criticism, that they were—the destructive power of modern ordnance has been greatly exaggerated.

One cause of the Japanese successes in the earlier period of the war was the excellence of the telescopic sights provided. The Russian fleet at Port Arthur is stated, rightly or wrongly, to have been equipped with very inferior sights; indeed, some authorities have declared that there were no telescopic sights at all. Remembering certain incidents which have occurred in the British navy, this is not incredible. Our own sights in many of our ships are inaccurate or fitted with telescopes of too low power to be thoroughly satisfactory, and it is not very pleasant to read in a Service journal that within the past few weeks the gun-sights of most of the Home Fleet battleships have been found to be defective. In the battle of August the Port Arthur fleet made better shooting, hitting the *Mikasa* repeatedly, and this is probably to be ascribed to the fact that the guns had then been fitted with the latest and best sights, which had been thoroughly tested in actions with the Japanese siege artillery before Port Arthur.

Generally speaking, the lessons of the war confirm predictions, except with regard to the deadliness of the torpedo and mine and the efficacy of modern artillery. The immense value of the large battleship and armoured cruiser has been again and again demonstrated. Small craft can effect nothing

Google

without their support, and are further liable to lose their speed in continuous service. The wear and tear of warships has been proved to be very serious, and to increase as the size of the vessel decreases. A large margin must be allowed in any fleet which means to take the offensive for mishaps due to mines and collisions. The effect of the war on the navies of the world will inevitably be to stimulate the construction of battleships and large armoured cruisers, and to increase the attention already given to organisation. Success has been proved to depend on three things: being ready first, the possession of a *personnel* trained for war and not merely practised in inane peace evolutions, and a good material. Pushing the analysis a point further, it is clear that the *personnel*, or the quality of the general staff, is the final determinant of victory. A good general staff will provide good ships and be ready in time; the best ships will be useless weapons if the men who have to work and fight them are unready or ill-trained when the day of battle comes.

H. W. Wilson.

Google

AN EMPIRE IN THE MAKING[1]

I

MUCH water has flowed under the bridge since Mr. Chamberlain delivered his epoch-making speech at Birmingham on May 15, 1903. The objects of the scheme of Tariff Reform which he then foreshadowed, and which he has since upheld with an energy, an ability, and an eloquence which have commanded the admiration not only of his supporters, but also of his opponents, may be best epitomised in his own words :[2]

> The Tariff Reformers, on the other hand, believe that by recovering our freedom of action, and by re-arming ourselves with the weapon of a moderate tariff, we may still defend our home manufactures against unfair competition, and may, at the same time, secure a modification of foreign tariffs which would open the way to a fairer exchange of our respective products than we have hitherto been able to obtain. But they attach even greater importance to the possibility of securing by preferential and reciprocal arrangements with our Colonies a great development of trade within the Empire and a nearer approach to a commercial union which, in some shape or another, must precede or accompany closer political relations, and without which, as all history shows, no permanent co-operation is possible.

---

[1] I wish to acknowledge the invaluable assistance and suggestions of Mr. S. Rosenbaum, both in the general scheme of the present article and of that which is to follow it, and in the preparation of the statistical tables embodied in them. It should be observed that all the figures given are for 1902, the latest year for which Colonial returns are available.

[2] Introduction to "Imperial Union and Tariff Reform," by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. (Grant Richards. 1903.)

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

It is not my intention to attempt to deal with the many forms of opposition which have been brought to bear upon the two propositions here laid down. I propose, indeed, in regard to those propositions themselves, to discuss only one part of the second, namely, that which alludes to "a great development of trade within the Empire." Upon this result of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals his opponents have lavished much wealth of scorn, without, however, so far as I am aware, making any attempt to inquire whether or no it is really attainable, and, if so, what effect it would have upon our commercial prosperity. They have assumed, unsupported by any reasoned argument, that it would be disastrous, that we should be "risking three-fourths of our trade for the sake of the other fourth," and have implied that it would be more reasonable to let the one-fourth go in order to preserve what part we may of the three-fourths. They have vouchsafed no reply to the contention that the development of the one-fourth would far more than compensate us for any possible decrease of the three-fourths that might ensue therefrom. Yet this contention, apart from political considerations, really lies at the root of the whole matter. I wish then, so far as space will permit, to examine how far, and to what advantage to the Empire as a whole, those Imperial requirements which are now met by foreign nations could be supplied from within the Empire itself. In so doing the great political advantage which must necessarily ensue from closer commercial union, from the continually stronger bond of common interest in the affairs of daily life, must necessarily be left on one side: I here bestow this passing allusion upon it in order that it may not be forgotten.

In order that the inquiry may be pursued with a clearness which may carry conviction, it appears best to divide it generally into two distinct sections: First, what are the requirements of the Empire which it does not itself already supply? Secondly, how far can it supply those requirements from within itself?

It will be conceded that the requirements of the Empire as here defined must be measured by its imports from countries

Google

other than those which form any portion of it. Broadly stated, these, in 1902, amounted in value, inclusive of bullion and specie, to £513,000,000, the total imports amounting to £743,000,000, and the various portions of the Empire supplying themselves to the extent of £230,000,000 from one another. It would be impracticable to examine in detail the course of the import trade in every part of the Empire, interesting, no doubt, as such an examination would be; but the Imperial mosaic is composed of many parts, some of them quite minute, and to attempt an examination of each would entail an occupation of space which no editor of a review would for an instant permit. It has been thought, therefore, sufficient to deal with five principal portions of the Empire only, namely, the Dominion of Canada, the Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand, British South Africa (viz., Cape Colony, Natal, and the Transvaal, no returns being yet available for the Orange Colony), India, and the United Kingdom. It should be observed that the classification of the groups of articles imported has caused no little trouble and care; every different part of the Empire having its own classification, it has been necessary to reduce these classifications to one common basis, in order that serious error—error which, in various forms, has not been uncommonly committed during the present fiscal controversy—may not be involved. After careful consideration it has been thought that the most suitable classification for the present purpose is that adopted in the official trade statistics of the Canadian Government, according to which exports are divided under the six following general heads: Minerals, meaning all that is dug out of the earth; Agricultural Produce, meaning all that is obtained from the cultivation of the earth's surface (including, therefore, fruit, vegetables, &c.), except products of the forest; Products of the Forest, meaning all that is obtained from woods and forests; Animals, meaning all animal produce (including poultry, dairy produce, wool, animal manures, &c.); Fisheries, meaning all that comes out of the sea (including furs, skins, &c.); and

Google

Manufactures, meaning anything that is worked up from the materials which fall under the five previous classes.

Lastly, in order that the ground may be thoroughly cleared before proceeding to discuss these various classes of imports into the five different portions of the Empire named, it would be useful to set forth the actual numbers of the population whose requirements need to be satisfied, in comparison with that of the three next most populous Empires of the world, not including China. Stated for the years 1881, 1891, 1901, and 1904 the respective populations are as follows:

POPULATION (IN MILLIONS)

	1881	1891	1901	1904	Increase per cent. between 1881 and 1904.
United Kingdom . .	35	38	41	43	22·8
British Possessions . . .	268	306	317	321	19·8
British Empire	*303*	*344*	*358*	*364*	*20·1*
Russian Empire	103	118	137	143	41·7
United States	51	64	78	82	60·8
German Empire[1] . . .	45	50	57	59	31·1

[1] Not including Colonies.

These figures present more than one point of interest. In the first place, it seems curious that, in spite of vast additions of territory, the population of the British Empire should actually have grown at a slower relative rate than that of any one of the other three, the respective percentage rates of increase having been for the British Empire 20, for the Russian Empire 42, for the United States 61, and for the German Empire 31. It seems to be a reasonable deduction that if with countries under our flag such, to mention one instance only, as Canada,

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

in which there is an urgent call for hands to develop almost illimitable tracts of fertile territory, yet, for the whole period under review, our population should have increased at a slower relative rate, and during the last thirteen years at scarcely a swifter absolute rate—indeed at a slower absolute rate than the Russian—there must be something wrong with us. The disparity grows doubtless less when the considerable acquisitions of Russia in Central Asia are allowed for; but our acquisitions have been great also, and in many cases this does not account for the figures shown for the United States and the German Empire. It is not possible to discuss this point here; but, generally speaking, it would appear that the *laissez-faire* policy of the Mother Country compares unfavourably in its results with the policy of organised national development of other peoples, and that the exclusiveness of one great group of British colonies is bearing its natural consequence.

In the next place, it must not be forgotten that the great mass of the population of the British Empire is not of British race, but that quite five-sixths of it consist of peoples of various races enjoying widely differing degrees of civilisation. This to a considerable extent is also the case with Russia, but it is much less so with the United States, in spite of the large negro population, not at all with the German Empire. In mere numbers we vastly exceed every one of the other three; in fact, we exceed all three of them put together by some eighty million souls. But while the requirements of our total population must also vastly exceed those of theirs, it must not be supposed that they do so in the same proportion. On the other hand, this very fact argues greatly in our favour in regard to future possibilities. Not only is there almost boundless room for the expansion of our white population, and in that case requirements may without exaggeration be held to increase in direct ratio with population, but also the less civilised elements of our fellow subjects will surely be "levelled up," and as the levelling process progresses, so will their requirements also progress. Let the error not be indulged in, then, of assuming our present

Google

Imperial requirements to be a constant quantity, unchangeable through all time; they are bound to increase, and, if our national energies are rightly directed, to increase rapidly. All the more important does it become that we should act as careful husbandmen of the great estates which have fallen to our lot, and to consider whether we may not, by their development, be able largely to supply those requirements ourselves to the abiding benefit of all parts of the Empire.

Let us now return from these considerations of future possibilities to the actualities of the present. The following tables show the total requirements of Canada in 1902, as expressed by values of imports under the six general heads already explained, and the percentages which the imports from the various sources bear to the total. It should be observed that, although at first sight it would appear more pertinent and instructive to give the quantities rather than the value of imports, the great number and variety of articles comprised under each general head renders such a course impossible.

IMPORTS INTO CANADA (IN THOUSAND DOLLARS).

	Imperial.			Foreign.			
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions.	Total Imperial.	United States.	Foreign Countries.	Total Foreign.	Total Imports.[1]
Minerals . . .	1,760	22	1,782	16,476	887	17,363	19,145
Agricultural Produce .	2,123	4,276	6,399	16,607	4,700	21,307	27,706
Forest Produce . .	3	3	6	4,906	38	4,944	4,950
Animals and Produce	2,326	186	2,512	9,314	871	10,185	12,697
Fisheries . . .	3	550	553	323	57	380	933
Manufactures . .	46,410	2,754	49,164	64,903	18,907	83,710	132,874
Total . . .	52,625	7,791	60,416	112,429	25,460	137,889	198,305

[1] It must be carefully noted that the totals given in this and the other tables embodied in this present article may differ to a slight extent from those published in official statistics. The difference is due to some small items which it has been found impossible to include in the classification adopted.

Google

PERCENTAGE OF IMPORTS INTO CANADA FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

	Imperial.			Foreign.			Total Imports.[1]
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions.	Total Imperial.	United States.	Other Foreign.	Total Foreign.	
Minerals . . .	9·2	·1	9·3	86·1	4·6	90·7	9·7
Agricultural Produce .	7·7	15·4	23·1	59·9	17·0	76·9	14·0
Forest Produce . .	·1	·1	·1	99·1	·8	99·7	2·5
Animals and Produce	18·3	1·5	19·8	75·3	4·9	80·2	6·4
Fisheries . . .	·3	68·9	59·2	34·6	6·2	40·8	·5
Manufactures . .	34·9	2·1	37·0	48·8	14·2	63·0	66·9
Total . .	26·5	3·7	30·2	56·7	13·1	69·8	100·0

[1] The figures in this column represent the proportion of the total imports in each group.

The first point which most forcibly strikes the attention in these figures is the immense disproportion which exists between the requirements of Canada supplied from within the Empire and from outside it. Whereas the total requirements amount, in value, to nearly 200 million dollars' worth, the Empire provides only about 60 million dollars' worth, and the rest of the world some 138 millions. Or, put in another way, the Empire supplies Canada with only 30·2 per cent. of those commodities which she either cannot or does not produce herself, while the rest of the world supplies her with 69·8 per cent., not far from two and a half times as much. The next most striking characteristic to be remarked in regard to the sources from which Canadian imports are drawn, is the great preponderance of the United States, which supply considerably more than all the rest of the world put together, about 112½ millions dollars' worth as against about 86 millions, or 56·7 per cent. against 43·3 per cent. With the single exception of "Fisheries"—an insignificant item, however, in Canadian import trade—there is not one class of supply in which the United States do not easily out-distance the British Empire—

Google

only one, Manufactures, in which they do not out-distance the British Empire and all other countries combined, and even in this class they make a very good showing, 48·8 per cent. as against 51·2 per cent., and maintain a long lead of the British Empire, which supplies only 37 per cent. It should be observed, too, that, as would naturally be supposed, the last class is by far the most important, nearly 67 per cent. of the requirements of Canada falling under the head of manufactures. Some further analysis and examination of the figures shown in these tables reveal the following facts :

Of the 19·1 million dollars' worth of minerals required by Canada, 15 millions represent coals, and of these 15 millions 14·9, or practically the whole, are purchased from the United States. The 27·7 million dollars' worth of agricultural produce comprise 6·95 millions for tea, of which 4·8 millions are purchased from the British Empire, and 3 millions for tobacco, of which 2½ millions are supplied by the United States. Rather less than one-half (5·7 millions) of animal produce consists of "skins," 2·6 millions being taken from the United States, 1·3 millions from the United Kingdom. The principal items under the head "Manufactures" are the following :

Iron and Steel.—$22,000,000 of which $11,000,000 from the United States, $10,000,000 from the United Kingdom.

Machinery.—$11,000,000 of which nearly the whole amount, $10,200,000, is provided by the United Kingdom.

Cotton Goods.—$14,600,000 of which $8,100,000 from the United States, $5,600,000 from the United Kingdom.

Woollen Goods.—$11,800,000 of which $9,700,000 from the United Kingdom.

Silk Goods.—$4,200,000
Carpets.—$2,000,000 } mainly from the United Kingdom.

These items represent almost exactly one-half (65·6 millions) the total manufactures required by Canada, and in them the United Kingdom—in this case naturally the sole representative of the Empire—preserves a preponderating position, with the single exception of "Iron and Steel," in which the preponderance is slightly on the side of the United

Google

States. The general position, however, in regard to the sources from which Canada supplies her requirements may be stated to be that, instead of her being dependent upon the British Empire for those sources as I suppose it will be contested by none that it is desirable from every point of view that she should be, provided that this involved no noticeable economic disadvantage, she depends to the extent of 56·7 per cent. upon the United States, for about 70 per cent. on all countries outside the Empire. Thus Canada presents an instance of large economic independence from the Empire under existing conditions. It would be, as has already been indicated, foreign to the purpose of the present article to discuss what might be the ultimate effect on the Imperial comity if these conditions became intensified, or even if they continued as they are. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that, under the preferential treatment afforded to British goods, they are gradually becoming modified, while if the export figures were examined—an examination which would be redundant with reference to the principal subject under consideration—they would be found to tell a very different tale, the United Kingdom taking 58·4 per cent. of Canadian exports and the United States 31·6 per cent. So far as the actual supply of Canadian requirements goes, the facts are as stated. In a succeeding article an attempt will be made to show how far those requirements, as well as the requirements of all other parts of the Empire, could be met by the productive capacity of the Empire itself.

Turning now to the Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand, the following tables show, in the same way as for Canada, the needs of this great group of Colonies as expressed by imports.

Digitized by Google

IMPORTS INTO AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND (IN THOUSAND POUNDS)

	Imperial.			Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions.	Total Imperial.		
Minerals . . .	150	2,331	2,481	17	2,498
Agricultural Produce	356	6,739	7,095	1,528	8,623
Forest Produce .	22	817	839	780	1,619
Animals and Produce	378	5,364	5,742	525	6,267
Fisheries . . .	128	124	252	187	439
Manufactures . .	25,673	12,233	37,906	9,115	47,021
Total . .	26,707	27,608	54,315	12,152	66,467

PERCENTAGE OF IMPORTS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

	Imperial.			Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions.	Total Imperial.		
Minerals . . .	6·0	93·3	99·3	·7	3·8
Agricultural Produce	4·1	78·1	82·2	17·8	13·0
Forest Produce .	1·4	50·5	51·9	48·1	2·4
Animals and Produce	6·0	85·6	91·6	8·4	9·4
Fisheries . . .	29·2	28·2	57·4	42·6	·7
Manufactures . .	54·6	26·0	80·6	19·4	70·7
Total . .	40·2	41·5	81·7	18·3	100·0

Digitized by Google

In the figures here given we find the position a good deal more than reversed; moreover, the supplies afforded by the United States (about £6,300,000) are relatively so insignificant that no useful object would have been served by separating them out from those obtained from other foreign sources in which, therefore, they are included. These foreign supplies amounted to a little over 12 million pounds out of a total of about 66½ million pounds, the British Empire providing the remainder—namely, 54·3 million pounds: in other words, the requirements of the Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand were met to the extent of 81·7 per cent. from within the Empire, and of 18·3 per cent. from outside it. Other differences, almost as remarkable, start into view on effecting a comparison between the two sets of tables. Whereas in the case of Canada the supplies drawn from the Mother Country were more than seven times the amount drawn from the rest of the Empire, the Commonwealth and New Zealand take almost equal amounts from both, and of the two the slight difference (£900,000) stands in favour of the latter. Then, while Canada supplied herself with almost 85 per cent. of the manufactures she needed from the United Kingdom, and with only just over 2 per cent. from British Possessions, the latter supply the Commonwealth and New Zealand with 26 per cent. of their requirements of a similar kind (the value being about 12½ million pounds), while the former supplies 54·6 per cent., only a little more than double (25·7 million pounds). Practically the whole of the mineral products required by the Australian Colonies are provided from within the Empire (93·3 per cent. from British Possessions), whereas Canada supplied herself with these products chiefly from foreign countries (86·1 per cent. from the United States alone). Again, agricultural produce, which formed 14 per cent. of the total imports of Canada and 13 per cent. of those of Australia and New Zealand, was drawn by the former to the extent of 77 per cent. from foreign countries (60 per cent. from the United States), and of 23 per cent. from the British Empire,

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

whereas it was drawn by the second group of Colonies to the extent of 82·2 per cent. from the British Empire (78·1 per cent. from "British Possessions"), and of 17·8 per cent. only from the rest of the world. Indeed, while there are striking similarities between the two great self-governing groups in the matter of the percentages which the various classes of imports bear to the respective totals, the dissimilarities existing in regard to the percentages derived from various sources are no less remarkable and suggestive. Thus, the amounts of agricultural produce imported into Canada and the Australasian Colonies were 14 and 13 per cent. of the total imports respectively[1]; of produce of the forest, 2·5 and 2·4 per cent.; of fisheries, ·5 and ·7 per cent.; and of manufactures, 66·9 per cent. and 70·7 per cent.—no bad indication of the similarity of civilisation, and therefore of the requirements, of the populations of these two component parts of the Empire. The percentages of the supplies drawn from various sources to meet requirements differ, however, very greatly, as has been shown above; this is particularly apparent in the trade of the United States and of "British Possessions," the latter taking, to a large extent, in the Australasian trade system the place occupied by the former in that of Canada. To bring this point out quite clearly, it may be imagined for a moment that the United States form part of the "British Possessions": a fresh table of percentages, constructed on that hypothesis for Canada, would then assume the following shape (see Table I. on p. 42.)

If the principal classes of imports (drawn from "Imperial" sources and "Foreign Countries") by the two Colonial systems be now set side by side—namely, minerals, agricultural produce, animals, and manufactures, a curiously similar set of figures is obtained for each. (See Table II. on p. 42).

It is probable that some correction must be made for goods

[1] The agricultural produce imported into both Canada and Australasia consists almost entirely of tea, coffee, and tobacco, a fact which explains the agreement of the percentages.

Digitized by Google

TABLE I

PERCENTAGE OF IMPORTS INTO CANADA FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

	Imperial.			Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions (including the U.S.A.)	Total Imperial.		
Minerals . . .	9·2	86·2	95·4	4·6	9·7
Agricultural Produce	7·7	75·3	83·0	17·0	14·0
Forest . . .	·1	99·2	99·3	6	2·5
Animals . . .	18·3	76·8	95·1	4·9	6·4
Fisheries . . .	·3	93·5	93·8	6·2	·5
Manufactures . .	34·9	50·9	85·8	14·2	66·9
Total . .	26·5	60·4	86·9	13·1	100·0

TABLE II

	Total Imperial.		Foreign Countries.	
	Canada.	Australia and New Zealand.	Canada.	Australia and New Zealand.
Minerals	95·4	99·3	4·6	0·7
Agricultural Produce . .	83	82·2	17	17·8
Animals	95·1	91·6	4·9	8·4
Manufactures . . .	85·8	80·6	14·2	19·4
Total Imports of all kinds	86·9	81·7	13·1	18·3

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

imported from the United States and entered as for domestic consumption in Canada which are nevertheless exported abroad; but even allowing for this, the adjustment of figures on the highly imaginative basis adopted shows prettly clearly that the Australian Colonies, in their inter-Colonial trade, hold much the same place towards each other [1] as the Dominion of Canada and the United States—the considerable difference in the part played by the Mother Country being, of course, due to the fact that the industrial development of the United States is far more advanced than that of the States of Australasia, that the latter are therefore unable to take full advantage of their geographical situation in regard to each other, and that the requirements thus left unsupplied are met chiefly by the Mother Country. Geographical situation, then, still counts for a good deal, in spite of all improvements of communication, but it is not advisable, nevertheless, to attach undue importance to it. There are a great many other important factors to be taken into account, such as the course of export trade, the balance of inward and outward freights, and the direction in which inter-Imperial trade must set under the influence of preferential treatment and of every further step which can be made towards free trade within the Empire. Indeed, from the broadly Imperial point of view, the comparison drawn is distinctly encouraging, as showing the similarity of conditions obtaining in these two widely situate portions of the Empire; and the chief point to be held in view, seeing the change of direction which the trade of our North American dominions must inevitably follow as a consequence of the change in the character of the export trade of the United States, which is now taking place before our eyes, must still be to what extent the Empire can supply its own needs from within itself.

The third great self-governing system of Colonies, British

[1] This will, doubtless, be modified in the future, since there is now free trade between the States forming the Commonwealth. The interstate trade of these resembled, under previous conditions, the Canada-United States trade; now it will approximate to, say, the interstate trade of the United States.

Google

South Africa (Cape Colony, Natal, and the Transvaal), exists under different conditions from either of the other two. Its requirements, expressed in the same manner in terms of imports, are as set forth in the Tables on p. 45.

The total requirements, then, exceed those of Canada by about seven million pounds, and are some twenty millions less than those of the Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand. The proportions which the different classes of imports bear to the total follow pretty closely those exhibited in the other two cases, the general similarity of the needs of the consumers being thus once more indicated; but, although the imports from the United States (4·5 million pounds) were again relatively too insignificant to be worth separating out, there are noteworthy differences from both the other cases in regard to the various sources from which the supplies are drawn. Thus in the matter of minerals (nearly 60 per cent. coal), the United Kingdom heads the list, whereas it had been left in the shade where Canada was concerned by the United States, and in the case of Australasia by "British Possessions"; for this change the large quantities of coal imported from the Mother Country are chiefly responsible. Again, in "Agricultural Produce" considerable amounts of tea and grain are taken from the United Kingdom; there is a large trade in tobacco, grain, and mealies among the South African Colonies themselves: and Argentina comes prominently to the front among foreign countries. The import trade in "Animals and Produce" is drawn from much the same sources, the principal difference in the proportions, namely, the increase in the case of "British Possessions," and the decrease in that of "Foreign Countries," being due to the enormous quantity of live-stock and of meat taken from Australia. For the supply of the needs of the South African Colonies in the matter of manufactures, the Mother Country is drawn upon to the extent of over three-quarters of the whole amount required, manufacturing industries being but little developed in the Colonies themselves, and no other manufacturing country having any geographical

Google

IMPORTS INTO SOUTH AFRICA [CAPE COLONY, NATAL AND TRANSVAAL,
(IN THOUSAND POUNDS)

	Imperial.			Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions.	Total Imperial.		
Minerals . . .	825	69	904	351	1,255
Agricultural Produce	1,117	1,947	3,064	2,051	5,115
Forest Produce .	108	256	364	1,156	1,520
Animals and Produce	996	2,526	3,522	1,626	5,148
Fisheries . . .	150	86	236	39	275
Manufactures . .	25,957	3,141	29,098	4,483	33,581
Total . . .	29,163	8,025	37,188	9,706	46,894

PERCENTAGE OF IMPORTS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

	Imperial.			Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.[1]
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions.	Total Imperial.		
Minerals . . .	66·5	5·5	7·2	2·8	2·6
Agricultural Produce	21·8	38·1	59·9	40·1	10·9
Forest Produce .	7·1	16·8	23·9	76·1	3·2
Animals and Produce	19·3	49·1	68·4	31·6	11·0
Fisheries . . .	54·5	31·5	85·8	14·2	·6
Manufactures . .	77·3	9·4	86·7	13·3	71·7
Total . . .	62·2	17·1	79·3	20·7	100·0

[1] The figures in the last column represent the percentage which each of the groups of imported articles bears to the total.

Digitized by Google

advantage over her. She thus to a large extent occupies the combined position held by herself and the United States in the case of Canada, and by herself and "British Possessions" in the case of Australasia.

Leaving now the requirements of the self-governing Colonial systems, and turning to those of the first Dependency of British India, we shall again find that both the requirements of the latter and the sources from which they are drawn differ considerably from what has been shown in regard to the former. The Tables on p. 47 give the figures with respect to India in the same form as that adopted in the three other cases, the produce of fisheries being, however, so insignificant an item in the general total that it is not considered worthy of mention.

In all the cases examined, manufactures have formed by far the largest class of requirements to be satisfied. This is so pre-eminently the case with British India, that it may fairly be said that no other class except manufactures calls for attention for the purposes of the present discussion. Out of a total import trade of upwards of 50 million sterling, 47¼ millions (or 93·8 per cent.) represent the imports of manufactures; in respect of all her other requirements India may be stated virtually to supply herself. The proportions in which her needs for manufactured articles are satisfied from various sources will be seen to approximate pretty closely to those which obtained in the case of South Africa, Foreign Countries being drawn upon to a rather greater extent, and the United Kingdom and British Possessions correspondingly less. If the total imports be considered, the approximation is surprisingly close, the Imperial supplies to India being 78·3 per cent. of the total and to South Africa 79·3 per cent., while Foreign Countries supplied 21·7 per cent. to the former and 20·7 per cent. to the latter. In fact, the trade conditions, geographically speaking, being almost precisely similar, the general proportions of imports from various sources are almost the same, variations downwards in one class being compen-

Google

IMPORTS INTO INDIA (IN THOUSAND POUNDS).

	Imperial.			Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions.	Total Imperial.		
Minerals, &c. . .	436	60	496	165	661
Forest Products .	17	73	90	214	304
Animals and Produce	276	506	782	356	1,138
Agricultural Produce	59	763	822	223	1,045
Manufactures . .	34,110	3,198	37,308	9,966	47,274
Total . .	34,898	4,600	39,498	10,924	50,422

PERCENTAGE OF IMPORTS INTO INDIA FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

	Imperial.			Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.[1]
	United Kingdom.	British Possessions.	Total Imperial.		
Minerals . . .	65·9	9·1	75·0	25·0	1·3
Forest Products .	5·6	24·0	30·6	69·4	·6
Animals and Produce	24·2	44·5	68·7	31·3	2·3
Agricultural Produce	5·6	72·9	78·5	21·5	2·0
Manufactures . .	72·2	6·7	78·9	21·1	93·8
Total . .	69·2	9·1	78·3	21·7	100

[1] The figures in the last column represent the percentage which each of the groups of imported articles bears to the total.

Digitized by Google

sated by variations upwards in another—an eloquent indication of the almost boundless variety of production of which the Empire is capable. Further, some notion can now already be gathered of the extent to which the Empire can satisfy its own requirements by its own capacity of production. Where there is no special geographical condition influencing the course of trade from some country without the Empire, as in the case of the United States and Canada, Imperial supplies in each of the other instances discussed satisfy well over three-quarters of Imperial requirements. Moreover, it is a noteworthy fact that India, with its 294 million inhabitants, demands only a little over 50 millions worth of imports from the rest of the world, only some four millions more than South Africa, ten million more than Canada, and actually sixteen millions less than Australasia. While I hope that I may not be supposed to contend that this fact, by itself, is an indication of prosperity, it may, on the other hand, be taken to show that the various Indian States, in their commercial intercourse with one another, play to a large extent the part of the United States towards Canada and of the various Australasian States towards one another, and that the Indian Empire within its own borders contributes largely to Imperial needs from Imperial resources.

The last, and most emphatically not the least, portion of the Empire to be considered is the Mother Country herself. (See Tables p. 49.)

It will be seen immediately how enormously the requirements of the United Kingdom exceed those of any other portion of the Empire; indeed, they exceed the requirements of the four main portions of the Empire discussed above by over 130 per cent. (473 millions as against 204 millions). In order that there may be no misapprehension, it should here be repeated that the word "requirements" is not intended to mean that which is necessary to the population of the United Kingdom or of any part of the Empire for their own domestic consumption. It includes also all that they need by which to live and prosper, as, for instance, raw materials

Google

VALUE OF IMPORTS OF MERCHANDISE INTO UNITED KINGDOM FOR CONSUMPTION (IN THOUSAND POUNDS).

——	British Possessions.	Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.
Mineral Produce . .	1,643	9,847	11,490
Forest Produce . . .	5,915	25,993	31,908
Agricultural Produce . .	39,680	142,993	182,673
Animals and Produce .	36,775	70,572	107,347
Fisheries	864	2,120	2,984
Manufactures . . .	7,498	129,380	136,878
Total	102,375	380,905	473,280

PERCENTAGES OF IMPORTS FOR CONSUMPTION INTO UNITED KINGDOM FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

——	British Possessions.	Foreign Countries.	Total Imports.[1]
Mineral Produce . .	14·4	85·6	2·4
Forest Produce . . .	18·5	81·5	6·8
Agricultural Produce .	21·8	78·2	38·6
Animals and Produce .	34·9	65·1	22·7
Fisheries	36·3	63·7	·6
Manufactures . . .	9·5	90·5	28·9
Total	21·6	78·4	100·0

[1] The figures in the last column represent the percentage which each of the groups of imported articles bears to the total.

Digitized by Google

which they work up into manufactures for exchange with foreign countries or with other parts of the Empire. This consideration, the far greater white population of the United Kingdom—a population virtually the whole of which has attained a high degree of civilisation—and the fact that the British islands cannot produce more than a fraction, smaller or greater, of the articles comprised under the various heads under which the imports are classified, excepting only minerals (the exception relating chiefly to coal and iron) and manufactures, account for the enormous requirements of the Mother Country; but no explanation is thereby afforded of the immense preponderance of Foreign Countries over British Possessions in supplying her requirements. Geographical situation is again an element to be taken into account; but broadly it may be stated that there can be only two reasons for that preponderance: (1) Either the possible productive capacity of the British Possessions is insufficient to satisfy the needs of the United Kingdom, or (2) the productive capacity is sufficient, but it has been allowed to remain latent. The most important question—Which of these two explanations is correct?—requires more careful consideration than space would allow in the present paper, and will be dealt with in as much detail as is feasible in a succeeding article.

The figures shown under the head "Manufactures" call, however, at once for some further observation. The preponderance of Foreign Countries over British Possessions is more marked in this class than in any other, the former supplying us with nearly ten times as much as British Possessions (144·9 million pounds worth against 15·1 millions). In the case of the two other most important classes, namely, Agricultural Produce and Animals and Produce, the corresponding proportions are less than four to one and less than two to one respectively, and it should be remarked that these two classes comprise a considerable proportion of raw material (*e.g.*, wool, cotton, hides, &c.) which is worked up into "Manufactures" in the United Kingdom. Now the kind of trade

Google

which is, from every point of view, the most advantageous and the most profitable to the population of these islands is that which causes it to maintain or increase the national output. Mr. Richard B. Haldane, M.P., with whom it is pleasant to agree, has stated this proposition succinctly and forcibly in his work "Education and Empire":

> Great Britain [he wrote, p. 7] regards herself as the leading industrial nation. She has been so for long, and until recent times her place has not been seriously disputed. She *must* continue to increase her commercial output. For it is the foundation on which rest her financial resources, her fleet, her hold on her colonies and dependencies. . . . Great Britain must not only maintain the volume of her trade, but increase it, as the demand for expenditure goes on increasing.

Nothing could be truer or better put. Following the reasoning out to its logical conclusion, it is clear that the ideal over-sea trade for the United Kingdom would be that by which it receives food and raw material and in exchange for them gives manufactures—an ideal which is realised neither by our colonial nor by our foreign trade. But the former approximates to it more closely than does the latter. This forms, I think, one weighty answer among many to those who regard with apprehension any displacement of foreign in favour of colonial trades. On the grounds only of the consequent increase of our national output which such a displacement must entail, it is most sincerely to be welcomed. Again, this country has not reached a point near its maximum output; otherwise no "problem of the unemployed" would be with us, nor should we have ever in our minds those dismal "thirteen millions who are on the verge of hunger." But the import of manufactures into a country almost perfectly equipped for nearly every kind of manufacturing industry *must* be a cause of decrease in output. If it were true, as is frequently stated by those who confound free imports with free trade, that in payment for every manufactured article imported a manufactured article must be exported, the case would be different. Our trade returns, however, prove the untruth of this theory to demon-

Google

stration; indeed, were it true, the argument as to the balance of trade being preserved by "invisible exports" would have no meaning. On the other hand, even if it be true that our trade does find its balance over a series of years by means of invisible exports, the latter increase our national output only through that portion, the carrying trade, which increases the number of ships built—which, large as it is as compared with the shipbuilding industries of foreign nations, is a relatively insignificant item in the output of the United Kingdom. Moreover, as the history of Holland conclusively proves, a great carrying trade is a broken reed to lean upon as a mainstay of national prosperity. The only sound foundation of this is national output, and the only output upon which we as a nation can rely is the output of our manufacturing industries. Thus to direct our national energies to the organisation of Imperial trade so that it should increase to the greatest possible extent, which by no means implies that we need inflict wanton injury upon our foreign trade, is the best and the sanest policy that we could pursue.

It will be interesting now, by combining the figures given in the foregoing Tables to take a general survey of the import trade of the Empire, and to observe how far its requirements are met from its own resources. (See Tables p. 58.)

It is seen from these tables that of the total requirements of the Empire[1] (685·5 million pounds worth) rather more than one-third is supplied by itself, rather less than two-thirds by foreign countries (235 millions against 450 millions). Fisheries in this enormous total count for relatively so little that, in a paper of this length, they may be left aside. Minerals (chiefly coal, iron, and copper) also form an insignificant percentage, although in absolute figures the total imports reach a considerable amount, of which the Empire furnishes about 30 per cent. and foreign countries about 70 per cent. In the matter of forest produce foreign countries, principally Russia

[1] That is, those main portions of the Empire included in the scope of the present article.

Google

TABLES H.

IMPORTS OF MERCHANDISE INTO UNITED KINGDOM, INDIA, CANADA, SOUTH AFRICA, AND AUSTRALASIA (IN MILLION POUNDS).

——	Imperial.	Foreign.	Total.
Mineral Produce	5·9	13·8	19·7
Agricultural Produce	51·9	151·1	203·0
Forest Produce	7·2	38·0	45·2
Animals and Produce	47·3	75·1	122·4
Fisheries	1·5	2·4	3·9
Manufactures	121·6	169·7	291·3
Total	235·4	450·1	685·5

PERCENTAGES OF IMPORTS FROM IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN SOURCES.

——	Imperial.	Foreign.	Total.[1]
Mineral Produce	30·0	70·0	2·9
Agricultural Produce	25·6	74·4	29·6
Forest Produce	15·9	84·1	6·5
Animals and Produce	38·5	61·5	17·9
Fisheries	38·5	61·5	·6
Manufactures	42·0	58·0	42·5
Total	34·4	65·6	100·0

[1] The figures in the last column represent the percentage which each of the groups of imported articles bears to the total.

Google

and Scandinavia, are drawn upon to a much greater extent, the Empire providing about 16 per cent. and foreign countries 84 per cent., or upwards of five times as much.

We then pass to the three principal items, namely, agricultural produce, animals and produce, and manufactures, which together reach the huge amount of nearly 617 million pounds worth, or 90 per cent. of total Imperial requirements, as indeed would naturally be expected since the two first cover a large proportion of food-stuffs and no inconsiderable amount of raw material. Foreign countries supply the Empire with nearly three times as much agricultural produce as that furnished from within its own confines (151 million pounds worth against 52 millions), with about 60 per cent. more animals and produce, and with rather less than 40 per cent. more manufactures. There is a certain general similarity between these proportions and those which occurred in regard to Canada—very close in the case of agricultural produce (23 per cent. supplied to Canada and 25·6 per cent. to the Empire generally from Imperial resources), less close in the case of manufactures (42 per cent. and 37 per cent.), and closer again in the grand totals (30 per cent. and 34 per cent.). Although in the Tables now under discussion no imaginary correction can be made, as in the case of Canada, since we are at present dealing with all the principal parts of the Empire on the one hand and the whole of the rest of the world on the other, still there are certain facts which should be taken into consideration. Thus, Egypt is now in so anomalous a position that, while international obligations compel us to admit that she does not form part of the Empire, to state that she does not is rather a statement of fiction than of fact. Again, there are other countries, such, for instance, as Argentina, and to a somewhat less degree Chile and Uruguay, which, while, politically speaking, totally independent, have nevertheless been financed by the United Kingdom to such an extent as to be, from that point of view, British Possessions. The imports into the Empire from these countries alone would increase

Google

the figure of Imperial supplies of Imperial needs from 30 to 40 per cent. Apart from Egypt, it may seem somewhat far-fetched to assimilate countries which are politically independent from, but financially dependent on, the United Kingdom to British Possessions. But if the idea be followed out, the suggestion is natural enough. The fact that the Empire even now supplies itself with one-third of its requirements is truly surprising in view of the indifference with which the Mother Country has in the past regarded the development of her colonial children—an indifference preached by Cobden and his lieutenants, and practised until recent years by British statesmen of both parties. There has been no organisation, no concentration of—in the largest sense of the term—national energies in a national direction. On the contrary, they have been as a matter of policy, so called, or rather miscalled, deliberately dissipated in any haphazard direction which may have seemed to present a momentary advantage. It is not the lack of any natural resources or geographical advantage, but of development, which has placed us in a position of greater dependence on foreign countries for the supply of our Imperial needs than on our own Imperial estates. The figures in regard to Imperial and foreign supplies shown in the last tables might have been reversed had we acted *en bons pères de famille*, given our own family interests (as we should have) the first place, and invested our capital in British Possessions instead of foreign countries. They may still be reversed if we will so act henceforth. That this is no exaggeration, but a plain statement of fact, I hope to be able to show in a succeeding article.

VINCENT CAILLARD.

(*To be continued*)

Google

THE DESTINY OF BRITAIN IN CENTRAL ASIA

A THEORY BASED UPON PRINCIPLES OF THE ECONOMICS OF IMPERIAL EXPANSION

I

THE acute phase of the recent crisis in Thibet is past. Until the British Government officially declares the terms of the treaty signed at Lhassa, it is not possible to ascertain the exact relations established between the two countries or to appreciate accurately their more immediate effect. But, as the crisis recedes into the distance of time, the atmosphere of perspective tends to eliminate those cruder lines of detail which the passing prejudice and passions of men exaggerate and render disproportionate, and the whole incident assumes a distinctness of outline which gives the mind an impression of permanent effect. Simply stated, this impression seems improbable and startling. For it foreshadows the destiny of Britain as a future sovereign power of Central Asia.

That this is no romance of the imagination, but a sober thesis, is clearly capable of proof through certain clearly defined laws of the constitution of corporate humanity, and also through the continuity of action in human history. Great Britain, by her act of trespass into the forbidden land of Central Asia, has set the seal of permanent consequence—through her contact with them—upon its ancient isolated people. It is inevitable,

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

through the compelling force of natural laws, that her paramountcy shall, in the distant future, follow her civilising influence far into the heart of Asia. For the real meaning of the recent Anglo-Thibetan incident lies far beneath the troubled surface of conflicting interests and immediate crises, which is the face of the human sea to the depths of which the thoughts of men so seldom penetrate. In the depths of that sea—in the ceaseless sweep of the great force-currents of humanity which circulate the elements of virility, progress and civilisation throughout mankind by remorseless activities—lies the explanation and true signficance of the subjugation of Thibet by Britain. This fact is no more than a natural phase of an age-long process which rids mankind of the incubus of human waste and emancipates the potentialities of earth through laws of compensation in the gravity of civilisation, which tends always to find its level above the surface of stagnant and retrograde humanity. In obedience to this natural law, the rising tide of a later civilisation, which has slowly swept across the vast expanse of India at its base, has at length broken through the huge Himalayan barrier, and a first advancing wave has flowed into the midst of Central Asia. It is true that the wave recedes. But the rhythm of ebb and flow controls the tides of human activity as it does the sweep of the great salt ocean. And the advance of the British into Central Asia will prove to be an act of momentous and permanent consequence in the continuity of the history of man.

Before proceeding to consider exactly what are these factors of natural force which cause the currents of later civilisation to set, to-day, so strongly towards Asia, and to ascertain from their direction that the destiny of Thibet is inevitably linked with that of Britain; it is necessary to compare the past conceptions of the country and its people with the realities regarding them which have been recently revealed. Because an exactitude as to human conditions is the first essential of any consideration as to the consequences of human inter-relation. In the first place, it is clear that the Thibetans

Google

come naturally into contact with civilisation through the influence of Britain. The segregation of this people from civilised races behind the rock barrier of their frontiers was an artificial, not a natural, condition. Sooner or later it was bound to give place to the normal conditions which govern human inter-relation. But while it lasted their strange seclusion brought the Thibetans into high romantic relief. A suggestion of indefinite idealism pervaded the common conception of their life. The mystery of the unattainable invested their land with the glamour of desire. The veiled city of Lhassa with her shrine, where rose the incense of prayer from countless souls of men, shone like a beautiful mirage on the horizon of imagination. Then, in the fulness of time, these phantasies gave place to facts. The barrier of artificial isolation was swept aside by the force of natural laws, and the currents of civilisation flowed to find their inevitable level above the waste waters of human stagnation. The fateful eight-mile train of a British expedition clambered from the sun-steeped plains of India, through the hot damp jungles of the Teesta valley, miles into air and up to the shoulders of blinding snow which funnel the roaring wind that blows through the passes to Thibet. And the British passed—the pioneers of destiny—into Central Asia. These men of the little Atlantic isles went down forbidden paths into an unknown land. They descended from snow-fields stained with blood to valleys of wheat and barley which were bright with English flowers. They stormed precipitous cliffs in a country where ink-black rivers roared through cañons of red rock, and they fought horridly in the darkness of caves cut into the crest of heights beneath the level stretches of an ice-field. They traversed plateaux adrift with cloud which swept the feet of towering peaks aglint with glacier; they gazed upon the glory of the turquoise lake, and forded the great river of the world, the source of which is yet unknown. And, at last, they entered Lhassa, with its home of the Asian Vicar of God in his giant palace roofed with gold, and the mile-wide belt of

Google

nature which separates it from mankind in an outer girdle of gutters choked with filth, and human scum, and herds of corpse-fed swine.

But long before Great Britain had raised the veil from the shrine of Buddha and found it desolate of all idealism or sanctity, she had woken the world from its dream of romance regarding Thibet. In the rays of the sunrise of civilisation it proves a sordid secret which has lain hidden in the heart of Asia for so long. For Thibet is held in the bondage of very ancient days. Her ruling power is the old tyranny of superstition. Her people are slaves in chains of ignorance. Even her isolation is not due to natural causes in that instinct of self-preservation which causes inferior communities of men, through dread of subjection, to shrink from contact with superior races. The policy of the seclusion of Thibet is solely inspired by the meanest principle of class-interest.[1] The Thibetan hierarchy keeps its country strictly isolated from civilising forces so that it may exploit the population and potentialities of a sub-continent for its own enjoyment. In consequence, the condition of the Thibetan peasantry is one of hopeless squalor, neglect, and degradation. These people are entirely devoid of the bonds of sentient nationality; a common ignorance and superstition alone gives force to their domestic polity, ensures their submission to the central authority and helps to perpetuate their servitude and debasement. In the light of these facts, it seems incredible that Britain, as representing progressive human force, should come in contact with the forces of tyranny and retrogression, in the Thibetan hierarchy, and recoil before them. Yet, apparently, this is a fact. Britain, the great civilising power of the world, undertakes to respect strictly the barbarous tyranny of class rule and to perpetuate the slavery to superstition which is implied

[1] This policy is explained by a Lamaic prophecy which declares that "*if the English enter Thibet our bowl is broken*"—the bowl, once symbolical of the asceticism of Buddha, now typifies the sources of revenue of the priesthood and Church of Buddha.

Google

by the "internal independence" of Thibet—in return for certain favours. So long as they will consent no longer to render their country sterile as regards the commerce of the world, its rulers may continue to segregate its population from civilising influences, and continue in peace to exploit their ignorance and serfdom.

If such a condition of affairs could, in the nature of things, assume permanence, it would deprive humanity of hope. But it is contrary to every natural law which controls human destiny. This false counterpoise of barbarity and civilisation is an artificial, not a natural, condition. It is a phase in the developments of nervous statesmanship under the exigencies of political pressure. What Russia has done to establish her influence in Mongolia the shadow of Russia has frightened Great Britain from attempting to do in Thibet.[1] Yet, though the blind uncertain acts of statesmen may sometimes cheat the destiny of an individual people, they cannot alter or stay the action of universal laws which control the course of human progress. A treaty cannot dam from any place that irresistible tide of civilisation which sweeps across the world, ever making superior people the wardens of its wealth and the masters of all savage or decayed communities. The action of this natural law has already resulted in the demolition of the barriers round Thibet by Britain. By its force, Thibet, in the future, is inevitably destined to come under the influence and ultimate dominion of Britain. This development is clear as a

[1] In January 1861, a Treaty was ratified at St. Petersburgh by which a Russian Resident with a military escort was established in the sacred city of Urga. The Taranath Lama—the incarnate pontiff of the North-Asian Buddhists—became a vassal of the Russian Czar. But Russian jealousy forbids a similar establishment of British influence at Lhassa, which would *openly* convert Thibet into a sphere of British suzerainty. And the fate of Cavagnari, with the curse of Cabul, seem to timid counsellors of Britain to invest this true Thibetan policy with the presage of doom. Consequently, Britain retires from her trespass upon Thibetan seclusion, and limits her policy to a commercial contract, and a nominal control of Thibetan foreign policy—without any supervision to enforce it.

Google

natural consequence of that particular phase of the general expansion of superior races throughout the world, by which two European empires tend to converge—the one through conquest, and the other through commercial absorption—upon the table-lands of Central Asia. It is, therefore, logical to consider the future inter-relation of Britain and Thibet apart from the present policy altogether, and with regard to that natural force which has brought these two distant countries into close connection, and which controls their destiny beyond the scope and power of any policy regarding it.

II

Among the great dynamic forces which regulate the constitution of humanity, by circulating the life-currents of civilisation through the migratory movements of superior peoples, there are two, the action of which is most pronounced. The former is a primal physical force—*the purely political force*—which reacts, through the desires or passions of men, in the violent and spasmodic process of war and conquest. The latter is rather a moral force, one which implies the faculties of restraint and acquired power—*the human force economic*—which reacts, where possible, through the impulse of industry in the peaceful world-conquests of commercial absorption. That is, *by the expansion of civilising influences through inter-relations of trade, as distinct from expansion by military aggression in pursuit of purely political aims.* At the present time, the great expanding Empires of Russia and Great Britain, in both the national characteristics of the two peoples and the methods of their advance in Asia, respectively exemplify these forces in a strangely accurate manner. As these two forces—distinct in their origin and functional activities—are both servants of the same process of civilisation, namely, race expansion—their identity is constantly confused. It is further confused because the conflict of material interests, incidental to the economic force of civilisation and warlike

Google

opposition to its natural developments, frequently result in the passions of men overwhelming their powers of restraint. Then the peaceful developments of commerce give place to war with its insanities of human slaughter and mutilation, and men, in contemplating the consequence, confuse the cause and wrongly indict the original impulse of industry together with the dictates of later licence. The recent Anglo-Dutch conflict in Africa is an example of such a confusion of ideas through interruption of the economic by the purely physical civilising force. In the case of Thibet the process has been reversed, and the economic will succeed the physical process, as it has already done across the entire continent of India and throughout the British Empire. Indeed, if further proof were needed that the impulse of industry rather than the conquest of territory is the vital force of British Imperial expansion at the present time, it is to be found in the fact that Thibet, having been conquered by Britain, retains, under the professed convention of Lhassa, complete internal independence, with British suzerainty only in regard to relations with other foreign powers. The aim of British policy is concentrated upon facilities for commerce between Thibet and India. It is, therefore, by the force of the economic agency of civilisation—*through the peaceful process of commercial absorption*—that Britain will, in the future, establish her influence and consolidate her position among the peoples in certain parts of Central Asia; and through which Thibet, in particular, is ultimately destined to merge in the universally extending sphere of Anglo-Saxon civilisation.

At first sight this seems to be a statement which needs no logic to support it. The history of British Imperial dominion is practically one of the spread of civilisation through economic expansion. It is natural to suppose that this same process will, in time, bind Thibet to Britain by the power of the tentacles of trade. Because, unless the vital force and vigour of the British race suddenly fails, their national constitution of empire will neither stagnate nor decay, but will continue to develop, like other healthy living organisms, so long as develop-

Google

ment is natural and possible. But before proceeding to prove that such development of British Imperial dominion in Asia is, in certain directions, both natural and possible; it is first necessary to pause and consider shortly the exact nature and influence of a civilised world-empire *as a functional process of the constitution of humanity.* This is especially important to the subject under discussion, because there exists among the British people an element of strong prejudice against the further extension of their Empire at all; and particularly against the spread of its civilising influence, as in the case of Thibet, through the conquest of savage and backward peoples, for the commercial development of countries which they hold in loss to the rest of mankind. This is a curious phase of idea for a people who owe their influence upon history, and their present prosperity and power to this identical and salutary natural process. The prejudice itself, of course, is born of ignorance. But its propagation is due to the dogma of a political sect whose peevish imbecility and obstruction in regard to the responsibilities, security and destiny of Empire, is a shameful characteristic of Imperial Parliament. The militant fallacy of the anti-Imperialists is based, in the first place, upon a misconception regarding what is, in truth, an elemental force of civilisation—though it is also the secret of the world-supremacy of Britain. The whole impulse of industry—the soul of commerce—is confused by these people with the base instincts of cupidity and cunning. These instincts, through the lusts of slaughter and conquest, are said to cause strong nations to "despoil" weak ones. It follows from this reasoning that, throughout the entire past civilisation of the world, the ceaseless reclamation of Earth's natural resources to intelligent utility—from the neglect of them by merely animal humanity, has been a process of crime born of the brute instincts of rapacity and murder. The spread of civilisation through the agency of economic activity, at the present day, is a continuation of this process, and signifies the demoralisation of those sections of mankind who

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

still retain their virgin innocence in the virtues of apathy, indolence or primeval barbarity. In application to the British Empire these theories infect the anti-Imperialist with a peculiar spite. Its world-wide civilisation and peaceful economic activity are characterised, by him, as inspired by the lusts of aggression, land-hunger and spoliation, the incidents of which are a curse on man and a drag upon his destiny. At all costs, therefore, let Britain cease for ever to extend her influence by any process whatever. But that her civilisation should intrude into the world-spheres of material waste and human retrogression, sweeping aside by force the resistance of force which barbarity offers to its advance, is indeed a crowning horror of cruelty, abandonment and sin. In particular application to the Thibetan crisis this fallacious reasoning is clearly betrayed by the following logical conclusions in relation to the facts. That the invasion of Thibet, either in vindication of the national rights, or for precaution against national peril, was unwarrantable. That it would be immoral for Britain to establish her authority in the land, although it would ameliorate the moral degradation of its people, because that would disturb the tyranny of the "independence" from which they suffer. This would also be unwise and provocative, because it would injure the susceptibilities of a rival inimical foreign Power by checkmating its dangerous intrigue. It is morally right, however, for Britain to abandon the Thibetan people to the misrule of the dark ages, and wise to leave them to Russian influence. It is right for civilisation to retire from the land without contaminating its rotten social structure by a single touch of wholesome civilising influence. But it is barbarous and nothing less than robbery with violence to insist, by force, that the natural wealth of Thibet shall no longer be withheld from the workmen of the world.

Now this is an age which is characterised by the practical application of scientific reason to every problem of human existence. There is certainly no other problem which involves human welfare and destiny in a greater degree than the

Google

organism of the British Empire, which contains within its individual life one-quarter of mankind. It is, therefore, germane as well as essential to a theory which forecasts a further and vast extension of this Empire, to meet the grounds on which its extension is commonly opposed by clearing this vital factor of civilisation and human progress together with the forces which animate and control its action, from all fallacy regarding them. The men who deprecate the spread of civilisation through the world-migrations of superior races, either upon a basis of principle or in relation to political exigency—forget, in the first place, that they deal with the action of a natural force of the human economy which is as far beyond the control of man as are the natural forces of wind and sea. At the most, man may try to comprehend the action of this force as a functional process of the human constitution. He may thus arrive at a definite conception of its influence and effect upon mankind, much as he can recognise and understand the physical processes of his own body. But behind it all—beyond the groping of his intellect about the fingers of compelling force which confine his natural universe—there stands an infinite Power and Intelligence which holds both him, the atom, and conglomerate humanity in the grasp of guiding laws through certain all-pervading currents of force. The source of these, and the ultimate end they serve, remain, together with the Power that gave them life, incomprehensible by man, even when his imagination strives to enshrine this Power as his God. But the natural laws themselves do lie within the limit of his intelligence, as yet half recognised and, in their nature, not wholly understood by reason of a certain conflict or confusion in them of benign and inimical forces. The reason of this element of conflict, however, is gradually becoming clear as a certain mechanical function of natural progression. The inroads of disease and the moral conflicts in regard to the individual constitution, the frequent wars, barbarities and set-backs to civilisation which afflict the health and moral constitution of corporate humanity, are in the nature

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of tests, which constantly eliminate the elements of weakness and attenuation from man and from mankind. This antiseptic process has been defined, broadly, as *the struggle for existence*, and its clearly defined and inevitable result has been termed *the survival of the fittest*. Now the fact of Imperial expansion—that is, of world-dominion—is the clearest possible proof of both survival and superiority in regard to any single race or nation. But taking the question of the influence of economic activity upon mankind—because, whether it be termed rapacity by anti-Imperialists or natural energy by Imperialists, *economic activity is, in fact, the vital force of the Imperial expansion of the British race*—the true test regarding it lies plainly in its effect in relation to the human struggle for existence. If its influence, on the whole, is morally bad, its effect must be enervating, and the commercial communities cannot long survive in the struggle for existence. On the other hand, if its influence, on the whole, is morally elevating, its effect must be invigorating to the communal constitution. *Then commercial communities would tend not only to survive, but they would constitute the foremost and most powerful among the nations of the world, and dominate all other peoples in a degree as they were less and less industrious and adaptive.*

III

It is, of course, evident that the latter of these conditions prevails all over the world to-day. As a matter of fact, it never has ceased to prevail throughout the whole of the history of civilisation. No clearer practical proof than this can be adduced that economic activity is of itself a moral force of human development. This fact in itself should give pause to those political theorists of Britain who maintain a prejudice against this cardinal human activity, in so far as it is a functional force of the process of British Imperial expansion. But when the evidence of general history is examined as to the exact manner in which this natural and beneficent force

Google

exerts its civilising influence upon humanity, it leads to a discovery which is profoundly interesting. This discovery is no less than that of what may be termed *the mechanical action of human progress* through the survival of superior races and their constant superimposition in dominion over all inferior races. The part that economic power—together with other elements of human progress—plays in this mechanical action of human development is clear. It results in the ceaseless pressure of superior races possessed of its virtue upon all the weaker and inferior peoples throughout the habitable spaces of the globe. But it is at once evident that this process of civilisation and human progress is identical with the process of the Imperial expansion of dominant races all through the history of the world. *Therefore, if it is clear that economic activity is a moral force of human progress and a dynamic force of the spread of civilisation, it is equally clear that empire—through the dominion and economic activity of superior races—is also a moral force of human development, and the natural and ceaseless functional process of the spread of civilisation throughout the ages of humanity.*

A single example must suffice to illustrate exactly the influence of, as it has here been termed, the mechanical action of economic force in human history. Many centuries ago, upon a very ancient page of history—in connection with a Biblical race-migration—was once written the lesson of the land of Canaan. This lesson contains the most abiding moral for mankind in connection with all the subsequent and ceaseless movements of civilisation. It declares for all time, that whether it be milk and honey, or corn and wool and wine, *it is the natural wealth of a country which proves the magnet to civilisation, through the attraction of superior peoples to the land, in the desire of conquest or the hope of gain in commercial adventure.* It shows that the seeds of civilisation may be sown in bitterness and wrath—that better things are born of sorrow, death and desolation, when men invade and take possession of rich lands by force. But it also teaches that, in this,

Digitized by Google

man is but the servant of destiny—which he disobeys to his own undoing. He acts in obedience to a great guiding force which strictly ordains the manner of his going. The laws of human progress will not suffer the weaker kind to retain either power or material wealth—be it milk and honey, or iron, coal and gold—which the strong alone can utilise for the service of man. This ancient lesson, finally, establishes one remorseless and universal law which has held throughout the generations of mankind, and which, long ago, raised the human struggle for existence from the brawling of physical force to a conflict of moral excellence which, through individual self-discipline, results in the attainment of certain national or racial traits, the perfection of which becomes the essential condition for human survival. This law lays down *that man may not develop nor enjoy the strength necessary to independence or dominion, unless he first attain, and then excel in morality of life and the habit of industry through the practice of long and ceaseless self-discipline.* Ages have passed since their servitude, and forty years of disciplined freedom made the Jews superior to the peaceful unprovocative inhabitants of Canaan, whom they slaughtered and despoiled under the ægis of a divine sanction plainly symbolical of the spirit of human progress. In this lapse of time the Jews, long since, have themselves been subjugated, and effaced from constitutional nationality: but the laws of their ancient example to mankind apply, with undiminished force, to the incidents of contemporary civilisation, and the past judgments of these laws upon the peoples of the world lie written over all the face of the earth to-day.

To apply these laws or main principles of the action of economic force—as disclosed by the Jewish invasion and conquest of Canaan—in detail, to the incidents of general history, is a task at once stupendous and unnecessary. People possessed of common knowledge will realise at once how ceaseless and universal has been the action of their compelling force upon mankind. Like some gigantic shuttle, this power has con-

Google

tinually drawn the finer across the coarser human threads and rendered the woof of human character ever a fairer and stronger scheme. And in all history there is no clearer example of the beneficent action of civilising forces, through the dominion and economic activity of a superior race, than that of the Empire of Britain. In that far time when the little British Isles lay lonely on the limit of the world, wrapped in the mists of its outer sea and covered thick with jungle, in the gloom of which a race of savages contested their sovereignty of the land with the forest beasts, *it was the natural resources of the country which proved the magnet that drew civilisation to it* in the early commerce which laid the foundation of its greatness, power and economic wealth at the present day. In the desire of conquest or the hope of gain, superior peoples in little daring ships descended, in turn, upon the coasts of Britain. At length, from Rome, the heart of the world, came also the adventurous pioneers of its civilisation—the wardens of earth's wild peoples in that age. And slave raids and Cornish tin laid the first foundation of Imperial Britain through the intervention of Imperial Rome. Then, by the force of the same age-long process by which Rome long ago helped to civilise Britain; Britain, since, has helped to civilise the world. In the course of time, there has grown that wonder of human effort by which the people of two little islands govern one quarter of the globe. There is no single sea which is not of their water-ways of trade—none which their power does not guard to-day. There is no continent of earth where they do not dwell—home-set or in dominion. It is true that other forces, besides the attraction of the natural wealth of their lands of empire, drew the British in their universal migration. War, religious hate, ambition and necessity, have also helped to scatter them world-wide. But, to whatever accident the British owe their descent upon the various continents of the world, this fact is clear—*that they have remained established upon them; that they continue, to-day, to spread over the face of them, by the force and virtue of economic activity.*

Google

At this point there arise naturally two questions, the answers to which, in the minds of intelligent men—apart from political bias or polemical spite—shall, with infallible justice and truth, pass final judgment for or against the fact of the world-expansion of the British race in empire; and for or against the further expansion of its limits in the future. *Has the imperial expansion of the British reclaimed vast spaces of the world from waste and the licence of barbarity to the civilisation of moral restraint and disciplined utility?—Is its influence upon mankind that of a progressive or retrogressive force?* Does any disciple of anti-Imperialism—however prejudiced or small of understanding—truly doubt the beneficence of the natural force that has established and still spreads this sea of civilisation over the world, who considers of what it has already rid vast regions of the earth? Before it spread to the northern half of half the world, that tract was virgin forest and the battle-ground of mutual slaughter by men and beasts. Since Britain gave birth to the great twin nations of North America, civilisation has transformed the face of the land, and the peaceful development of its natural wealth has already rendered one of them, through economic power, a great and dominant people. Away in the southern quarter of the globe, upon the great Pacific continent of Australasia; across immense and still mysterious Africa; in islands scattered over all the sea—the wilderness of waste and its brute humanity—with his blood sacrifice, incessant slaughter, slavery, ignorance, cruelty and cannibalism—have been rolled back by the strenuous effort of centuries, giving place to a civilisation through which Britain has universally liberated the natural resources of the earth for the use of man, and has given birth to the great new nations of the world whose peoples dwell to-day, peaceful and industrious, in the spacious shires of Greater Britain. And while the waves of this vast flood of civilisation have set potent European nations upon the continents of America, Africa and Australasia; they have also swept across great regions of the earth where the white men may not thrive in

Google

health. In these regions Britain reigns, in supreme responsibility, as the warden of the destiny of a fifth of humanity—the mistress of the world's wild and ancient peoples. These, she subdues to discipline, to peace and to labour; suppressing the habits of indolence, slaughter and raid, and giving both man and nature to the intelligent service of civilisation by making them factors of economic force. Indeed, by virtue of those iron laws of industry which hold universally through the varied lands of her dominion, Britain has transformed the world into a workshop. From the ice-held gold of sub-arctic Canada to the fragrant apple-orchards of Tasmania, far beyond the southern limit of the palms—from the huge sub-continents of crop and cattle-lands that span America, Africa and Australia, to the cotton, spice, and sugar planted in tiny islands of the tropical seas—from the fair and fruitful valleys of plain-lands which encompass earth, to the rubber, oil and ivory which deadly swamps of Africa and Asia forfeit in exchange for human life —from the wealth of vine upon the hill-sides of three younger continents, and the timber, tea and turquoise found high upon the mountains of ancient Asia, to the coal and the iron, the diamonds and gold, the stones and metals deep hidden in far-distant soils across the world: and from the waters—the perilous harvests of ocean—where pearls lie in the warm and clear Pacific depths; where the herded seal yields up his fur on the frozen seas of the northern pole; where the cod and whale die in the mist and storm to serve the markets of the world; and all across the face of the uncertain ocean where mariners toil unceasingly so that the waters may no more divide the earth: from the mountain crests to mines in the bowels of earth, and from the surface to the floors of ocean, the world—chiefly through the economic activity and universal dominion of Britain—is one vast hive of industry. And everywhere upon it the laws of labour, through the discipline of concentrated aim, ceaseless effort and sacrifice of self, hold all mankind in a noble and common brotherhood of work. Throughout the varied and far-separated sections of the

Google

human race there gradually grows an universal bond of peace—by mutuality of interest and by common aims and understanding—through the virtue of economic activity. In this single aspect of the British Empire, as an agency of civilisation, there are infinite possibilities and illimitable hope for the future of mankind—in the ultimate triumph of reason, of restraint and of universal peace.

For Imperial Britain has ordained among a quarter of earth's peoples *that man shall cease from war and live by industry; that he shall cease to slay at instinct and come into the council house of reason; that he shall no more destroy nor waste the earth, but always garner and preserve her gifts.* By virtue of these far-reaching laws, a further and vital truth concerning the function of empire is declared. Not only has it helped, in the past, to discipline and civilise mankind; not only does it, in the present, continue to civilise man and tend to the preservation and survival of the finer species; but it exercises, through those dominant nations which are the living agents of its activity and influence, a clear and strong control upon the destiny and future progress of the whole human race. *For it tends, through the influence of civilisation upon the character of living men, to graft the habits of industry, restraint, and the quest of knowledge upon entire humanity; and so to develop the faculties of intelligence and control in the character of yet unborn and future generations of mankind.* In all the history of the world there has never rested upon the people of a single country—in respect of these grave issues—a responsibility the like of that which rests to-day upon Great Britain, both in regard to that motherhood of new civilised nations, and that virtue of civilising force among the millions of her alien and subject peoples, wherein lies the worth and true significance of her national life in imperial expansion. Yet it is in respect of this very national responsibility, and of the splendid destiny of Britain as a great civilising force throughout humanity, that the anti-imperialists, through ignorance, fear, self-interest, or polemical spite, incessantly promote a

Google

mischievous, unpatriotic and senseless opposition, which, during the recent crisis, afforded both encouragement and sympathy to the barbarous Thibetan hierarchy in support of a policy that attempts to exclude civilisation and true liberty from Central Asia—even at the cost of war with Britain.

IV

In the preceding passages—even by the scant consideration possible—it has been proved with sufficient certainty that the physical constitution of mankind is regulated by a certain natural functional process, the mechanical action of the forces of which is represented by the migratory movements of superior races throughout the world. It has further been proved that these movements, to which certain material factors give direction, truly constitute a ceaseless process of the civilisation and progress of humanity and also of the better development of earth's natural resources to the use of man. It now remains, finally, to apply these principles of scientific fact to the present political crises of Asia generally; and, in particular, to that problem which involves the Central-Asian territory of Thibet.

It was stated at the commencement of this paper that this land and its people—far in the heart of an immense continent—are destined by the force of natural laws to own the dominion of a distant island, and to become, in the future, an integral part of that vast world-empire of Britain. It may seem at the present time improbable that the heart of Asia—ancient, mysterious, inviolate—shall ever become not only easily accessible to, but actually the possession of any of the strange white races from that small western portion of it which is known as Europe. But formerly, the entire hinterlands of the other great continents of the world were also mysterious and inviolate regions, inaccessible to the races of Europe until their contact with the weaker or primeval inhabitant peoples gradually gave rise to the inevitable action of civilising forces, and resulted either in

Google

conflicts that led to the conquest of territory, or *in trade that gave evidence of the natural wealth of the hinterlands and led to their invasion and ultimate absorption through commmercial development.* And to-day, the natural features of these huge, once hidden and inhospitable regions are as familiar to men as the face of a friend. They are the homes of civilised nations with whom subject races dwell in common citizenship, amity and peace—they are the store-houses and workshops of the world's wide mart. Through the universal action of the forces of human progress, the civilisation of Europe has swept across the Americas from sea to sea. It is in the process of rapid development upon the continent of Africa from south to north. In Australia it is confined to the sea-board only because natural causes render the hinterland sterile and uninhabitable. And these facts naturally give rise to questions of interest and vital import with respect to the future of Asia. Is there anything connected with the conditions which at present prevail in Asia, that will break the continuity of action in these developments of general history *with respect to that continent alone*? Is there anything in these conditions to stultify the force of the natural laws of the spread of civilisation, through the expansion of superior races, *in one direction only*—namely, across the central hinterland of Asia?

A complete answer to these questions lies in the fact that the great world-wave of European dominion, which has swept in civilisation over other continents, has already flowed far across Asia in vast empires of western races. In point of fact, the natural wealth of the countries of Asia has proved from early times a magnet to the migrant races of Europe. The currents of human force, however, are subject to the same laws which control the action of all other currents of natural force. That is to say, these currents flow, as far as possible, in the line of least resistance to their strength and direction. And certain material factors—which there is not space to discuss—tended, for centuries, to divert the race-migrations of Europe from populous and distant Asia to the easier and more natural

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

direction of the virgin continents of the new hemisphere. At the present time, however, the conditions which control the direction of these race movements have completely altered. The continents of Asia and Africa now alone possess those "empty" spaces of the world's potential wealth—which either lie to waste or serve as the death-beds of old civilisations—and towards which progressive peoples gravitate by the force of natural laws. Consequently, the tide-wave of European dominion has swung from west to east, and the hinterlands of Asia and Africa are now the natural directions of its conflicting currents. These great and half mysterious regions of the earth are, in fact, the "new worlds" of the present age. The countries of the Orient, especially, are the principal factors which give rise to the mechanical action of the forces of civilisation. This alone is sufficient to explain the facts that there is an increasing pressure of the dominant peoples of the world upon the continent of Asia at the present time—and that this pressure is the direct cause of the many anxious problems of the East.

The future of Central Asia, however, is not concerned with the action of any of the minor currents of invasion. It is directly involved in the flux of two main tides of empire. The fate of this veiled region, from which all change departed centuries ago, lies in an awakening to new and entirely antagonistic world-forces. It is destined either for the conquest of Russia or the civilisation of Britain. Because encroachment into this hinterland, as well as its development and inevitable domination in the future by superior races, is only possible from two natural directions beyond its confines, far inland, which even now but imperfectly isolate it from European influence. Russia and Britain, whose frontiers bound this region to the north and south of it, bar all other powers from access to it except through China. And China proper—the eastern sea-gate of Asia—is likely to remain as fast locked in the future to the Powers, with respect to the conquest and invasion of the Asian hinterlands; as its western

Google

land-gate—of Turkey—has been in the past, and from the identical cause of their mutual jealousy and suspicion. It is not relevant here to inquire why these two peoples of the western islands and the land-locked eastern state of Europe, alone among her nations, have succeeded in founding great oriental empires.[1] But the fact that they confront each other as rival continental powers in the heart of Asia gives rise to a momentous Anglo-Russian problem in regard to the future of this region. It is the long-continued convergence of the frontiers of these two Powers, which has recently brought a part of Central Asia into the realm of practical politics as the object of an Anglo-Russian issue—through the Thibetan crisis. And all the grave significance of this development, in regard to the future, is summed up in a single question—will these two expanding empires continue to converge in the common direction of Central Asia?

A short consideration of the factors which must tend towards this result leaves no doubt whatever of its inevitability. The expansion of Britain and Russia into Central Asia is not a theory—it is a partly accomplished fact. It is not a new or fortuitous development—it is the later phase of natural activities which first drew these peoples to Asia, and then spread them in dominion across the north and south of that continent. The facts of history disclose the actual extent of these developments. Centuries ago, the eastern outpost of

[1] The reason is clear in the light of the laws which govern race-migrations—Russia, through her natural position, gains free access to the only land-route open for the invasion of Asia from Europe. A trans-continental migration eastward is, moreover, the natural direction and the line of least resistance to the expansion of her people in dominion over weaker races. The reason for the Asiatic paramountcy of Britain is equally simple. The natural direction and line of least resistance for the migrations of the sea-board nations of Europe lies across the open sea, not across land frontiers guarded by the armed force of powerful neighbours. Therefore, when the British swept the ocean of their enemies and rivals, and established their ascendency at sea, they held the outer gates of Europe; and, in undisputed possession of the world's main highway, were able to lay the foundations of their empire secure in all its continents.

Google

Russia stood in Europe, upon the Ural Mountains, facing the western frontier of Asia; while the British were tolerated as traders in a factory upon the Coromandel coast of India. To-day, the military outpost of Russia stands on the Pacific coast of Asia; and the walls of the British factory enclose all Hindustan—with its gateways in the west at Quetta, in the north at the Khyber Pass and the Chumbi Valley, and eastwards at Singapore. While the Russians have made their long trans-Siberian march due east to the Pacific Ocean, the British have advanced north-west towards the Himalayan snows. And the clue to the future direction of these race-movements lies in those identical factors of necessity and of natural force which have hitherto, respectively, given them strength and direction. These factors of necessity, or, more accurately, the conscious or unconscious national policy of these respective peoples, which, in pursuit of the national desires and ambitions, have sent them in far migrations across Asia, are, in the case of Britain, economic—namely, the development of her commerce; and, in the case of Russia, political—namely, the quest of an ice-free ocean for her world-communications. In obedience to natural laws, these peoples have expanded in their separate quests along lines of least resistance to their advance. Britain has reclaimed the ancient plains of India from immemorial war to peaceful industry, her civilisation sweeping northward across the weak Indian peoples, and westward away from the jealousies of China towards the rich and hitherto unoccupied commercial field of Persia. Russia, meanwhile, has added the entire north of Asia to her empire, her conquest sweeping across the weak Tartar and Mongol peoples, and setting away from the jealousies of Europe and Hindustan, eastward to the hitherto unguarded Yellow Sea. But, of late, the lines of least resistance to these developments have completely altered. A new nation of economic wealth and sea-power has arisen in Asiatic Japan, and, whatever may be the issue of the present conflict in Manchuria, Russia, for a considerable time if not

Google

for ever, is shut from the Pacific Ocean. In the south, French Indo-China also bars the British from expansion eastward. While, in the west, Persia has lately become the object, for obvious reasons, of Anglo-Russian jealousy; and the situation in this sphere is further complicated by the intrusion of a new western nation of economic wealth and sea-power, in Germany, which has entered the struggle for commercial ascendency in the west as well as in the east of Asia. Therefore, owing to obstructive factors in the east and west of that continent, Central Asia has become the natural direction and the line of least resistance for the expansion of the oriental empires of Russia and Britain. And if signs are needed that these human currents have already commenced to flow in this direction, they are to be found, in the case of Russia, in her occupation of Mongolia, in the evidence of Russian influence at Bokhara and throughout Turkestan, and in the significant direction of her Central Asian military railways. In the case of Britain, the indicative factors are her present political activity in regard to the hermit border states of Afghanistan, Kashmir, Nepal and Bhutan; in the massing of her military force along the northern frontiers of India—in recognition of the fact that the dangers of her Asiatic dominions are no longer domestic but international; and, finally, in the significant fact of the recent invasion of Thibet and its conversion into a sphere of British influence and economic activity.[1]

It is not possible to doubt that the natural causes which commenced, centuries ago, to draw Russia and Britain towards one another from separate and distant ends of Asia continue, to-day, to draw these powers together now that they are in close proximity. But there is one factor of supreme importance which is evident upon the face of this development. It is that these convergent tides of European empire tend, at

[1] Russia officially disclaimed all interest in Thibet before the recent invasion by Britain, which has practically converted it into a British Central-Asian protectorate—as regards her rival.

Google

present, to flow naturally along lines of least resistance, *in distinct directions*, into Central Asia. Russia reaches southward over the lands north-east of an angle formed by the Himalayas with the Kuen Lun and Altun Tagh ranges; while Britain extends her influence northward into regions south-east of this great barrier. Nature, through this rough inverted cross of rock, becomes a factor of profound influence on human fate. She gives mankind a precious hope for the future peace of Asia. For this cross divides the heart of Asia into separate and ample spheres for the respective expansions of Britain and Russia; and, at the present time, it tends to preserve peace and prevent a conflict between these races, by keeping the early and indefinite stage of their further expansions distinct. It is clear at any rate, by the force of this natural circumstance, that Thibet is destined for the ripe civilisation of Britain—not for the crude conquest of Russia; and also that new fires may be kindled among the ashes upon her ancient altars of civilisation without the fear of a conflagration which shall endanger international peace. And peace is the essential condition for the free action of those vitalising forces of human progress which, through the economic activity of Britain, shall ultimately merge Thibet in the wave of world-civilisation that is advancing northward from Hindustan.

The material factors that shall give rise to the action of these ancient and compelling forces are clearly evident. Adjacent to the imperial frontiers of a dominant and industrial people, lies a region of vast potentialities in natural wealth, possessed by a weak and nerveless nation. The sluggish currents of its undeveloped trade hint of the rich harvests of its fruitful valleys and the mineral treasures of its tremendous hills. The produce of this highland is complementary to that of the Indian plains, and ancient channels of trade connect these lands through the mountain passes of Nepal and Bhutan. Silver and gold, wheat and wool, borax and beasts of burden have long passed in exchange for textiles, grain, tobacco, dye

Google

and manufactures between the respective traders of Thibet and Hindustan. And now that the Trader-Conquerors of India are no longer blind or insensible to their opportunities in regard to this ancient commerce, Thibet has become the objective of civilised industry, and a vast new market opens for the workmen of the world. But, besides the right of adventure, there are many reasons for which Britain shall claim this argosy as her own. The British throughout the world are the great discoverers and workers of mineral wealth in which, primarily, lie the possibilities of Thibet. Moreover, their neighbouring territories most easily supply Thibet with the first necessities of food-stuffs and labour; while the Saxon workmen in her distant islands find, through the facilities of ocean transport, a wide new market for their hardware, textiles [1] and varied manufactures, far in the hinterland of Asia. Finally, nature herself conspires to draw the trade of Thibet through British hands and British ships into the circulating currents of the world's wealth. For the natural sea-port of Thibet—is Calcutta. Not only is the Bay of Bengal the nearest ocean to Thibet, but Thibet is naturally connected with it by the navigable waterway of the Brahmaputra river. And Britain has supplemented this natural trade-channel by the railway system of Assam which, when the projected road from its terminus straight to Gyangste is completed, will carry merchandise with bulk unbroken from the heart of Asia to the open sea. Who can doubt, therefore, that the natural wealth of Thibet, together with these facilities of nature and of human effort for its free circulation, constitute that region a future field for the commerce of all civilised nations and for the commerce of Britain in particular? Or that Commerce—which has cast

[1] *Vide* report of political officer, p. 70, "Blue Book relating to Thibet": "I went into the bazaar at Gantok and examined all the woollen goods. . . . *The whole was made either in Germany, Holland, or France. No English-made goods come into the market.* 10,000 yards of woollen goods passed Yatung, and *this trade is lost to England.* I . . . point out that this trade is at present *entirely in foreign hands.*"

Google

the paramountcy of Britain like a mantle, over the world—will also draw the mantle of that paramountcy over Thibet?

To those, however, who, despite proof to the contrary, still conceive Thibet as an empty waste of snow-storm and sterility, and to those who fear that international jealousy or other obstacles born of nature or of man shall check the natural developments of civilisation in Central Asia—to those men the history of the rest of the world stands out in contradiction. Has heat or cold, pestilence or any natural barrier kept dominant races from any habitable region of the globe which has held for them the argosies of trade? Has winter withheld the gold of Yukon or the wheat of Manitoba from the world—has drought kept flocks from the levels of Australia—has pestilence saved Ind from European conquest? Did the Andes long ago shield the Incas from invasion—did the desert recently hold the Soudan from emancipation, did the jealousy of France keep Egypt from the wardenship of Britain, or the primitive oligarchy of a peasant race dam the tide of a superior civilisation from the new commercial fields of Africa? What man can deny, with confidence, that civilisation and industrial development are possible in connection with the future of the Himalayan plateau, who remembers what the veldt of Africa, the hills of California and half the jungles of the earth have yielded at the touch of civilised man, in natural wealth, in commerce, in populous cities, in powerful nations? Indeed, if there is prophetic virtue in the continuity of history, then the once civilised and inhabited hinterlands of Asia shall, in the future, bear the universal European yoke in all respects as the once savage and desolate hinterlands of other continents already bear it. Then the railway systems which already span the north and south of Asia, shall meet across the heart of her and bind her with the manacles of industry from end to end. Calcutta shall connect with St. Petersburg and Calais; and Bombay with Pekin and Port Arthur—just as New York is already linked across America with San Francisco, and as Cape Colony is to be linked across all Africa with Egypt. And, as industry

Google

annihilates distance between the dominant peoples of Asia and enthrones civilisation to safeguard peace among them, it may be that European peoples shall return to dwell once more, home-set in those cool upland valleys of Asia which were once the cradle of their race in a distant long-forgotten age; and that, by the force of human progress and the acquired habit of their long exile, they shall slowly transform the face of all the land till, in some future time, the din of great industrial cities shall banish stillness from the Central-Asian hills.

There is no doubt that the great world-wave of European conquest which has swept from end to end of the other continents of the world now gathers volume, in the tides of Slav and Saxon empire, to flow in ultimate civilisation across all Asia—from its tropic to its polar seas. And it is also certain that, through a single phase in the continuity and sequence of this fateful development, Great Britain shall, in the future, claim Thibet as another among her wards from the changeless past, and hold the sceptre of dominion in Central Asia. This contingency is clearly indicated through the continuity of the action of history. It is clearly inevitable through the magnetic force of certain material factors, through the force of laws of the human constitution in the survival and supremacy of superior races, and, finally, through the irresistible force of the natural law by which civilisation must ever rise above the level of barbarity. The true significance of this development, however, involves considerations far loftier and of deeper import and more permanent consequence to humanity than matters of material gain or of new marches to be added to the British Empire. It manifests the universal action of the natural forces of human progress—in a further phase of the spread of civilisation throughout the world. It heralds the dawn of democratic rule in Central Asia. And Britain, through this mission, which brings advancement and liberty to yet another section of humanity, is simply an impersonal factor of human destiny—a servant of Civilisation, whose decree she must not disobey. For Civilisation is no respecter

Google

of race or nation. The yellow, brown, and white peoples of the world, in turn, have served the ends of her ultimate purpose; and her judgments upon them, throughout history, show that nations, like men, do not exist wholly unto themselves. They are truly elements of force in the human economy—either of progress or retrogression. And directly a dominant people, through timidity, sentiment or sloth, shirk responsibility or effort and fail to exert themselves for progressive influence and practical utilities throughout inferior peoples in spheres proper to their activities—they dupe the destiny of all mankind. Then they become subject to the natural action of the destructive forces of the human economy; they fail in vigour of national constitution; they fall from power, place and influence, and are ultimately overwhelmed by some later current of progressive human force. It is this heavy judgment which those whose energy is spent in constant hindrance of all her destinal activities, strive to call down upon Great Britain. The anti-Imperialists do not realise that the movements which constitute the drama of history are due to the action of natural forces—that conquests are currents of superior human force and empires are tides of the sea of human progress which sweeps in civilisation throughout the world. They do not understand that nationality is an organic life which is born, develops, decays and dies. It is lost on them that *the British Empire is a vigorous and youthful organism, still in the process of its growth and development*, so that the currents of its civilising force must naturally overflow into those deserts of barbarity, and rise above the stale and stagnant seas of older civilisation which touch upon its confines. The anti-Imperialists vulgarise and hate the idea of empire. They constantly endanger its existence through their brutish obstruction and senseless false sentiment in regard to those vital forces of empire—industry and conquest.[1] And so long as their foolish and impracticable theories pass unrefuted by scientific truth and are merely

[1] See Note on following page.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

met in a spirit of party polemics, so long will they continue to endanger the destiny of Britain, through possible derangements of her national constitution of empire, together with the peace of the world which so largely depends upon the polity of Britain. Yet, if this noble heritage of empire—which was founded by the forefathers of the British race through infinite sacrifice, and which stands to-day universally established, not through the destructive activities of physical force but through the constructive activities of peaceful industry—is to be preserved for future generations, it is above all essential that the British people shall truly conceive the meaning and significance of Empire, and that they shall remain faithful to their responsibilities—in peace or war—with respect to every phase of those civilising movements of which they are, not only in Asia but throughout the world, the chief and truest agency of force—and with which the whole destiny of their race is inseparably bound.

E. JOHN SOLANO.

NOTE.—Any defence of war seems odious, and is subject to the bias of a strong and natural prejudice. But war is, in fact, rather a law of natural order than of the choice of civilised man. The confusion of benign and inimical forces, as a factor of natural progression, is universal. There is no form of natural life, from a simple cell to a solar system, the economy of which does not contain destructive as well as constructive elements of force. The human economy is no exception to this rule. War, although destructive, is, in fact, a vitalising antiseptic process of the human economy which, through the survival of superior races in the life struggle, pitilessly scours the human constitution of waste and deleterious elements. And while war remains a condition of human survival, while it is a servant of civilisation and a factor of human progress, there is no choice for men but a recourse to it when it is inevitable—or ultimate extinction as an alternative.

Google

WHICH OF THE WOMEN?

FRANK CHARNTON made up his mind to do the thing at once and have done with it, for that was one of his courages. This quick fly-at-your-danger courage is a good and useful one when backed up by the colder varieties, but apt at times to be nothing but another form of fear, the fear of deliberation. Charnton had never been so near to being afraid. It was an ugly business to go through with, nothing less than to get off with the old love having already got on with the new. He filled his pipe and lit it, being a great believer in what he called "taking it with smoke." Then he turned out of the shrubbery and walked quickly across the lawn. In the shade of a copper-beech tree, immediately behind which was a high box hedge, a woman was lying in a long cane lounge. The man leant his back against the tree, planted his heels firmly together, and surrounded himself in a halo of smoke without speaking.

Now that he had come he had nothing ready to say, and he began to wish he had waited till after lunch; so inextricably are the romantic and grossly material webs of life interwoven. Though they had not met for a month, there was no greeting between them.

"Where's Marjorie?" said the woman.

"She's gone off down to the gates. . . . I've been talking to her."

"What have you been saying to her, Frank?" There was

Google

a seeking in the voice, not after knowledge, for she knew; it was just that, as women do, she wanted the worst to be confirmed. Very clear, though scarcely above a whisper, her words were a live hopelessness, let loose incongruously into the beautiful garden. Sunshine and bird song, twilight or blackest night, it is all one to life's little tragedies; when they are ready they push themselves on to the stage regardless of the scenery.

"I have asked her to marry me. . . . I'm . . . I'm very fond of her." The man threw up his head to send out the last words with something of finality in them. It was an attempt at defiance, an assertion of the liberty of the unindentured subject to serve what queen he chose. The attempt and the assertion clattered into ruins at sight of the misery that fronted him. His eyes slowly left hers, passed along her body and came to her feet; he remembered that a month ago he had knelt at them. The stalwart virility and calm survey he gave to all the other affairs of life dropped its keynote in his dealings with women, dropped right down to passionate impulse, and with it all he was not bad-hearted. So, with passionate impulse he had in the last month swung round to a fresh face to be conquered into willing kisses, a fresh young body to be held in his mighty arms.

There is always the paying of the bill for such men; when they are not bad-hearted. He had not known that Alice, who lay stricken in front of him, had been coming to stay; it had been "sprung on him," as he called it, at breakfast that morning, and impulsively again he had said to himself, "I will not see her till I've had it out with Marjorie." Now that he saw her it was terrible to him, for he hated to hurt anything or anybody; it was worst of all to hurt a woman.

The past lotus-eating month, with its subtly sweet pleasure of watching Marjorie gradually fall under his sway, stood up in front of him, one tremendous accusation of faithlessness. He was bitterly humbled before himself, truly sorry for what he had done; it was the first instalment of paying the bill.

Google

He looked down at her again. The tiny hands were hanging listlessly over the arms of the chair: they looked to him as though her very life was somehow invisibly trickling out from the tips of her fingers. Their eyes met, and hers were the eyes of a wounded animal that, were it able to do so, would stretch out the wounded part to be bound up. He knelt on one knee by her chair; there was not much comfort to be given by that alone, so he touched the little hand near to him, then held it. She left it there, and turned to him.

"There was nobody in the world but me you said a month ago. . . . Do men never lie awake at night and think about what it all means to us? . . . Have you forgotten, Frank?"

"I've not forgotten, Alice. . . . I've been mad . . . I've always been mad, I think."

The warmth of her hand, her tiny helpless body lying there, the glistening in her grey eyes of the all but undisciplined tears, were conspiring to make a fool of him; he could feel them irresistibly breaking him down. She was so small, such a child, she was hurt and must be comforted; such a child indeed it seemed that "to kiss the place and make it well" must answer here. With old tender licence his hand stole under her neck. He suddenly remembered how she used to stand on a chair to help him on with his coat. Some old lines or the gist of them came out of the long ago and whirled their questioning backwards and forward in his head:

> Which of the women I have loved
> Shall I picture when I'm dying.

Centuries back and he had laughed that a man should have to wonder; he'd been so certain then, and it was neither Alice nor Marjorie.

He drew the frail little form closer to him the while he wished that women like men could curse and strike when wounded to the heart like this. Then he said the worst word in the world for the crisis.

"Pixie."

Google

At the sound of his pet name for her the little body quivered from head to foot, and she burst into sobbing like that of a lost child broken down by the desolation of loneliness, cried to him not to leave her . . . she loved him so . . . he couldn't leave her . . . no, no, he couldn't leave her.

He was only Frank Charnton with the utterly dauntless heart for any game but this; so he held her closer and still closer to him, dropped two huge tears into the rain of hers, gave her the comfort of his great strength, and swore madly that—well, swore all of the old things—kissed and kissed her, called her all the old pet names—there were so many of them, but mostly it was Pixie, kissed her till the sobs grew quieter and died away slowly into great sighs . . . and . . . there was Marjorie looking at them.

Marjorie was the other sort of woman: she was tall, fair, and sumptuously fashioned, made to be the mother of strong Englishmen. In her very righteous wrath she was truly magnificent, and Charnton stood in front of her utterly dazed with his own smallness.

"You need not have troubled to get up, Mr. Charnton . . . *such* a pretty picture! The devout lover up to date, kneeling at the feet of his Small Queen. Wasn't that the last name I heard? . . . No, really that was almost the only one I heard distinctly." Then she looked him squarely in the face, compelling him for very shame to answer the look, and she said with slow incisiveness, "What a brute you are! . . . half an hour ago I kissed you. I'd give my life never to have done such a thing."

She took a step towards him with clenched hands. Here was something that Charnton could face and not break down. He threw up his head and waited for the blow that was his well-deserved due. There was the finest scorn then in her relaxed fingers, the movement of one hand with which she put him away for always, and the words that followed.

"I'm afraid I'm not being quite conventional, Mr. Charnton . . . do you know, I was on the point of striking you, very

Google

foolish, wasn't it? . . . But then, you see, you led the way rather in, let us call them, 'methods of barbarism,' didn't you?" As she went on steadily lashing him with word after word her voice neither rose nor fell, it was as though she were reading out of a book printed on his face, from which she never took her eyes. "You said a while ago you would serve me all your life: if you can still keep your word in anything, here is your chance to do so; you can serve me all your life by never letting me see you again, for whatever length of time that may happen to be. . . . Will you be so good as to enter into your servitude at once?" There was a pause.

Quite simply and quietly he said her name, "Marjorie" and then, "I will serve you in the way you wish all my life." . . . He put his hand up to his forehead. . . . "Perhaps some day we shall all understand," he added.

Somehow the last words of weakness seemed to throw the strength back to his side. As the puzzle came into his eyes Marjorie shuddered and looked down. When she looked up again he was gone. She never saw him again.

Before he went he turned once to little Alice, who had seen the blaze of admiration in his eyes as he faced the fury and then the scorn of Marjorie.

"You must go, Frank . . . go at once," she said brokenly. He stepped towards her bending down; but she turned away from him and said again, "Go! . . . go!"

"I'm going, little Pixie," he said. . . . "Good-bye."

As he went out from between them walking steadily away out of their lives, the old lines came to him again. They were almost like a living presence peering into his face, questioning him,

> Which of the women I have loved
> Shall I picture when I'm dying?

"I don't know," he said aloud.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CYRENAICA

NO ruin is so ghostly as that of a great road. The shades that haunt a palace or a house escape by the broken roofs and walls; but on a forgotten highway which has kept its banks and pavement, fancy can always see the most varied company flitting by to trade and war. And where should wayfaring ghosts be thicker than on the Cyrene road? During four hours' journey through a tangle of forest and across a broad plain which, so far as the eye could see, showed not a hut or a tent, much less a man, we hardly lost sight of that ancient highway for five minutes. Not built like a Roman road, but chiselled squarely in the living rock, with its side-walks on either hand, as you draw near the city, and here and there deep tracks of wheels, it stands to the glory of the Greek for all time. And well it does; for without it we might scarcely have ridden at all up the last shelf of the Green Mountain, whose limestones are weathered to knife-edges, and honeycombed with half-hidden pot-holes; in any case, but for the stirring sight of it our ride had been wearisome enough. On that April morning the sky was whitening to scirocco weather, and the beasts were weak, nor was there by the way a drop of water for them or the marching escort of Syrian soldiers. But here the spectacle of a ruined fort, guarding a pass between the heads of coastal gorges, there a group of sarcophagi or the broken façades of rock-tombs, and everywhere the engineering of the road, made the hours short, till a turn

Google

Corfe — West end of the City with Mixed Tower and Rock Terrace

of the way on the breast-like slopes of the higher plateau showed us the cemetery of Cyrene.

There was yet a good mile to go through the suburb of the dead, and with every step of it the wonder grew. Fresh as we were from the carved cliffs of Lycia, we were not prepared for this. Terraced from top to bottom of the mountain buttresses and in the hollows between, rise the pillared rock graves of Doric, Ionic, and hybrid orders. But perhaps it was less these splendid fronts than the endless tiers of the commoner sort of grave, the mere rock-pit, with gabled lid, that moved us. For these are cut out by thousands on the hill side, with hardly a foot's breadth between them. How many Cyrenians were laid in such a cemetery, who can say? When, later on, we entered a tomb here and there, we often found behind one narrow façade a catacomb parcelled out for a hundred dead, or more, and the niches had been used again and again. In these days, fearing the corpse as a vampire, we set our cemeteries apart within walls and in the most unlovely spots, and only in rare cases, as a cathedral church, make the houses of the dead an embellishment of our cities. The Greek, and the Roman after him, thought serried files of graves the noblest avenues of approach, and lavished on the last homes of hero-spirits all the art of the builder and the carver. Therefore, the classic cemeteries were and are among the chief glories of southern towns; and death must have lost half its sting for those who knew they were to lie by the great road in tombs seen of all wayfaring men, and set in a noble view which strangers would celebrate in distant lands.

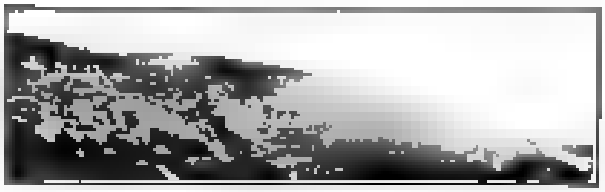
In these myriad mansions of the dead we found, as it chanced, the first signs of life. A few voices cried from tombs, cut high on a hill-side under a thin crest of pines; but two or three Bedawi troglodytes, who came out into view, went back at sight of the soldiers. Unmet and unsaluted, we followed the splendid curves and counter-curves of the road, up which men have always gone from Apollonia to Cyrene, and at last came rather suddenly to a level stretch and the sight of a single hut of

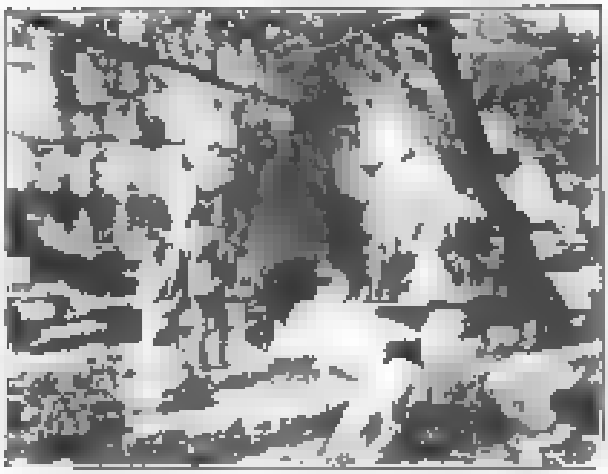
Google

rough stone, where, under the bloody flag of Turkey, the booted *mudir* himself was in council with four spear-bearing chiefs of the Haasa. He was astonished, for few and far between are Christian visitors to Cyrene, and evidently somewhat troubled into the bargain. But the breeding of a Turk, the custom of Islam, and a glance at our *Iradé*, made him bid us welcome, and call us to his bullet-proof room, built over a tomb of Roman time.

There we sat awhile sipping coffee and telling one another that, come what might, we were in Cyrene. We had been so sure we must fail in this, the main object of our cruise, that had not the party on the *Utowana* been all Americans but one, we had perhaps not put it to the test at all. But since the Youngest Race sees no reason why it should not go anywhere on earth, the yacht's course was laid after all from Cyprus for Derna; and late on a misty afternoon she made Rasel-Tin, and anchored off the mouth of the Gulf of Bomba. Seen below a red bar of sunset, Cyrenaica looked a forbidding land. Piled up to west, desert shelf above shelf, treeless, houseless, tentless even, it recalled less the past glories of Cyrene than present dangers from the Bedawi landlopers and Senussi fanatics, who had troubled our forerunners. Our latest news of the inner country was some years old. It was reported closed to Europeans by the Ottoman Government, conscious of inability to guarantee them against the Senussi Order, and unwilling to affront it. That mysterious brotherhood was a bugbear to us, too. We knew little of it—for who knows much? Widely spread and greatly respected through all North Africa, powerful in Mecca, and at one time, at any rate, not less powerful in Stambul, it has long been credited with a fanatic hatred of Christians and of all things that Christianity contaminates, even the government of the Caliph. Two generations ago it made Jebel Akhdar in Cyrenaica its chief seat, attracted by the isolation of the well watered highland; and although, since 1876, its leaders have been withdrawing by stages into the heart of Africa, two score Senussi convents

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN





Google
Original from

flourish still about Cyrene, and have drawn all the local Bedawis to them. In the early eighties, when Abdul Hamid was hoping to push the idea of pan-Islam by means of this Brotherhood, the real power in Tripolitan Turkey was given into its hands; and Duveyrier, who set himself to study its aims and work in the oases behind French Africa, charged it with a constant endeavour to stay the Frank advance by robbery and murder. Others have taken up his cry, and pointed for witness to the killing of the Marquis de Morés by men of Ghadames, as he was feeling his way towards Kufra, some ten years ago. In 1895, Mr. Blundell, the latest explorer of Cyrene, had found the convent, which occupies the ground below the fountain of Apollo, still as hostile to his presence as Murdoch Smith and James Hamilton found it to theirs; and nothing, to our knowledge, had occurred since then to make our outlook more hopeful.

That, nevertheless, a change of good augury had taken place we were to learn next day in Derna. Well received in that pleasant Arab town, whose coral beach and deep palm groves recall tropical Africa, and its clean alleys, fair gardens, and grave, well-seeming Arabs, an oasis town of Nejd, we first heard of the new Cretan colonies in Cyrenaica. A hundred refugee families, it was said, had settled at Marsa Susa and sixty about Ain Shahat, the Apollo fountain at Cyrene, and beside each colony a handful of Ottoman troops was encamped. True, it was still formally forbidden to travel in the inner country; but with credentials from Derna, said Signor Farugia, the capable Agent of Great Britain, we might drop anchor at Marsa Susa, and count on an escort to Ain Shahat. He himself had lately been there with a friend, M. Barge of Vienne, and the *mudir*, most liberal of Turks, who had entertained him, would rejoice to see us. The *mudir?* Yes, there was a civil official there now, and he was gripping the Bedawis tighter every day. And Senussis, what of them? With the *mudir* and the escort to show the Government was for us, there would be no trouble. Indeed in these days, the Consul added,

Google

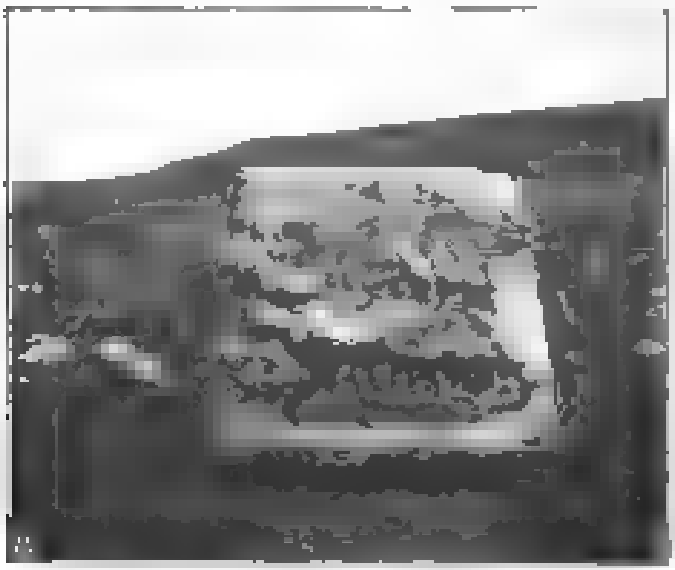
the convents showed no ill-will to Europeans. The Agent took us to the Governor of Derna, a fat little Candiote of inordinate garrulity and a tremulous anxiety to please, who gave us one needful letter on the spot, then, after his kind, repented him bitterly, but was cajoled at last into giving the other; and, as we rowed out again to the yacht in the too warm night, over waters which doubled every star and the full globe of the moon, our minds were easy. For there is no telegraph in Cyrenaica, and the *Utowana* could be at Marsa Susa five hours after dawn.

Within the five hours she was anchored there; and, in two more, half her party, with an escort of seven *nizams* and Signor Farugia's *kavass* for guide, were mounted on two spavined white mares, two donkeys and a camel. The yacht was left rocking on a treacherous roadstead outside the reefs, and the Owner, as he turned his back on his beautiful ship, put up a prayer for southerly winds. He seemed sure of them, for, after the fair and fickle easterly breeze of the day before, everything boded a spell of the wind, which in Egypt they call *Khamsin*, because it blows hot and dry off the desert for fifty hours. In Cyrenaica, however, this will most often veer to the dread *Gharbis*, a gale veering between south-west and north, during which there is no safe lying at Marsa Susa, or indeed anywhere else on the Cyrenaic shore. But of this we were in blissful ignorance. So we kicked up the sorry beasts and went out past plots of red tillage, and huddled flocks, and Cretan shepherds leaning on old Belgian rifles, towards the foot of the scarp up which the rock-road of the ancients leads to Cyrene.

Now, after four hours, come to the city itself, we would not sit long over the *mudir's* coffee, and presently went forth to see something of the city before dark fell. The scirocco had not yet veiled the distant view, as it would on the morrow, and we could understand, if not echo, the raptures of more lucky travellers, who had looked in clear weather across the cemeteries to the cornlands of the lower plateau. The sea lay grey on the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Decorations in Stucco



Stucco — The only Sculpture now visible

Google

Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

horizon, melting into the dun northward sky; but in the nearer view the broad shelf-like plain of ruddy soil, not half ploughed in these latter days, showed us some of the wealth of old Cyrene. A green ribbon, spreading fanwise, marked the course of the Apollo waters, seized and distributed by the Senussis, and a sinuous line of scarps and tree-tops, winding westward, was the vaunted Wadybil-Ghadir, the Happy Valley, where are other tombs as splendid as any we had seen. From this patchwork carpet of green and red three breast-like buttresses of the upper plateau swell steeply, striped and spotted for the most part with countless rock-graves, but up the course of the Apollo stream, bearing greater monuments than these, such as the Theatre and the Apollo shrine itself, of which last little is visible but the platform on which the main building once stood. Terraced as these slopes are with tiers of grey monuments, they put one in mind of some vast theatral *cavea* distorted by earthquake into three convexities. The southward view from the crest of the plateau is only less amazing, not for the details of the ruined city, whereof little enough stands up now out of the corn, but for the immensity of it. Cyrene was built on the line of the water parting, at the summit of gently falling lands, which melt into steppes at the limit of vision, and for miles and miles are dotted with fragments of grey ruin. The Bedawis say that it takes them six camel-hours to pass from one end to another of "Grenné," the name to which Kyrene has been softened in their mouths. No site of antiquity has ever put me so much in mind of how a large modern city will seem at the last when deserted by man.

All that we saw in that fast fading light we were to see better on the morrow, and, in fact, had not then time to do much more than climb the height above the Apollo Fountain, which was as surely the earlier as the later acropolis of the city. A Cretan came out of a tomb and showed us this and that bit of moulding or sculpture, unwittingly betraying the Greek below his turban; but such Bedawis as we crossed in the way saluted the *mudir* only. The latter was careful on

Google

the return to guide us into a bypath out of sight of the Senussi convent; but, within his windowless room became more at ease, showing the keepsakes and trinkets with which he kept Stambuline life in mind in this wild place. He was a young Cypriote, Greek in type, mild-eyed, naturally, I should judge, of good parts and disposition, and full of wistful envy of the *giaur* culture, which he had tasted in boyhood at Nicosia, and in later youth at the French *Lycée* in Galata. This kind of Turk makes rather a melancholy figure. Latin Europe does little that is positive for him beyond bringing *cafés chantants* and improper photographs within his ken; while, having weakened for him the law and custom of Islam, it throws him upon his own individuality, ill-supported by the social system to which he was born. Put in some solitary seat of petty power, how shall he be clean? He may endure a little while; but, with no pride of self and no faith, why should he keep his hands from picking and stealing and grinding the face of the poor? Hoping and approving the best, he must follow the worst; and probably from his kind come the most evil of all Ottoman governors, those who are cruel for no other reason than that they feel weak and alone.

That evil day, however, has not come yet to the little *mudir* of Ain Shahat. May I be a lying prophet, and it come never! He was very kind to us, putting all and sundry at our service, even his iron bedstead. But, as the Owner, the Professor and myself would have filled the Great Bed of Ware, we settled precedence by stretching ourselves cheek by jowl on the floor, and so passed a night of little ease, fevered by the toil of the day and the heaviness of the air in that barred room. When I slipped the bolts in the small hours of morning and looked out over Cyrene, the moon was a pale spot within an iridescent ring, and mirk and scud was blowing fast and faster from the west. If there were still some southerly in the gale by the morrow, we might count ourselves in luck. But whether or no, the morning must be given to Cyrene.

We began with the eastern cemetery, and were guided to the best of the few painted tombs which earlier explorers have

Google

Cancer. The Head from Apollonia dissected to the Back with Stillemarke and Sarcophagi

Google

Original from

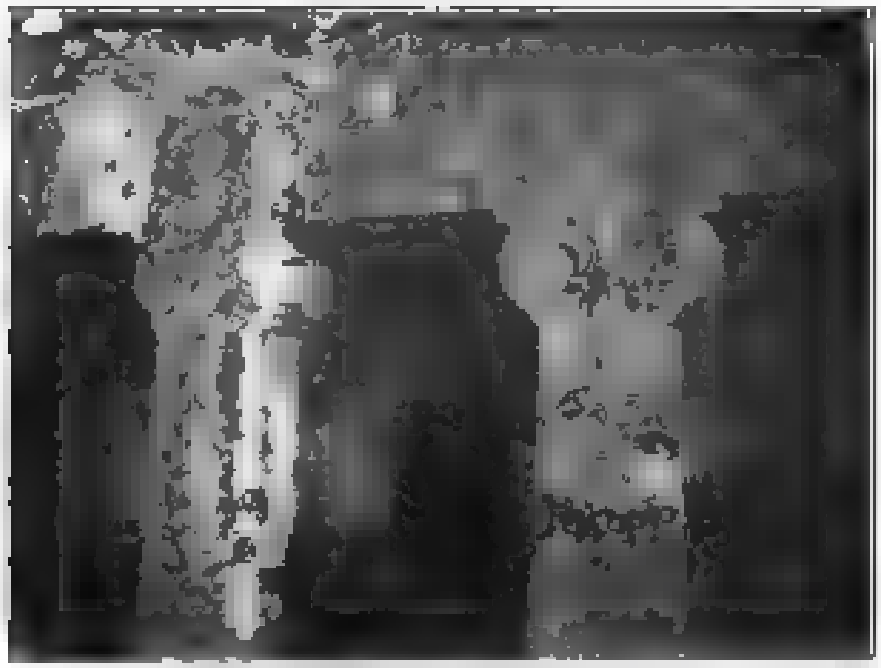
left unspoiled. Choked with earth as the outer hall is, its curious frieze of agonistic pictures lies on a level with one's eyes, but in a very dim light. The funeral feasts, the funeral games, foot races, chariot races, wrestling, and so forth, are rudely done in a late and coarse style, but they have a singular point of interest; for many, indeed most, of the participants are painted of black complexion, while clad in gay Athenian garments. There you have hybrid Cyrene — that colony which earliest made a practice of mixing Hellenic and barbarian blood, and had a history more Libyan than Greek. For the rest, we could do little more than visit a few larger tombs, and photograph the more curious of the pillared façades which show themselves above the barley on the terraces. There was little light in that dun sky, but we were able, nevertheless, to get more than one striking picture of the carved hillsides. Three hours slow rambling over the plateau above—three hours which the poor *mudir* found slow-footed indeed—showed us how little of the great city is left above ground, and how much the excavators in 1861 left to be done. Smith and Porcher, with the five blacks that they employed in their first season, and the thirty whom they considered a full gang in their second, did no more than scratch the uppermost skin of Cyrene. All that is most precious there, the spoil of the true Hellenic age, is still to seek. But the coming digger, while enjoying greater security, will not have the free hand of the pioneers, for the Cretans are ploughing what the Senussi Arabs left fallow, and almost the whole site, when we saw it, stood thick with corn. So masked is it, at least in the spring-time, that the long stripped outline of the Stadium, the low line of the southern wall, heaped up columns, and other architectonic members of Byzantine churches, and the vast vaulted reservoirs of late Roman date, are about all the ruin, of whose character one can be well assured, in the eastern half of the city. Two formless heaps mark the spot where Smith and Porcher placed Temples of Venus and Bacchus, but in neither case was there good cause for their naming.

The western half of the site beyond the hollow, up which

Google

came the main road from the Great Theatre and the Temple of Apollo, has the Odeum or Smaller Theatre to show, and a fine wreck of a Hellenic tower, placed on the brink of the deep Wady Buhayat, at the point where the inner wall of the acropolis dips to join the outer wall of the city. The Roman castle stood at the north-western angle of Cyrene, which is the only point within the walls where the ground swells from the general level of the plateau into something like a hill. West, north, and east this angle breaks away in low cliffs, from whose foot the three main fountains of Cyrene spring, among them that of Apollo high up on the north-eastward face. With running streams on three sides, this commanding knoll seems alone to answer to that promised "place among waters" which the Theraean colonists mistook at first for the barren isle of Bomba. If ever it be my fortune to search for the earliest Cyrene, I shall dig on that knoll, and not in the eastern city, where slopes are easy, and the spoil-heaps of former diggers alone break the level. But here, as elsewhere, we scanned in vain the few bare spaces for pot-sherds of early style. Thick Hellenistic, Roman, and Byzantine layers lie upon them, and the three-foot corn stalks stand above all. Only one noteworthy marble appears on the surface, the pedestal with four chariot reliefs, described by James Hamilton and other travellers. It is of fair workmanship, and inscribed with a dedication in lettering greatly perished, but not of earlier date than the age of the first Ptolemies. In the hollow between the two halves of the city, and over a wide area outside the walls, both south and north, innumerable dressed blocks stand upright, one behind another. With a field-glass one may see these puzzling files radiating from the city far out on the lower plain, ranged seemingly at random, as a baby might set toy bricks on end. I guessed at first they might be unwritten head-stones of poor graves; but, seeing they occurred within the walls, and mostly in the lower lying prices—for instance, about the upper part of the central hollow, below the vaulted reservoirs—I came to suspect they had once

Google



Google

Google
Origina from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

carried wooden pipes, which distributed the Apollo waters over the lower plain, and the contents of the reservoirs to a part of the upper city; and I can find no better reading of the riddle.

Our walk brought us round at last to the Apollo fountain, the cause and centre of Cyrenian life. The cliff, from whose foot its stream flows out to the air, has been cut back and scarped, and a gable-mark some twenty feet up its face bears witness that a portico once shadowed the basin. A rock-inscription on the short returning face records a restoration in the early Imperial age. The stream can be followed upwards for some distance into the rock if one cares to crawl among stalactites; but the channel has become choked since former days, and the flow of water, it seems, less. The Bedawis say it diminishes still. We drank of it and bathed tired feet. The flow is cool, not cold, and on an April morning in scirocco weather seemed but a few degrees below the air. Two or three Bedawis, washing their cotton garments, withdrew when we came to the spring, but no women were visible; and it is possible the Arab troglodyte families have been ousted from the nearest tombs by the Cretans. Bedawis, armed with long guns or spears and driving laden beasts, went to and fro on the path of the Senussi Convent, plainly the focus of modern Cyrene, whose prosperity is attested by the broad ribbon of garden ground, frayed out over the lower plain.

Whatever be dark regarding this brotherhood, one thing at least is clear, that it has made waste places bloom again, and fostered ideas of trade and settled life among the Bedawis. The Senussis "spare no effort," said James Hamilton in 1851, "to turn the property they have acquired (partly by purchase but more largely by donation) to good account." Their convents are as much hostels as retreats—mansions, where the Moslem wayfarer finds safety for his person and wares during at least three days. If the Arabs, whom we met in Cyrene, were dour and silent, so are almost all nomads at first sight of a doubtful stranger; and these made no sign of active hostility.

Google

We, for our part, were careful to keep outside the fence of the convent, and could see that the *mudir* hoped we would not pass it; but in his frankest moments he spoke of Senussis not only without fear, but without any obvious sense that they mattered greatly. They were pious men, he said, the best of the local *Muslamin*, learned and peaceful. This particular convent of Ain Shahat got an evil name from the writings of Hamilton and Murdoch Smith, both of whom found the notorious long-living fanatic, Sidi Mustafa, in command. But when the Italian commercial mission reached Cyrene in 1884, it was franked by his successor courteously enough. On the whole, when one has taken due stock both of what European travellers and educated Arabs have said about the Senussi Order, and also of the known facts of its history since the founder, Sidi Muhammad, settled in Cyrenaica, one cannot but think that perhaps Senussism has been taken somewhat too seriously in the West. The order is not a sect of Islam, much less does it profess a religion of its own, for its members are of the Malekite school of Sunni believers. Only one confraternity among many in the world of Islam, it is sworn to practise a certain strictness of life—as an Arab understands strictness—in conformity with the letter of the Earliest Law, and, like most confraternities, it has assumed and paraded a certain secrecy. The founder had, however, this distinguishing idea, that the perfect life can best be led in temporal independence; and, therefore, he chose the deserted Cyrenaica for the first home of his Order. Pursuing the same idea, his successor withdrew from the district, as the Ottoman's grip tightened on the coast, and his braided officers became ubiquitous, first to the oasis of Jarabub in the southern waste, and yet farther, some ten years ago, to Kufra. There he and his Order would lead a free and quiet life in the practice of pious exercises and the enjoyment of all pleasures, not banned by the gospel of Gabriel—a life not too ascetic. Wine, tobacco, and coffee Senussis may not taste, but tea—where does the Word forbid it? That blessed drink, sings a poet of the Sheikh's

Google

Google

Digitized by Google
Original from

family, makes food sweet in the belly and retards the moment of amorous passion; and what good things should a man ensue more than these? It is likely enough, that whether bidden from headquarters or inspired by local zeal, the Order has kicked now and then against the pricks, and done what it could to stay the inroad of Christians into its preserves, especially setting its face against the French in the Tunisian *hinterland*, and the Anglo-Egyptians in the Libyan oases and the western Sudan. But the painful withdrawals of the Senussi chiefs from the fair uplands of the coast, farther and yet farther into torrid Africa, have apparently been made in the spirit of men who seek only a quiet Arabian life where Turks and Franks are not; and who shall blame them for that desire?

The local saints held themselves aloof, but a group of some forty armed Bedawis gathered to see us go. Squatting, eagle-beaked and narrow-eyed, like so many vultures on a rock ledge, they set us thinking if haply they would have found a use for their long guns and spears in some gully of the downward road had we given them a little longer time for thought. As it was, we felt no fear, and gave back their stare. The Beni Haasa must be very pure Arab. I have seen no finer type, even among Bedawis who have come, within short historic memory, from Nejd itself. A few of their gipsy-like wives we saw, not then, but next day, in the plain of Apollonia. Scorched and unclean, their unveiled faces yet showed much fineness of race. The *mudir* added himself and his orderly to our cavalcade, and led us back briskly down the rock-road towards the sea, the Syrian soldiers swinging beside us a dozen miles without any sign of tiring. A fighting captain might ask anything of such men. Near the brink of the lower shelf we got glimpses right and left into the great gorges which indent it, and have been for any number of ages a haunt of cave-dwelling men. But their grandeur seemed to us somewhat below the enthusiasm of the earlier travellers. Perhaps the thick sunless air of that afternoon robbed them of due proportion; perhaps we had come too lately from the splendid Lycian valleys and

Google Original fr UNIVERSITY OF M

peaks. To sing the Cyrenaica as an Alpine Paradise, one should reach it blistered and blinded by the sands of the Syrtis.

The only fear now was for the yacht. As we left the shelter of the forest and drew rein on the edge of the steep, we knew how fierce a gale was driving across our path. White wrinkles of surf alone betrayed the sea, for the mirk of the scirocco lay heavily on the plain, and half an hour later, when we came to the Cretan huts, we could see no farther than the reefs, and had to be assured by the soldiers in the tents by the beach that the yacht was really gone. She had put out to sea the night before, they said, and stood in with the sun; but since noon she had sheered off again, and Allah knew where she might be now. If He willed, she had found peace behind Ras Hilal. That was Wednesday at four of the afternoon; it was not till Saturday, a little after midday, that we saw the *Utowana* again.

If it had not been for a doubt of her safety, which could not but weigh most heavily on the Owner, and a certainty, to which we were all alive, that, if the gale should haul to north and east of north, she must run from the Cyrenaic shore altogether, leaving us marooned for many long days, we found ourselves in no such evil plight. True, we had slender baggage for the needs of one night, not five; but very soon one forgets to change raiment even for sleep, and finds that happiness can be had far from a bath. The captain of the little post made over his guest-room, a roofed recess in a quarry, and thither his *harem* sent cushions and quilts, and trays of meat and rice and sticky pastry and curdled milk and herbs from the garden, which our host and the *mudir* helped us clear with finger and thumb. There was good water; for the source, a few miles inland, which used to keep Apollonia alive, has been led into an aqueduct again for the Cretans; and we found tobacco, which would at least burn, and *rahat*, peace, all the day long. What more, said the genial old soldier, does the heart of man desire?

Google

The Mutineers Escape

The Watching Bedouins

Google

Google

More, however, our hearts did desire. We were Western men, with an itch to be doing, and in the end found we could fill a little of our lack among the fallen churches and rock-tombs of Apollonia. But, with all our leisure, we made there no great discovery, though there were a dozen Greek legends on tomb-doors to be read. And I doubt if the best thing we found were not the wild watercress growing thickly in the conduit, an unknown relish to the Cretans and the Turks. What is left of Apollonia is but a long landward slice of the city, which in Christian times outstripped dying Cyrene. All the seaward face of it, with the harbour-walls and gate and port, has been eaten by the waves. There is no doubt the coast has sunk here since Roman times, and it is probably sinking still. The shallow bay, all rocks and shoals, in which we had made a most sorry landing, is not any part of the harbour of Apollonia, but was dry land, when that harbour was sought by shipping; and the reefs and islets, out at sea, over which the surf was breaking wildly, remain perhaps from the old foreshore. Further westward we found tombs into whose doors the waves flowed freely, and, had it been fairer weather, might have espied others altogether awash, like the foundations of the buildings in the deep water before the city. For the calm sea on this coast is of a wonderful clearness, as the sponge divers from the Greek isles know, who make it their chief fishing-ground. When we were trying for an anchorage on the first evening off Ras-el-Tin the leadsman saw a bottom of rock and sand, which, nevertheless, he could not touch with his plummet. On the shores of the Syrtis this same sinking has been observed, and also in the Nile Delta; and it is likely, though not sure, that all the eastern half of the North African coast is gone, and going, down.

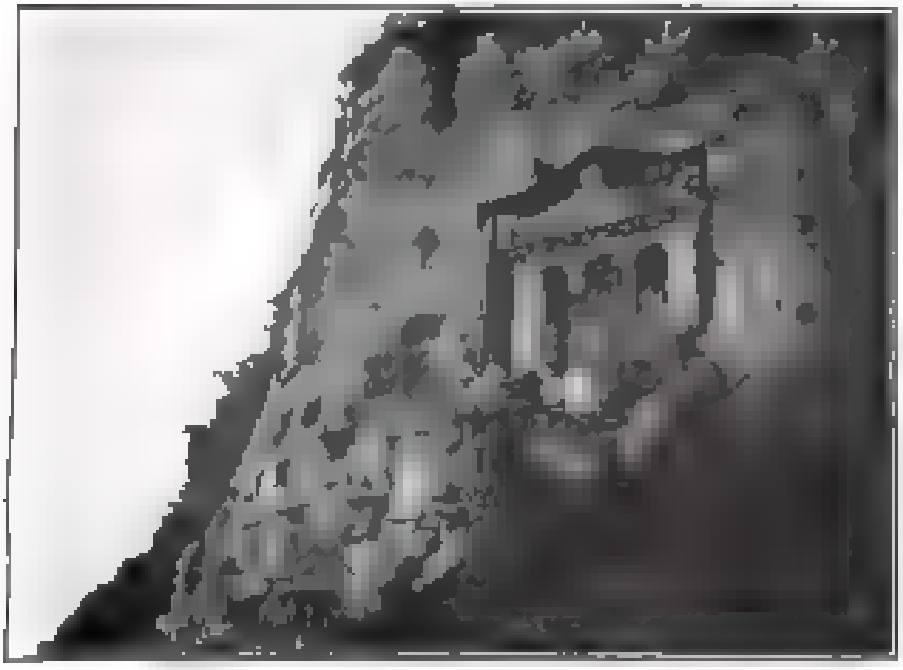
The ruins of two fine Apollonian churches are marked by magnificent monoliths of *cipollino*, which it would pay some marble merchant to ship away; but the lack of moulded fragments and inscriptions shows that everything on the surface, except bits of black glazed pottery and stamped Samian ware,

Google

is of a late age. Without very powerful tackle one could not hope to get below that cumber of fallen blocks, honeycombed by the blown sea salts. The landward wall, however, is in great part of the Greek time, remaining probably from the first foundation of the city; and, seen from the hollow plain, it stands up finely: while somewhat, but not much, later are the remains of an Ionic temple and a theatre facing seawards without the wall. Here the work of the waves may be well judged, for the stage buildings are now awash and the surf runs up into the horseshoe of the seats.

Much of our time we spent watching sea and sky, prodigal of hopeful prophecies which were slow to be fulfilled. All the scirocco died out of the weather by the first midnight, and a hard north-wester blew the air clear, but brought up rain and thunder and an ever rising sea. By the third morning a surf was running both within and without the reefs, in which only a well manned lifeboat could have lived; and, unwillingly resigning the hope that the yacht would return and take us off, we did, what should have been done at least a day earlier—found a trusty Bedawi and sent him eastward fifteen miles down the shore to Ras Hilal. He came back at evening with a scrawl from the skipper, and the Owner ate a heartier meal than he had made yet in Marsa Susa. With the fourth sun the wind was falling, but the sea still running mountains high. The old Turk spoke of *rahat* till another dawn, but we would have no more of it; and, yielding to our entreaty, he called out an escort, and led us eastward to find the ship. There proved to be a fair path, a track used by the Cretans who go to Derna. One of these refugees went ahead of us on a huge bull-camel, which could pick a way among rocks, and stride up the sides of a gorge, like a dromedary of Anatolia. When the path entered a wood the rider swung himself off by the first overhanging bough, and back to the saddle again from the last; but his great beast never paused, feeling the burden of him hardly so much as to know if he were off or on. Much of the path leads over red soil and under charubs and coniferous trees but thrice it is cut by

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



The Carved Cliff at Thorpe Ecrig

Google

sheer gullies, whose glassy limestone sides are bossed as if glaciers had passed over them. Two Bedawi tents were all the habitations we saw, and neither man nor woman was met; but once the path turned sharply to avoid a cluster of many graves, of which one was of fresh mould. The tenting folk seem to bury in one spot, and not anywhere at hazard, as one might expect; and, in fact, they will carry their dead long days' journey to such wayside cemeteries as this. Do they think to spare the Awakening Angel's labour at the Last Day, or that the dead Bedawi loves council and coffee-fellowship as much as the living?

Fair "heel and toe," under an African sun on the eve of May-day, we marched those fifteen miles, with one brief halt, in four hours and a half—a better time than any one of us had made five days before. We had been sharing something very like the life according to nature, with a captain, a doctor, and some thirty rank and file of his Imperial Ottoman Majesty's forces. The commanding officer, a veteran of half a dozen campaigns, and five wounds got from Montenegrins, Serbs, and Muscovites, is turned farmer. Having the water-conduit in his charge and thirty of the sturdiest knaves in the Levant at his orders, he makes more out of the red plain than any Cretan. The full private hoes his garden: the corporal drives up his ewes at nightfall; and under the moon the old man himself tucks his braided cuffs, ties half a dozen milky mothers, head to tail, and tugs at their teats. The soldiers, born to such a life, are happy to go back to it. The field-work fills their time and thoughts, and keeps them in the rude health of shepherds. Except the day we landed I saw no drill, and I daresay that exception was made, in the belief a warship was standing in. But sentries kept guard about the camp night and day in such postures as pleased them best, and they never failed to challenge. Off this duty, and for that matter upon it, they talked, so far as I could hear, chiefly about soldiering; while their captain asked nothing better of an evening than to fight his battles o'er

Google

again, to tell us how his regiment was surprised at Shipka or cut up in the plain of Philippopoli, and to pass, by the way, instructive and little looked-for criticisms on certain Ottoman generals who made them great names in the Russian war; but as he has service yet to do, and I may not always have rightly understood his Barbary speech, these shall not be written here. The camp had bread, plentiful and good (how good, we, who lived on it, knew), leeks and onions for relish, and the water of a pure spring: and for the supply of these simple things it blessed the Padishah every day. The Cretans went and came freely among the soldiers, and the Arabs not less; and men of all the races bowed in unison under the stars behind the bugler, who played imam.

It was with some shamefacedness that we bade good-bye on the cliffs of Ras Hilal to the half-dozen of these clean-living fellows, who had escorted us; for we had offered them money, which had been quietly refused. Gladly had the Owner done for them the honours of his ship, but this, too, their old captain would not allow. In the latter's debt, too, we had still to be, for after taking him aboard the swinging yacht at risk of breaking a leg or cracking his skull, we had to let him go again almost at once; for the easterly current, which sweeps the iron-bound Cyrenaic coast, was holding the ship broadside to the seas. This open bay of Marsa Hilal is not one to lie in long when wind and wave are coming hour by hour more directly from north. No sooner, therefore, was steam up than the anchors came aboard; and by sunset Cyrenaica, from Derna to Tolmeita, lay on the horizon like a low cloud.

D. G. Hogarth.

Google

BRITISH RAILWAY RATES *v.* FOREIGN

THAT British railway rates and charges are altogether excessive, as compared with those in force in foreign countries, is a fixed idea which not only provokes from time to time considerable hostile criticism against our own railways, but—what is a much more serious matter—is regarded among certain classes of traders as alike representing a prominent factor in economic depression, and offering a reasonable justification for their not showing a greater degree of energy and enterprise in fighting foreign competitors.

The confession may frankly be made that there would, in effect, be no cause for surprise if comparisons between British and foreign railway rates should be to the disadvantage of the former. No element has been lacking to render British railways among the most expensive to construct and maintain of any in the world. The companies had to pay the most exorbitant sums for the land on which their lines were constructed; they have been forced to organise their systems from almost the first with a perfection to which the American railways especially are now only just attaining; they have been subjected to a control more severe, and more costly, than the railways of any other country; they have to bear the burden of local taxation to such an extent that they are now paying four and a half millions sterling per annum under this head individual companies having to contribute 60, 70, or 80 per

Google

cent. of the local rates in many parishes where they have not even a railway station; they have been compelled, when building new termini, or widening their lines in order to meet the public convenience, to provide—ostensibly for the persons unhoused, in reality for an altogether superior type of people—dwellings of which the rental has been fixed by the Home Office at sums that did not even cover expenses; and they have had to assume the *rôle* of philanthropic institutions in running workmen's trains at fares leaving little or no margin for profit.

In the case of railways owned, as those in Great Britain are, by private companies, the various costs and expenses here specified—without counting others besides—must necessarily be met out of the rates, tolls, and charges imposed on those who make use of the railways, either as passengers or as traders. Yet British railways, having to meet all these demands, are subjected to bitter denunciation if the said rates, tolls, and charges exceed—or are supposed to exceed—those that prevail in countries where one of two entirely different sets of conditions prevail—that is to say: (1) countries where the railways are State-owned or State-aided, and the whole policy of the State is directed to fostering home industries by organising—at the expense of the taxpayer, if necessary—a series of low export rates framed for the express purpose of facilitating the dumping of produce or commodities on the British markets; or (2) a country like the United States, where the railways have cost far less to construct and operate, while they carry huge loads for great distances to which there can be no possible parallel in Great Britain.

In these circumstances any one looking at the matter from a strictly commercial standpoint might well expect to learn that the rates and charges necessary in this country to cover interest on capital and working expenditure, and leave a reasonable margin of profit, were higher than in foreign countries. But what one further finds is that many of the criticisms raised are unjust, either because they give figures that are themselves

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

erroneous, or because, in regard to foreign rates, they omit considerations which would show that there is no real basis of fair comparison. Sweeping assertions are made on the strength of figures that will not bear the test of examination (that is to say, when they are capable of being tested, which is not too often the case), and the public are invited to accept conclusions that are altogether unfair and misleading.

As a case in point I need not go further than to an article published in the MONTHLY REVIEW for October 1904, entitled "How Englishmen are Destroying England." The author, Mr. F. S. Tatham, Member of the Natal Parliament, has given to his paper a title which, in itself, constitutes a most serious indictment, and though Englishmen are invariably ready enough to accept the friendly criticism of their colonial cousins in a friendly spirit, I would suggest that, in the framing of such an indictment as the one in question, care should be taken to see that the evidence by which it is to be supported is of the most conclusive character in regard to each particular count therein.

With Mr. Tatham's references to the "Shipping Ring" I have no immediate concern, and I leave that aspect of the question to be dealt with by others, if they think fit. But he goes on to assert that the British manufacturer is "compelled, within the United Kingdom itself, to pay railway charges which are rapidly destroying his chance of successfully competing with foreign rivals," and he illustrates this view by giving the following table :

		For same distance.		
	British.	German.	Belgian.	Dutch.
Hardware—				
Birmingham to London	23*s.* 6*d.*	11*s.* 4*d.*	13*s.* 11*d.*	11*s.* 3*d.*
Cotton Goods—				
Manchester to London	36*s.* 0*d.*	20*s.* to 23*s.*	18*s.* 1*d.*	14*s.* 4*d.*
General Machinery—				
Leeds to Hull . .	25*s.* 0*d.*	4*s.* 6*d.*	8*s.* 0*d.*	5*s.* 6*d.*

A little later on in his paper Mr. Tatham further says :

Google

Whereas the cost of carrying wool from Liverpool to Manchester is 9*s.* 2*d.*, for the same distance in Germany the manufacturer pays only 4*s.* 2*d.*, or less than one-half.

Taking, first, the figures which Mr. Tatham gives in regard to British rates, I find that his quotation for hardware goods from Birmingham to London is not so high as it should be, so that, to this extent, he does his own case injustice, the actual rates in force being: Owner's risk, 25*s.* per ton; company's risk, 27*s.* 6*d.* On the other hand, for cotton goods, Manchester to London—the rate for which he gives as 36*s.*—there has been in operation for many years an export rate of 25*s.* per ton, to enable the port of London to compete with the port of Liverpool. Thousands of tons of cotton goods have been thus brought to London from Manchester for despatch to other countries, and this particular rate is the one Mr. Tatham should have given, in view of the remark following his table, that

these illustrations have been selected as having reference to the main export trade routes which the British manufacturer is obliged to adopt in regard to his foreign and colonial trade.

In the same way the exporter who is consigning general machinery from Leeds to Hull would pay, not 25*s.* per ton, as Mr. Tatham states, but 12*s.* 6*d.* With respect to the rate for wool from Liverpool to Manchester, there is, as a matter of fact, no traffic at all in that commodity between the places in question, so that the only rate in force is the ordinary class rate. If such a traffic were offered, and promised to assume any approach to substantial proportions, the railways would at once quote a special rate.

As regards Mr. Tatham's quotations in respect to foreign rates, it is impossible to subject these to any close scrutiny. The phrase "for same distance" is entirely inadequate. To check the figures (and Mr. Tatham must forgive the suggestion that one can hardly accept them unreservedly) it is especially desirable we should have the names of the specific places to which the rates in question apply. Between German, Belgian, and Dutch ports there is the keenest possible rivalry, so that

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

not only does each country seek to encourage its own traders by giving them rates which are practically bounties on commodities for export, but international rivalry will lead one country to concede exceptionally low rates for the express purpose of diverting traffic from another country which would represent its natural outlet. The lowest depth of all, in the matter of Continental rates, is reached when, in addition to the various factors here mentioned, it is a matter of handling certain commodities in much greater bulk than is the case in Great Britain. How far such considerations as these may have affected the particular rates quoted by Mr. Tatham it is impossible to say in the absence of more explicit details.

Another most important point one must bear in mind is that the British rates given by Mr. Tatham include both collection and delivery, whereas the Continental rates would not include either. In the case of cotton goods, Manchester to London, the railway company would send horse, van, and men to fetch the consignments from the warehouses in Manchester, and they would load the goods into a truck at the Manchester depôt. In London they would unload the railway truck, and, in the case of all consignments weighing over 800 lbs., deliver the goods alongside the ship in which they were to be taken abroad. On the Continent, if the usual practice were followed, the railway would simply provide a truck and haul it from one point to another. The consignor (whether manufacturer, merchant, or forwarding agent) would convey the goods to the station and load them into the truck at the point of departure, and arrangements would have to be made for unloading and taking them alongside the ship on arrival at the port. If the railway performed these services it would charge extra. Even as it is, and accepting Mr. Tatham's figures, the charge imposed in Germany for hire of truck and haulage comes to 20*s.* to 23*s.*, as compared with the English charge of 25*s.* for performing every service necessary in connection with the transport of the cotton goods from warehouse to ship. Again, in the case of general machinery, Leeds to Hull, the

Google

cost of cartage works out at 1*s.* 6*d.* or 2*s.* per ton (according to packing) at Leeds, and the same at Hull, so that collection and delivery form an important item in the English rate of 12*s.* 6*d.*, which thus compares favourably with, at least, the Belgian rate, the latter being, presumably, exclusive of cartage.

It may, therefore, fairly be submitted that the particular figures which Mr. Tatham brings forward do not in any way support his accusation that "Englishmen"—so far, at least, as they are represented by British railway companies—are "destroying England" by reason of excessive charges on the transit of goods for export.

Mr. Tatham is probably not aware that one of the greatest problems of a British railway manager is how he can get sufficient freight for the trains of railway waggons that go more or less empty from inland towns to the ports in order to bring back the large consignments of produce or merchandise arriving from foreign countries, our exports being so very much less in bulk than our imports. In these circumstances the railway manager would have a special reason for giving every possible encouragement to the consignment of goods abroad, since all that he carries in waggons that must, in any case, go to the ports, is clear gain. On the other hand, a railway manager is not a free agent in the matter of rates, and though it might often pay to carry goods for a lower charge to a port than from a port, because of there being this lack of freight in the one case as against an abundance in the other, any such special encouragement could only be given at the risk of a protest from the traders who had to pay a higher rate under conditions that were altogether different.

Then, again, while it is a clearly recognised practice on the Continent that the railways should have specially low *port de mer* tariffs for merchandise for export, as compared with their rates to the same ports for similar commodities for local consumption, the adoption of a like policy by British railways is apt to be regarded by British traders as an unpardonable

Google

anomaly, although it is too often these foreign *port de mer* rates that are compared with our own domestic rates, to the disadvantage of the latter. The Continental practice is evidently in strict accord with Mr. Tatham's views, since it means the giving of special encouragement to exports; but what may happen when it is adopted by a British railway is shown by the specially instructive case of Spillers and Bakers, Ltd. *v.* The Taff Vale Railway Company, decided by the Railway and Canal Commission in December 1908. The Taff Vale Railway Company convey to Cardiff about 9,000,000 tons of coal a year for shipment as against 1,400,000 tons for local consumption, 40 per cent. of the latter being for domestic use in the town of Cardiff, and 60 per cent. for use in factories. The rate which the railway company charge on the coal for export is less than that which they charge on the coal that goes no further than Cardiff, and Messrs. Spillers and Bakers, a firm of local millers, contended before the Railway Commissioners that this represented an undue preference. But the railway company maintained that the export traffic would not stand more than they were charging, and that the rate on the coal for local consumption was in itself perfectly reasonable, and one the railway company could not afford to reduce, while the local consumers themselves were in no way prejudiced by the lower rate on the export consignments. The Railway Commissioners supported this view; but the fact that the case had to be fought out before them will show to Mr. Tatham the thorns which may spring up in the path of British railways when they seek to do what, in effect, he accuses them of not doing.

Finally, I would point out that the transit of British goods along our "main export trade routes" is greatly facilitated by the further practice adopted by British railway companies not only of charging the same rates from an inland manufacturing town to a series of ports in the same district, but also of "grouping" the different districts in turn, charging again practically the same rate to all of these, on the basis of the

Google

shortest route, without any regard to the difference in mileage. How the system operates may be illustrated by the case of Bradford woollen goods:

From Bradford to	Mileage or shortest mileage.	Rate charged.
Hull group of ports . . .	60 miles ...	15*s.*
Liverpool	70 „ ...	16*s.* 8*d.*
Hartlepool group . . .	79 „ ...	15*s.*
Newcastle „ . . .	104 „ ...	15*s.*

The difference of 1*s.* 8*d.* as against Liverpool is counterbalanced by the greater advantages offered in respect to shipping. Practically, therefore, all these ports are on an equal footing, and if it should suit a Bradford manufacturer better to forward his goods (say) *viâ* Newcastle instead of *viâ* Hull he is not prevented from so doing by any difference in the railway charges, although the one port is forty-four miles further from Bradford than the other.

EDWIN A. PRATT.

Google

THE BIRTH OF TELEGRAPHY

ONE summer, when, as a youth, the writer was living on the banks of the Tees, that ancient river repeated a time-worn tragedy. There had been signs of rain in the west, and a fisherman, neglecting the warning, had taken his stand far out in the half-empty bed with his face down stream. The plash of a small waterfall close by prevented his catching any unwonted sound, and thus the inevitable flood presently coming down—after the manner of north-country streams in a wall of water—swept him away, and he was quickly lost sight of among the tumbling billows. Night shortly settled down, so that no search could be followed up, and the morrow bringing no tidings of the unfortunate man it was regarded by every one as a certainty that the body had been swept out to sea in that wild race of waters. The sequel to the story the writer received at first hand. A fortnight had passed, and the misadventure had ceased to be talked about, but early one morning the wife of a cottager, dwelling by the waterside, was disturbed by her husband rising at an unusual hour and leaving the house hurriedly without assigning any reason for so doing. In plain fact, the man was reluctant to confess what urged him, but he had had a vivid dream, indicating that the missing body lay under a shelf of rock on the river's bank, well remembered as a favourite spot whereat to "tickle trout." The man proceeded to put out alone in a little boat, and presently returned with the body, which he had found precisely where it had appeared to his waking fancy.

Google

This story, for which the writer can vouch entirely, is only offered for what it is worth, as supplying an argument in favour of a faculty supposed by some to be possessed in greater or less degree by certain individuals, and particularly perhaps among races living under natural conditions and apart from civilisation. Here, it may be claimed, is plausible evidence of a man described by his wife, almost with pride, as "no scholar," who, having his mind at rest and without any effort of reasoning, suddenly and with overmastering conviction receives and grasps a truth, being, so to speak, conscious of an intuition which he can in no way explain.

If this occurrence has any significance it must be taken as one more shred of evidence in favour of the reality of a form of presentiment, of which it might seem that isolated but noteworthy examples are constantly recurring. Mr. F. H. Grundy, in "Pictures of the Past," tells us of his having lost his hat, which had been carried down in a swollen stream in Australia, and of a blind black servant who, hearing of the occurrence, at once started off and feeling his way down to a distant bend of the river forthwith recovered it, regarding the while his discovery as in no way wonderful, owing to the fact that some conviction had assured him that it was there. In all instances of a similar nature which come to hand there is at least one point of agreement—namely, the agent can give no account of the way in which the divinations have come about, save that it is independent of ordinary channels of communication.

There is a tradition that the coming of the French to the country of the St. Lawrence was revealed to one of their medicine men in a vision, and that a deputation of several canoes set forth; and after a voyage of many weeks, during which time they passed through the territories of numerous friendly tribes who had heard nothing of the coming of the white people, they actually met the French pioneers, and found everything as the seer had described. A writer in the *Spectator*, commenting on this, suggests that

thought reading may sometimes account for presentiments, but hardly for such

Google

a case as this, unless we assume that impressions in the universal ether may make themselves felt at any distance by persons who are capable of perceiving them, even when there seems to be no connecting link whatever. We talk of ideas being "in the air," and occasionally inventions are made and even books written so similar that it would have been supposed that one person copied directly from another, if this had not been shown to be impossible under the circumstances.

As an example of an apprehension being "in the air" we may cite the case relating to Sir John Franklin, concerning whom it is stated that before there was any justification for alarm, and indeed before any tidings could have reached England, certain people at home became so firmly convinced that something was amiss that they determined on attempting to fit out a relief party. Not till long years after was it known that disaster and death had actually already overtaken the ill-fated expedition. Are then ice and sea no barriers? Again and again we hear testimony to the same effect, as, for instance, ships on reaching port find tidings have already outstripped them of some striking incident that has happened on board on the high seas.

To quote another well-authenticated example, the death of General Gordon was talked of in the streets of Cairo as a known fact on the day of its occurrence, though Cairo is a thousand miles away across the desert from Khartoum. Again, Mr. R. Kerr gives the evidence of British officers engaged in the late war in Afghanistan, who stated that "whenever they conveyed to their subordinates particulars as to their intentions to operate at a certain point fifty or a hundred miles away, the natives there shortly afterwards knew all about their plans." And in like manner it has been constantly reported during the present Russo-Japanese War that the Chinese have appeared to be in possession of intelligence which could have been conveyed through no obvious channel. Similar and noteworthy testimony is forthcoming in abundance, more particularly in times of impending danger. At such crises signs and portents are often imagined to be discerned, and the fear engendered may become a potent factor in the

Google

case. Hunters and naturalists will tell of a cognate prescience noticeable in the animal world, so that hunted creatures, as it is said, scent the danger afar. It might then become a question whether some mode of obtaining intelligence from a distance may not have been acquired by certain creatures in a state of nature, as also by native races, from the very exigencies of their condition, and some survival of this be yet found here and there among civilised people.

It is well established that under abnormal conditions individuals may become endowed with exalted perceptions. Dr. Alex. Bain states that "in the delirium of fever the sense of hearing sometimes becomes extraordinarily acute, and that among the premonitory symptoms of brain disease has been noticed an unusual delicacy of the sense of sight." May we not also bring forward certain well-attested examples of that species of second sight which refers to passing but distant events? The great mass of such evidence may doubtless be with advantage rejected, but even so it is hard to assure ourselves that no residuum of truth remains. It may well be that there are many more or less occult avenues by which intelligence is capable of being conveyed. Is it possible to arrive at a conception of the nature of any of them? Where a multitude is gathered together, an inner consciousness or conviction, a thrill of pleasure or of pain, of exultation or of fear, will sometimes irresistibly permeate the minds of all. It is so in a marked degree in a large audience, when a fervent speaker or a singer holds every being spellbound, and by sympathy is perfectly conscious that he does so.

A well-marked example of this once arose most obviously on Lord's Ground in the year 1870, when the writer, then a Cambridge undergraduate, was one of a large multitude watching the final struggle of the University Match. There was a feeling that any excitement over the game was at an end, for Oxford was winning all too easily. In fact, their side needed only four runs to secure victory, while they had still three wickets to fall. Moreover, one batsman, Hill, was well

Google

set; and as Cobden, the Cambridge bowler, commenced a fresh "over," justified the general anticipation by making a fine boundary hit to finish the match. Somehow, however, the ball never reached the boundary, for Bourne, fielding for Cambridge, managed with one hand to partially check the ball, so that only one run was made, and the next ball the same fielder caught Hill's partner. At this the interest of the onlookers, which had grown languid, at once revived, and when Cobden with his next and third ball clean bowled the fresh man in, the multitude drew one deep breath. One wicket to fall and three runs to make. If Hill could only take the next ball! That would be the feeling of every partisan of Oxford; but Hill was at the other wicket, and as the last batsman went to his wicket there came on each and all an overmastering conviction of what was about to happen. Of course the wicket went down with that next ball, every one *knew* it would!

This would be spoken of as a case of so-called panic, or nervous tension, which irresistibly spread from end to end of the whole concourse. But it would seem that in like manner intelligence of actual fact, though unspoken, can pass from unit to unit of a throng and so traverse many miles with marvellous speed. A case of this seems to have occurred on the occasion of the fatal accident to Mr. Huskisson at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Mr. Grundy, already referred to, was a witness of the fact, and describes it thus. The whole thirty miles of railroad was "lined double and treble deep with carriages, to say nothing of the standing multitudes. The accident occurred midway between the two towns. A little crowd collected by the side of the line, and there was a murmur 'Huskisson is run over.' Then the story spread, travelling along the thousands with electric speed. Another instant, and the engine, released from its load, dashes madly past at a speed of forty-five miles per hour. It took only twenty minutes for that engine to reach Liverpool in search of surgical help, and yet the rumour of the accident was there before it."

Google

Now it is inconceivable that any intelligible message could have been transmitted along the line by word of mouth in anything like such a short period, so as to proceed ahead of the advancing engine. A moment's consideration will prove this. The engine was going at twice the top speed of an expert runner. Now watch a hundred yards' race at any athletic game, and as the racers start think what chance would there be of conveying a message along the line of bystanders in anything like the short period—only ten seconds—in which the course is covered. The feat would be clearly impossible, moreover it is questionable if any precise message would ever be passed along in this way. The experiment has been tried times out of number in a game in which we have all taken part. A ring of persons is formed and one of the number whispers a definite remark into the ear of the individual on his left, who, still in a whisper, passes it on. Then it is found that by the time the message is poured into the right ear of the first speaker it is strangely different from that which he himself issued.

Leaving here the discussion of such modes of telegraphy as are alike recondite in their operation, and perhaps only vague in their result, we may pass on to more intelligible methods which have been adopted by primitive races and which may be found forestalling and fairly vying with perfected methods of our own to-day.

That the heliograph is no new machine should need no telling, but it may not be known how efficient the rudest instrument of the kind may prove among those whose brains are subtle, and hand and eye are rendered cunning by constant practice. Possibly the word *heliotrope* no longer suggests an optical instrument; but under this name Gauss, nearly a hundred years ago, introduced an apparatus designed to aid in long-range surveying, and adopted largely in America. The principle involved was that of directing a small beam of sunlight truly to a distant station occupied by an assistant observer; and it was found that a flash from off a plane mirror, measuring only a square inch, could be seen across seven miles, while

Google

larger but still extremely portable mirrors could flash across greatly extended ranges; and thus it was evident that long-distance signalling was a possibility with a no more elaborate instrument, given only the necessary sunshine and sufficient dexterity in manipulation. It would follow then, as a matter of course, that such a simple and efficient mode of communication would come to be adopted by native races who would benefit by such a means, and who dwell in lands whose heritage is unbroken sunshine. Thus we learn from Galton and others that flashing signals of this nature are commonly adopted by the bushmen in the North American prairies, and by Indian warriors of the wild West. It is said again that the fleet of Alexander the Great, when sailing for India, was piloted along the Persian Gulf by heliograph signals flashed from the shore. We may surmise that it is to this or a similar mode of telegraphy that Henry Cornelius Agrippa refers in a learned treatise published in Antwerp early in the sixteenth century. An earnest examiner into all branches of occult philosophy, we find him describing in vague though not unintelligible terms an optical contrivance for transmitting long-distance messages. "Which art," he says, "of declaring secrets is indeed very profitable for towns and cities that are besieged, being a thing which Pythagoras long since did often do, and which is not unknown to some in these days, I will not except myself." Be this as it may, we find, as we might expect, that the natives of Arabia, earliest among practised observers, and availing themselves of their open country and cloudless skies, had learned at least nine hundred years ago to heliograph intelligence from one city to another.

In higher altitudes and in lands where from physical causes the agency of sunshine would be less available, other ancient but highly efficient methods are found to be practised. Following tradition, if not actual history, let us go back three thousand years. The last days of the Siege of Troy are come, and the commander-in-chief of the conquering hosts undertakes to tell, or rather telegraph, the first tidings of the fall of the city to

Digitized by Google

his lady away at Mycenæ, a direct distance truly of only two hundred and fifty miles; but the breadth of the Ægean lay between, thus rendering the task one of extreme difficulty and labour. Yet we are to regard it as having been accomplished, and, moreover, in the space of a single night. Let us see how the feat, finely conceived throughout, works out in the tale of "Æschylus." The moment having arrived, the first signalman retires back on the mountain height of Ida, adding to distance, but gaining greatly in elevation, and thence sends his gleam across seventy miles to a hill top in Lemnos, a possible task enough, irrespective of the fact that Vulcan had his own workshop there, and was supposed to have lent a hand. But now the next nearest practicable point towards the mainland is Eubœa, across a gap of ninety nautical miles, which would render any earth-born flame, if raised on no great eminence, invisible by reason of the mere convexity of the globe. It is here then that the scheme is grandly engineered and rendered strictly feasible, some of our classical critics notwithstanding.

Away on the seaboard of Macedonia, forty miles to the north-east, and so more remote, the far peak of Mount Athos rears itself near seven thousand feet into so-called cloud-land, only no clouds are there, and ready to hand is the very material to create the fastest and fiercest flame—the pine logs of the mountain slopes. Justly might the dramatist describe such a furious blaze as it climbed far into the sky as a "golden light like a sun." All difficulties of a physical nature would now vanish. The distance from Mount Athos to the heart of Eubœa is about a hundred geographical miles—a giant stretch truly—but from an elevation of nearly seven thousand feet there is across sea a known visible horizon of some eighty-five miles; and if an eminence of only about one thousand two hundred feet could be found in Eubœa, then there would be established direct vision from height to height across the whole distance; and such a moderate height is surely attainable on Mount Makistos, the tallest peak of a hilly land. From this point the selection of heights, completing eight in all, was a

Google

simple matter, and, as the story tells, suitable fuel was found abundantly in the scrub of the hillside.

Southward of Mount Ida, but on the same mainland, we come to the hilly country of Judæa; and here, five hundred years later, troublous times are imminent, and we find the Jews alert to "set up a sign of fire" on the approach of the expected foe.

Only two hundred miles westward, however, of the line of Grecian beacon heights, in a wilder and more broken land, we find a totally different mode of native signalling in vogue. We are now in Albania, and the country has become too mountainous to admit of the use of beacons, whose light could find no ready path through mere forests of lofty peaks. But here the steep mountain slopes lend themselves to another and more efficient transmission of messages, namely, by actual speech; for the human voice, trained by practice and pitched in suitable tones, will bridge the deep ravines and travel far down resounding valleys, so as to be not only distinctly heard, but readily interpreted by the hill dwellers, whose ears are no less well trained than their voice.

Herein may lie more than half the mystery of the mode whereby the Kaffirs and others in the late war seemed to have conveyed information. These were credited with being able to shout intelligibly to their fellows from kopje to kopje in a manner which others could scarcely grasp, and still less imitate. It seems to have been partly, but by no means entirely, a trick of the voice. Here through all time they had needed, and thus had acquired, a language which could be framed in mere shouts. It would be far otherwise with our own tongue. A British drill sergeant might make his voice, as a shout, penetrate as far as a Kaffir stripling, but the intelligible words which he could thus convey over, say, a mile of distance would be strictly confined to the limited technical vocabulary of the barrack yard. The natives, on the contrary, we must suppose, could converse volubly in their own wild yells at the same range. In this case, however, the ear

Google

unquestionably becomes as practised as the voice, a fact which may be well noted at home. In agricultural districts, where fellow labourers often have to converse with or direct one another at a distance, it will be found that the ear of the countryman will, as a rule, interpret far shouting very much more readily than those who, though they may be intellectually superiors, are not accustomed to discipline their attention in the same special manner. The same remark applies where noise or other disturbance interferes with easy hearing. An example of this was forced on the notice of the writer lately during a somewhat lengthy period of enforced leisure at the Great Central Station at Nottingham. Busy trains were constantly arriving and departing, and the general turmoil, added to the hissing, panting, and shrieking of the locomotives all confined within the span roof, often rendered it exceedingly hard to exchange conversation with a companion, even when mouth and ear were in the closest proximity. Yet the officials of the station could apparently, with no extraordinary effort, make themselves understood at half the length of the platform.

Obviously the last-mentioned modes of telegraphy are not well adapted for secrecy. A flashing signal of the nature of the heliograph could be equally well detected by an outsider stationed anywhere along the track of the tell-tale beam. The beacon light could be seen the whole country round. The long shout could become the property of any trained listener within range; but circumstances will arise where it would be imperative that distant communication should be conveyed not only with despatch, but with perfect secrecy; and even here native ingenuity has proved fully equal to the task.

In the wilds of the Amazon valley the savage tribes of the Catuquinaru Indians have through centuries lived and died on their native soil, but within ever narrowing limits, harassed eternally by one ceaseless cause of alarm—the dread of the white man's approach. Generation after generation they have had to be on the alert to strike their habitations and pitch

Google

them again on some fresh ground where, however, they must needs through every hour of the day literally keep an ear open for any hostile advance. Under pressure of this necessity they have devised and handed down a mode of communicating from settlement to settlement by a species of rude but efficient telephone, of which some account supplied by Dr. Bach has been published in the *Geographical Journal*. It appears that the particular group of Indians visited were divided into four sections, located about a mile asunder, and all in a true line north and south. In each section there was a signalling apparatus carefully constructed, and of such peculiar nature as to give the idea that a savage belief in charms and enchantments is here blended with the elaboration of a strictly mechanical contrivance, involving true scientific principles. A hard palm wood stem, about sixteen inches across and some three feet long, was hollowed out, and its lower half filled with layers, which, beginning with the lowest, consist of fine sand, wood fragments, bone fragments, and powdered mica respectively. Above this the stem is left hollow for a space of ten inches, above which again are placed in succession layers of hide, wood, and hard rubber, the last of these closing the aperture. A hole is now opened in the ground about three feet deep and four feet across, and filled in again to a height of eighteen inches with coarse sand well tamped. On this the stem is planted, and made firm round the sides with fragments of wood, raw hide, and resins of various woods, all finished off with a covering of hard rubber. It will be seen that the stem, with its appurtenances, thus stands up some fifteen inches above the ground level, and all that is now needed to complete the instrument is a wooden club or striker covered with hard rubber and raw hide. There is one of these instruments hidden in each *malocca* or habitation. "It appears that the instruments are *en rapport* with each other, and when struck with the club the neighbouring ones to the north and south, if not above a mile distant, respond to or echo the blow. To this an Indian answers by striking the instrument in the

Google

malocca with which it is desired to communicate; which blow in turn is echoed by the instruments originally struck. Each *malocca* has its own series of signals. So enclosed is each instrument in the *malocca* that when standing outside and near the building it is difficult to hear a blow, but nevertheless this is heard distinctly in the next *malocca*, a mile distant, in the manner indicated. The chief gave me an example of signalling. With a prolonged interval he struck the instrument twice with a club, which, as I understood, was to indicate attention, or that a conference was desired. This was responded to by the same instrument as a result of a single blow given by some one on the next apparatus nearly a mile distant. Then commenced a long conversation which I could not comprehend."

It has been suggested that the transmission of sounds may be due to some rock stratum serving to convey the vibrations of the blows, which, being shut in, are not transported through the air. Prompted by this suggestion the writer, in conjunction with Mr. J. N. Maskelyne, carried out some simple but instructive trials. Ordinary sound and well-planted field gate-posts were made use of, and were well suited for an initial experiment. These consisted of solid and seasoned oak timber, sunk some feet in the ground, which had been well tamped both beneath and around. One of these was selected and struck in various ways with instruments of various weights and substances, while a number of observers stationed at other adjacent posts listened attentively, closing one ear and applying the other to different parts of their respective posts. The experiment was varied and repeated many times, but in all cases results were wholly negative, no vibrations being perceptible; and the conclusion arrived at was that, at any rate in deep loamy soil, signalling of the nature of that described above was impracticable.

Let us compare with the native methods already described the best devices in vogue in civilised England of not many generations ago. It would seem that for despatch over long and difficult routes the powers of a man were preferred to that

Google

of a horse, and trained runners or running footmen were employed by the wealthier classes as a means of speedy conveyance. The achievements of these athletes were indeed of no mean order, though falling far short of the feats with which report has credited messengers among certain native races. It is said that a good runner could maintain an average of seven miles an hour, and accomplish as much as sixty or seventy miles in a day; indeed, there is an account to the effect that Earl Home having occasion to send his footman on an urgent message one night to Edinburgh from his residence at Hume Castle thirty-five miles distant, his servant accomplished his errand by the time his master had risen in the morning. That Scotland could supply good runners is proved by the record of the passing of the "Fiery Cross." Scott tells how once in civil war this signal was borne through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours.

Intelligible communication between stations in view of each other by mechanical signals was suggested, and to some extent carried into effect, by Robert Hook, a contemporary of Newton, and others, but it was not till the end of the eighteenth century that this became a really practicable method by the introduction of the semaphore. With a form of this instrument a word message was telegraphed in one hour to Paris from Lisle, announcing the recapture of that town in 1792; and a yet better record was achieved in England about the same date, when by an arrangement of shutter boards a message was conveyed between Dover and London in seven minutes. This was almost on the eve of the grand discoveries which have led up to the modern telegraph and telephone, but it is curious to note how preconceptions of these very inventions had been grasped by philosophers more than two hundred years ago. In 1667, Hook, mentioned above, refers to how by the help of a tightly drawn wire bent in many angles, he could propagate sound to a very considerable distance. About the same year Joseph Glanvil wrote, "to confer at the distance of

Google

the Indies by sympathetic conveyances may be as usual to future times as to us is literary correspondence." And in truth telegraphy in its initial stage became an accomplished fact little more than sixty years later, when Stephen Gray let down a thread from the top window of his house to near the ground, and wrapping the other end round a glass rod found that whenever he briskly rubbed the tube the electrical influence set up travelled the whole length of the thread, and attracted light particles at its further end.

Is it unreasonable to imagine that we may be even now on the threshold of other fresh advances in modes of transmitting intelligence? We are at least learning again by new methods to convey messages to vast distances without the intervention of wires. Shall we stop here? If it be possible that civilised man possesses the rudiments of faculties which are as yet in abeyance, or the traces of faculties which have fallen into disuse, then is it not at least conceivable that the development of such faculties, in some ways indicated by modern knowledge, may result in achievements beyond our present dreams? In the mode of wireless telegraphy at present being pursued one chief and essential aid is towards the perfecting of instruments which shall respond to one another in obedience to a perfect syntony existing between them. In this direction lies the one hope of practical improvement and success. For instruments write mental faculties, and conceive individuals whose minds can presently be so disciplined and tuned to each other as to act in concert at will and at a distance. Under such circumstances we might contemplate a future mode of telegraphy to which there would seem no assignable limit.

JOHN M. BACON.

Coldash, Newbury.

Google

UMBRIAN ART

IN Umbria, that true *Italia Mystica* among the hills, which in the profound silence of the sunshine of early summer under a calm and soft sky are really like vast precious stones, Painting for the most part was content to be just a religious vowed to God. She sometimes comes to us as in Bonfigli, whose work is perhaps the greatest treasure of the Pinacoteca at Perugia, with something of the sweetness of the nun, the oversweetness of which men have always been so suspicious; finding therein something not quite sane or amiable; troubled, in spite of a deep outward serenity, by a subtle ugliness that has really only just missed a profound beauty. Or again, as in the magnificent work of Piero della Francesca, she appears with all the vitality and energy of life, and yet with a kind of horror on her countenance as in the face of the Risen Christ at Borgo San Sepolcro. And at last in Perugino himself we seem to find a real duplicity in the cloying and exquisite sorrow that does not really affect the soul, in his Crucifixions; the insincerity and too delightful innocence of his warriors and captains in the *Cambio;* the affectation of his *Nativity* at Perugia; the awful facility of much of his work.

Divided in the earliest times into two schools which had their centres in Gubbio and Perugia, Umbrian painting is really provincial in the true sense of the word, the handmaid of the Church, touching life only very rarely, intent for the most part on the service of the sanctuary, having indeed no

Google

life at all, no possible life apart from religion. Unlike Florence and Siena, Umbria had no Giotto nor Duccio to point out the road she should follow in her art. For whereas Giotto made it for ever impossible for Florence to ignore painting as such, its problems and difficulties, while Duccio assured Siena of her great pictorial future, Umbria in these early years produced no great leader; how should she, out of touch with life as she was, busied rather with action, frittering away her life in infinitely tiny and cruel quarrels, or dreaming of the lives of the saints that she possessed in so great an abundance, weeping with St. Francis over her sins or listening to the voice of Christ with St. Angela of Foligno, ready to burn the world under the passionate eloquence of S. Bernardino, or praying night and day with S. Columba of Rieti. In these first years of the fourteenth century, when Giotto and Duccio and the sculptors were busy re-creating the art of the world, Umbria was for the most part silent, her soul imprisoned in the mystery of her soft hills, very scornful of man, seeing that her ways so often ran with his blood, the which seemed to her less precious than the meanest of her dreams. And yet Umbria was not isolated from the world as Siena was, only she was so much nearer Rome, that eternal city, which, busied always with action, government, dominion, has produced no really great artist, has, indeed, never cared overmuch for art for its own sake, but has used it rather as a means of expressing her own glory in glorious days, impatient of it always under the Popes, and ready at the first whisper of scandal to cast it from her for ever.

All the art of Italy is really an alien in Rome. She in her tragic and actual life, perhaps the most tremendous force in the world, ruined every beautiful thing she touched, harnessing it to her chariot, or dragging it a splendid captive through her highways. So, having found Raphael, that scholarly and serene soul, she drugged him with her enchantments, and compelled him to paint some of the most beautiful pictures in the world on the awkward cramped walls of the Vatican, thinking of them chiefly as a decoration, but spoiling them as

Google

just that, by her desire for reality, for the expression of life where it was most out of place. It is only the splendid genius of Raphael that has prevented our feeling the difficulty of the spaces he had to fill. And it was the same with Michelangelo. That destroying genius, terrible in his isolation, who seems to be ever brooding over some immense sorrow, is only not overcome by her, because he has already been overwhelmed by his own personality, a more exacting master. Even his strong will, however, she bends, and desires that he shall forsake his true vocation, sculpture, and decorate with his unsatisfied genius the private chapel of her master, the Pope. In that place, where for centuries the vicegerent of God, not always observant of that peace with mankind proclaimed in the dawn so long ago, has been chosen, Michelangelo has created a terrible and immense crowd of sorrowful figures, each one of which seems to accuse the Papacy and God Himself of some tragic crime committed upon mankind — Adam, who so languidly, so reluctantly, touches the outstretched hand of the Creator; pitiful humanity and our beautiful world drowned in that bitter unforgiveable flood; the mighty Sibyls pregnant with thoughts they dare only express in mysteries; the tortured Prophets, the sacrificed messengers of God, the Athletes and the Slaves. And above all, dwarfing everything, ignoring everything, stands the huge fresco of the *Last Judgment*, in which man in all his beauty condemns God, and, as it might seem, rises from the ease and peace of the grave only to pronounce sentence on life for ever.

This profound and wonderful vision of life by no means decorates the chapel of the Popes; it dwarfs it. The air is so full of figures that we can see nothing. It is a torture to gaze upon that roof, physical as well as spiritual. We are overwhelmed by a crowd of passionate and insistent figures, so that it is impossible to look at anything, seeing that they all so eagerly claim our attention. To compare this chapel with the upper church at Assisi is to understand the extraordinary difference between the fourteenth and the sixteenth centuries,

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

between Rome and any other city, between what Florence conceived decoration to be, and what Rome had forced it to become. In that quiet empty church in the city of S. Francis how perfectly Giotto has understood the limitations of reality; nothing is thrust upon us, nor is there any overwhelming passion. Our real emotion will come not from the quiet persons on the walls, but from the miracle of the Mass itself, said there so rarely and with so simple an earnestness.

But Rome has ever been the insatiable mistress of the greatest men, luring them to every sort of destruction, encouraging them in their mightiest follies. For her what valour has not been spent, what heroic love has not been given always in vain, what terrible dreams have not ravaged and spoiled the world that she might go more proud! The greatest geniuses she has slain like slaves, the most priceless love she has spent like dross, washed in the blood of the martyrs, of innumerable creatures with whom, after all, we share the world; she, the most beautiful, the most splendid Adulteress, has taken heaven captive, and in all her troubles proclaimed that visionary city as her true Capitol. She, the head and front of our earth, the true capital to whom the mightiest towns are but provincial cities, is sufficient for herself. Nor has she ever touched an alien beauty without spoiling it. First it was the art of that Greece whom she had humbled, which she strove to learn always as one might learn a trick, always in vain. Then the Religion of Jesus, whom she led to victory while she destroyed Him. And at last the art of the Renaissance; for after Michelangelo and Raphael comes the Baroque.

It was in religion, that latest passion of the capital of the world, that Umbria achieved much; her saints are not the least famous upon earth. And even in painting, that great ornament of religion, she later accomplished not a little. Raphael was born in Urbino, and learned the art of Perugino in Perugia; and although it was not until after he had been to Florence that he became of any real importance as an artist, something of the serenity of his native country lingers about

Google

his work always, something not proud but humble, not unsatisfied but contented. Nor is Michelangelo without his debt to Umbria, though it be in less direct fashion. How much he learned from Luca Signorelli is perhaps in the case of so overwhelming a personality a matter of little importance. It could not have been so much that we should ever feel the debt. Yet no one can look at Signorelli's frescoes in the Capella Nuova in the Cathedral at Orvieto and not feel something of the new genius that was about to burst on the world. It is not, however, as an Umbrian that we consider Raphael to-day, but rather as a Roman, as a classic painter of the high Renaissance, in whom already we begin to see suggestions of decadence. A Roman, and therefore influenced by men from all provinces and cities and countries. Nor of course can we claim any real part in Michelangelo's work for Umbria. His ideas, the expression of which may have been in part suggested by Signorelli, are his own. No one of his own day understood them. Those who were his disciples succeeded merely in carrying the ideal of the great sculptor, for even as a painter he is a sculptor, to the ridiculous and the brutal.

Seeing then that Rome, to whom she looked so naturally down her long valleys, was unable to satisfy her in her desire for Art, Umbria looked first into her own heart, and finding there little but dreams turned towards Siena, a city as mystical as herself, a city of great saints, and learned much from her.

Umbrian painting begins with a certain Oderisi or Oderigi of Gubbio, whom Dante has placed in his *Purgatorio* (Canto XI.) as a man so earnest in the study of his art that he had little time for anything beside. Vasari in his life of Giotto says that Oderigi lived in Rome, and that he was an excellent miniature painter, living on terms of close friendship with Giotto. He tells us further that he had "some few remains from the hand of this artist, who was certainly a clever man." Dennistoun says he died in 1299, but indeed we know really nothing concerning him; no work of his with any certainty has come down to us, though it is said that some miniatures

Google

in the missals in the archives of S. Peter's in Rome are from his hand. A certain pupil of his, Guido Palmerucci, has left us some wall pictures in the chapel of the Palazzo del Commune, together with a S. Antonio—all that is left of a large painting which covered the exterior of S. Maria dei Laici. Whether indeed they be really his or no would seem to matter little. At the least they are interesting examples of Umbrian painting at the beginning of the fourteenth century.

Martino Nelli, the first of that famous family, appears to have been contemporary with Palmerucci; poor painter as he was, only very little is left of his work in Gubbio to-day. A ruined fresco over a fountain in the Via Dante, and one or two other fragments, are all that remain to us of the work of a man whose very name would have perished but for the work of his son Ottaviano. With this man Umbrian painting really begins; the greatest of the Gubbian painters, his work possesses no little beauty. Like splendid miniatures his works are gay with colour, they seem to be composed of curiously cut antique jewels. Too large to fit into the covers of the great missals these pictures of Ottaviano Nelli's doubtless served somewhat the same purpose as the tiny pictures that greet you as you turn over those ivory leaves. They too were painted in the service of Religion, and even as the miniatures in the missals reminded the priest not without a certain serene joy of the facts of Christianity, so these larger miniatures over the altar or upon the wall brought to the mind of the worshipper how much more vividly than words, the story of Christ and the Madonna, beings really to be worshipped, seeing that they were seated upon so magnificent a throne, dressed in such gorgeous apparel, gazing so unconcernedly upon humanity. It is perhaps in these huge miniatures that we find the living influence of that great miniaturist mentioned by Dante—Oderigi.

Ottaviano had many pupils, but not one came to any fame. It is in Fabriano that Umbrian art finds her true expression, in the person of Gentile da Fabriano, the pupil of a certain

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Allegretto Nuzi, who was painting in Florence in 1346, in which year he appeared in the register of the painters of that city. Two pictures by him, at any rate, have come down to us, a *Virgin and Child*, now in the Lateran and an altar-piece in the Sacristy of the Duomo at Macerata, the one dated 1365, the other 1369. It is here doubtless that we find the influence of the school of Oderigi, so soon to be forgotten in the work of Gentile da Fabriano. Scattered up and down Italy, in Florence, in Rome, in Milan, in Perugia, in Pisa, in Orvieto, you find Gentile's work to-day, always with something of the delight in beauty and in exquisite things that is so characteristic of the school of Siena, with something too perhaps of the glowing, glistening colour of Ottaviano Nelli and the Gubbian school. A new kind of happiness comes to us from his pictures. He, of all men, has looked on Umbria for the first time, and found her so fair that he dare hardly tell us of his delight. "In such a dawn it was," he seems to say, in his great picture in Florence, "as I myself have seen over the clear soft hills, that Mary and Joseph and Our Lord fled into Egypt. I know the very flowers by the way, they were so many and so fair, since by that road went the Prince of Life." For the first time in Umbrian painting, a painter has ventured to tell us that the world is fair. Long and long ago Umbria had dreamed of heaven, and listened to the very voice of Christ, that voice as of many waters confusing the simple minds of the world, till suddenly she seems to awaken in Gentile da Fabriano into a kind of apprehension of her own lowliness. It was but for a moment that life was able to disturb her in her contemplation. When Gentile died he left no successors. Into the enchanting, distracting music of the world, again sweeps that voice of many waters drowning everything in its own perfection and sweetness. Gentile died in 1427, in him the Umbrian school pure and simple found its greatest painter; with him it came to an end. With the appearance of Piero della Francesca, influences from without, Florentine, Sienese, even, it may well be, Paduan, come into Umbrian painting. There were, however, numerous

Google

isolated schools of painting up and down Umbria, which were almost entirely local in their development. Of these, the earliest would seem to have been that of San Severino, where Giacomo and Lorenzo his brother painted about 1400. It is in their work, and more especially in that at Urbino, where in the oratory of St. John Baptist they have painted the story of that saint, that Morelli has thought that we first meet with portraits of men and women "full of life and expression."

A namesake of these painters, whose work is in the National Gallery, signed "Laurentius II.," was painting so late as 1481.

But it is in another of these little cities that we find the founder of the school, if school it can be called, which later attained to such fame under Perugino. Foligno, that little town in the valley, not far from Assisi, produced a painter in the middle of the fifteenth century in Niccolo da Foligno, called by Vasari Niccolo Alunno. Almost certainly the pupil of Benozzo Gozzoli, who between Rome and Florence painted much in Umbria, he, mystical poet as he is, thrusts upon us his sincere grief or joy in *The Life of Christ* or the *Blessed Virgin* in so irresistible a fashion that we are captured almost at the first glance. "The result is," as Mr. Berenson has well said, "that with precisely the identical purpose of the later Bolognese, he holds our attention, even gives us a certain pungent dolorous pleasure, while we turn away from Guido Reni with disgust unspeakable." And it is not only of a painter so enamoured of the flesh as Guido Reni that Niccolo makes us feel disgust, but even of Perugino, whose affectations and insincerity are intolerable beside the simple beauty, the sincere religion of the founder of the Perugian school. Nor is Niccolo without claim upon our notice as a painter pure and simple. Pictorial though he be, as indeed is all the school, his line and colour are full of emotion, his figures move with the true impulse of life. Benozzo Gozzoli, the Florentine, himself but a poor exponent of the true Florentine tradition, had other pupils among these hills beside Niccolo. After coming to Perugia he

Google

probably taught Benedetto Bonfigli something of his art, that art which is so pretty, so charming, a treasure of the Pinacoteca in that city to-day. Here at last, in this so timid intelligence, we find the roots of that charm, that sentimental beauty, which has so captured the world; the roots of what afterwards flowered so luxuriously in Perugino and Pinturicchio—a particular effect of light, a suggestion of gold in the air, something of that serenity which Perugino knew so well how to express. These angels, crowned so fantastically with roses, are as delightful and almost as affected as anything in Perugino's work.

Meantime another master, greater than any living Umbrian, had appeared in Piero della Francesca. Born at Borgo San Sepolcro in 1416, his work was certainly one of the most astonishing achievements of the age. He appears to have painted in Perugia, as well as at Urbino, Arezzo and Loretto, and in Rome his work was destroyed to make way for that of Raphael. Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, the Perugian, a pupil it may well be of Benozzo Gozzoli, or even of Bonfigli, seems to have met this curiously thoughtful painter early in life. How different is his work ever after! But Fiorenzo yielded himself to many masters, even to his own pupils, among them Pinturicchio. The work of the Florentine masters, of Antonio Pollaiuolo, was also known to him, and possibly something of the first achievements of Luca Signorelli and Melozzo da Forli, the pupils of Piero della Francesca.

Fiorenzo's work lends a spirit of antique cheerfulness to the Pinacoteca at Perugia beyond anything of the sort to be found in the somewhat cloying sweetness of Perugino. He seems to have seen the very spirit of the fifteenth century objectively—almost as Piero della Francesca sees his subjects —as though she were a stranger in Florence or Perugia, in whose fierce and rugged streets she trips, a vision of new beauty. In that series of eight pictures of scenes in the life of San Bernardino of Siena a new elegance transfusing the old religion, almost certainly aiding it profoundly in its encounter

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

with the new spirit, seems to have come into the Piazza and the streets of the old warrior city—something infinitely more subtle and perhaps more sincere than the sentiment of Perugino. His two pupils, Perugino and Pinturicchio, made the school famous; painted in the Sistine Chapel; in Siena, in Perugia, in Florence, and in their day were as famous as any painters in Italy. Perugino, indeed, probably turned out, for there is no other expression to explain his methods, more religious pictures than any other painter in Italy. He managed a kind of workshop of pious paintings, employing many pupils and workmen in their production, and allowing their feeble, sentimental work, often quite unworthy of him, to appear as his own. But in spite of every disadvantage inherent in such a brutal commercialism, his achievement is secure, and as, what has been called by Mr. Berenson, a "space-composer," he has few equals in all the history of his art. If his pupil Raphael surpassed him, it was rather by reason of his teaching than by any original comprehension of space that Raphael possessed. The achievement of Pinturicchio was different. His touch is much heavier than that of Perugino, as we may see to-day in comparing their work in the Sistine Chapel. In him we see really the goal of the Sienese School achieved—a perfect "illustration," a lovely and ornamental explanation of the subject. Not that the subject is everything, but that movement, life, painting are nothing, and the most important thing in his work, certain delightful ornamental thoughts—poetical, charming—which he has given us on certain subjects, such as the *Nativity*, or *St. Catherine Disputing with the Doctors*, or the *Life of Pius II.*

The Umbrian School, so unimportant in comparison with the Schools of Florence or Venice, less even than the School of Siena, in the history of painting, yet brings us "the most famous and the most beloved name in modern art"—Raphael Sanzio. But it is not as an Umbrian that I shall consider Raphael, but rather as a Roman painter. He learned from so many and so various teachers—Leonardo, Michelangelo, and

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Fra Bartolomeo, no less than from Giovanni Sanzio, Perugino, and Pinturicchio. And yet even in his latest work—*The Transfiguration*—after he has encountered all the greatest intelligences of his day, how he brings back to us the soft distances, the spacious golden air of Umbria! In his youth his work had been so like to Perugino's that in Florence he had been encouraged to persevere in it, in the hope of one day achieving or even surpassing the charm, the soft and lovely excellence of that master. How perfectly he has learned every lesson, how humbly he has listened to every master! It is easy to see that his youth was spent in Umbria. His personality, never very strongly marked, seems to have absorbed all, or almost all, that was best in his contemporaries, and added something of the serenity, the quiet delight in beautiful things for their own sake, the loyalty to the old great masters, that was so conspicuously his own. It is as scholar among masters that we see him, content even to the end of his life to learn and to absorb everything that was fair with which he came in contact, not the art of painting only, but scholarship, philosophy, history, poetry, the classics also, transforming them into his own terms, and finding in them the serenity and beauty of his own nature, to which we have scarcely attained in the centuries since his death. Without the great nervous strength of so profound, so subtle a personality as Leonardo, or the immense physical virtue of Michelangelo, he died at thirty-seven years of age. And he is like a relic from the classical age, some perfect serene god, blithe and beautiful, discovered, as it were, by some happy fortune, in a time so in love with pagan culture as the sixteenth century. And even as his work has something of the indestructible perfection of the antique, its precise virtue, its ideality, so in his own body he was beautiful and delicate. His nature was so transparent that everything that was really life-giving shone through it as the sun. The disorder, the tragic rebellion of Michelangelo, was impossible for him. He could never have been sufficiently lawless in his imagination

Google

or passions to violate the instinct of reverence. And so we find in him a kind of impotence, that after all overwhelms at last even a nature so strong and so impetuous as Michelangelo.

Of all that imperious and splendid age, glittering with many cruelties, gleaming with subtleties that in the end made Art impossible, Raphael is the saviour. The presence of his nature is like a fair soft light over everything, or like a perfect flower in the midst of a battle-field. Rather than any saint or soldier, or man of genius, or philosopher, he serves as the type of the Renaissance at its highest; and his impotence, if we may so call it, is nothing more than the failure of all art to express, to do more than shadow forth, that perfect state which Plato has seen lying in the heavens, which St. Paul has assured us is eternal there.

EDWARD HUTTON.

Google

THE STATE REGISTRATION OF NURSES

As much has already been written in favour of this subject, an endeavour should be made to show the dangers and defects of State registration for nurses, should such ever become law, and how the points raised by its supporters may be effectually dealt with by surer and more successful methods, where the interests of the public, the medical profession and nurses themselves are concerned.

Registration is not, and never can be, applicable to nurses, nursing being a vocation or calling, and not, truly speaking, a profession; a nurse is only one of the instruments used by skilled surgeons and physicians to carry out their work, and her *rôle* should be that of handmaid; she must be a part of their work and subservient to their orders. As the medical profession alone is responsible to the sick for the skill and efficiency of the nurses it employs, the nurse is not self-acting or independent like her sister the midwife, who, inasmuch as her work is of a more technical character, can and does act independently of a doctor; and for this reason one is registrable, the other is not.

To prove that those who are now opposing the registration of general nurses have no prejudice against registration itself, there is the fact that many who signed in favour of the registration of midwives are now strenuously opposing the registration of *general* nurses.

Google

The general nurse may neither diagnose, treat, nor prescribe; in fact, she can do no more than carry out, loyally and faithfully, but with intelligence and skill, the orders she receives. That being so, what can there be to register where the general nurse is concerned? Absolutely nothing! Nursing-work does not admit of State control or education, as nurses are not a separate or independent profession, but merely an adjunct to the medical profession.

The register for the *general* nurse at its best would be nothing more than an ordinary official list or directory, useless as the paper upon which it was written; it would, moreover, be a shelter for the undesirable nurse, who could claim protection from it and become *dangerous* as well as worthless to the medical profession, the public, and to nurses themselves. The public would be lulled into a false sense of security and the doctors misled by believing that this register would protect them from the incompetent and undesirable nurse, which it could not do on account of the obvious difficulty of removing a name from the list when once registered without danger of litigation. This could not but prove disastrous to the sick and to the medical profession, as well as most unjust to nurses as a body, and would undoubtedly prevent good and suitable women from entering the work of nursing.

Registration of nurses, though veneered with the word *State*, would be utterly powerless to achieve the purpose for which it was instituted, as it would fail to eliminate the undesirable women from the work.

We have been told at some length by those who are agitating for State registration that, under the present chaotic condition of things in the nursing world, the public is unprotected, and that all nurses being classed together, wearing the same dress, obtaining the same fees, whatever be the length, the system, or source of their training, the general public has no means whatever of finding out whether these women have the right to nurse or be employed as nurses, or of separating the really trained from the imperfectly trained.

Google

Let us consider what circumstances have brought about this much-to-be-regretted condition of things. First, undoubtedly the growing demand for nurses, a demand which far exceeds the supply, as great and heavy calls have been made, and continue to be made, upon nursing resources, such as supplying the hospitals of various sizes with trained women. The Government also claims a large number of nurses for work in the military and naval hospitals, the Indian Nursing Service, the Colonial Nursing Service, and the Queen Victoria's Jubilee District Nursing Service, besides which there are vacancies to be filled in many hospitals and private nursing institutes abroad; and, lastly, there is the heavy burden of the gigantic undertaking of the individual or private nursing of the general public, with which the existing training-schools find themselves unable to cope. Consequently, the temptation has been to fill up the vacancies by the importation of the partly trained woman or discarded material of the nurse training-schools.

The second cause is that the public and medical profession alike have shown too great willingness to employ the partially trained or untrained nurse. The nursing world thus finds itself confronted to-day with a problem difficult indeed to solve—namely, how to improve the conditions of its own affairs, and yet at the same time to safeguard the principles of true nursing and the proper care of the sick.

No one will dispute that the public has the right to demand some guarantee that the women whom it employs as nurses are nurses in reality, not merely in name; and it is the duty of all thinking men and women to endeavour to arrive at some means by which this object can be attained. It is much to be regretted that the public and medical profession have not more freely exercised the right which is legitimately theirs of asking each nurse to produce her certificate of training, and if that be not forthcoming at once to expose the association that supplied her for providing an untrained nurse when a trained one was expected.

Google

It is argued by those in favour of State registration that the only method of preventing this imposition upon the public is to establish a central board or outside authority which would also be a body of appeal; but it is certain that the training-schools, from the opportunities afforded to them by daily observation and practical experience of their pupils, are in the position of being a safer guarantee for reference than any central board or outside authority could be. And further, no power or central board could possibly regulate nursing education *effectually*, for the simple reason that it would necessarily entail a uniform standard of teaching. Now, is this uniform standard desirable or not? Experience shows that every training-school should establish a thoroughly organised system of education in practical nursing and in theoretical knowledge; yet a too-defined standard would be greatly to be deplored, as it would tend to reduce the training to a mere technical efficiency, and thus limit further development, as is clearly seen in the hospitals of other countries which are under State control. The question as to whether this standard might be more definitely regulated so as to become universally adopted, especially by the smaller hospitals, may be a point for consideration so long as the individuality of teaching in each school is maintained; but uniformity in teaching is one thing and State registration is another: the one deals with educational detail, the other with the fundamental principles of nursing; these, as has already been said, are unregistrable.

No mere form of State registration, or what has been described as "Hall Mark," can ever guarantee to the sick or the medical profession that they have the right nurse—*i.e.*, one not only technically capable, but also able to take her proper place in the household of her patient, where she should naturally be a comfort and a help; this most necessary assurance should be obtained by the medical man from those who supply the nurse, and from whom he should be able to rely upon receiving at a moment's notice what he requires for his patient.

Digitized by Google

It is also argued by the supporters of State registration that though nursing is one of the leading professions for educated women, and is unique in being the only profession exclusively assigned to them, yet it is the one calling without a recognised standard of capacity. What *is* the standard of capacity? Under the old school the principle of training was short, sharp and quick, it being held that a nurse, like a doctor, must always be ready to face emergency. The period of training was in keeping with this principle, its shortness giving the impetus to final results, each woman realising that, the time being short wherein this enormous experience was to be gained, no detail or opportunity must be lost, observation must never flag, and energy must never slacken. The result of this system was a sharpening of the intellect and a spur to the activity of the woman in training; thus the foundation of a real standard of capacity was laid. But while this was the basis of a magnificent structure of work and womanhood, it was, humanly speaking, impossible to keep up such a strain for any length of time; the foundation-stone, however, being laid, the future fabric was secure. Now, which is better? This shorter training with rapid promotion where the powers are strongly tested and no time is allowed for self-concentration, and which has produced in the nursing world some of the finest and most capable women, many of whom are still living and most prominent in their profession, or the longer, slower-developing training now so generally accepted and strongly advocated, but in which this special impetus is wanting? The latter principle produces an altogether more average quality of woman, and may prevent many able and capable workers from developing into powerful and efficient leaders, teachers and organisers in nursing work.

Now let us look at it from the other point of view. The longer period of training of the nurse offers to the sick and the medical staff in our hospitals the undoubted advantage of a less frequent change of nurse, for a nurse cannot be considered as efficient who has not passed through the medical and surgical

Google

wards, the wards for special work, and the various departments of a hospital. Under the old school this end was accomplished by a more rapid changing of nurses from ward to ward and from department to department; now this is achieved more slowly, so that the question must still revolve itself in the minds of thoughtful men and women and of those who train nurses, *Which is the better system?* and, *Which gives the better results?* That training which has been proved to produce the more capable and active nurse for the sick—a nurse with all that forcible action which is fast becoming a mere memory of the pioneers of nursing work—or that which gives the sick in hospital wards a less frequent change of nurse but a more average ability? In a word, Which is the kinder and better system for the sick themselves and for those women who are being educated to wait on the sick? Due consideration must be given to the fact that those who offer themselves for any class of work in the present day, either men or women, do not appear to possess the physical stamina of the past, a fact which tends to prove that it is quality that is at fault rather than the conditions of training. It may be argued, in explanation, that, as many other fields of work are open to women, the capable are more widely distributed; but against this it must be borne in mind that in former days the opposition to educated women becoming nurses was very great, and the difficulties in their way almost insurmountable; consequently by far the greater part of the nurses of the past were illiterate women; yet, as regards their vocation, their love for and their practical knowledge of their work, their equal is not now to be found, in spite of the magnificent practical, theoretical and systematic teaching which is to be obtained in the present day. What nursing work requires, and what it now has, is the well-educated, refined and gentle woman of unquestioned birth, and the middle-class woman of good education and refinement. *For nursing is a vocation*, and the qualities and powers that produce that vocation are to be found in all classes from the peeress to the peasant.

Google

This work, differing entirely from any other calling or profession, naturally requires distinctive treatment. If technical skill and efficiency—important, most important as they are—were encouraged to predominate in the view taken of a nurse's qualifications, the result would be to weaken what is of the greatest consequence—the cultivation of character. It is also said by those in favour of State registration that the scheme, the most prominent feature of which is uniformity of education, will raise the status of the entire nursing profession; this may be so from a purely scientific and commercial view, and it may be attractive to a larger number of the highly educated class including the university graduate, but it will to a great extent eliminate those upon whom nursing work mainly depends—namely, the women who possess the true vocation of nursing but who may or may not be possessed of high scientific attainments; for what is it that the sick require from their nurses? That characteristic fitness which bespeaks the nursing vocation, and which lends itself to the patient, so that he unconsciously derives, even from her presence—if she be the right woman in her work—all that is conducive to his recovery; this is the class of nurse who is a help to the doctor, and whom he values on account of her ability in furthering his object by her skilful management of his patient, and for her womanly, sympathetic, and gentle nature.

Having considered the principal points urged in favour of State registration, what scheme can be suggested as an alternative?

First, the licensing and registration of all surgical and medical homes and private nursing associations. Some official control of this character would safeguard the interests both of the public and the medical profession, for it would give opportunity for the full investigation of the standard of those employed therein. Such a scheme would make the employment of the untrained nurse practically impossible; also every hospital, small as well as large, should be compelled to keep a register of those trained in its school, and

Google

thus a supply of efficient, fully trained nurses could always be guaranteed to the public. In a word, it is not the registration of *the individual nurse that is desirable*, but the registration of the institutions, homes and agencies from which she is supplied. There are in existence at this present time several institutions which receive no nurse on their staff unless she holds a certificate of three years' consecutive training in her hospital. All honour to them for so faithfully adhering to the principle of true nursing and loyal service to the public.

The second means suggested is the adoption of a uniform certificate by *all* hospitals, large and small, of a perfectly different character to that at present used—a certificate showing the period of consecutive training received in the wards of a hospital, with the plan of practical and technical education given, and instruction in sick cookery, &c. It should show the percentage of marks gained and possible to be gained in a fixed scale, which scale should be accepted by all training-schools; there should also be set forth the comparative value of the nurse's work and capability and moral qualities. It might be found advisable to specify the size of the hospital in which the training was received by stating the number of beds, thus showing the opportunities for gaining experience which were afforded to the nurses.

Such a scheme as this would be far superior to one which would involve an examination before any central examining board, as the unavoidable "cramming" for such an examination would prove highly detrimental to a nurse's practical training by taking her attention from her ordinary work and studies and causing her unnecessary anxiety as to its results.

This scheme would render it impossible for women who have received only maternity training, or the partially trained and cottage-hospital nurses (hospitals with only from six to twelve beds), to undertake cases for which they were not qualified, unless they were employed by the medical man or others who had full knowledge of their capabilities. Yet it must be remembered that these nurses are at times most

Google

useful, and that our smaller hospitals throughout the country have produced some very excellent nurses.

There is yet one thing more to be said on this most important subject of State registration, and it is this: It surely behoves all who have the interests of nurses and nursing work at heart, and who are striving so earnestly for their improvement, to endeavour to come to some unanimous decision that would once and for all place them in their true position and guard them from all future misconception and disrepute, a decision that would restore the nurse and her work in the eyes of the world to the noble position they held "when the refined and beloved Florence Nightingale was still strong enough to be their leader, when nurses were held to be the pick of their sex, and were supposed to be above feminine jealousies and petty party politics. There is no sacrifice which could be too great to bring back this happy state of affairs, and to reinstate them once more in the eyes of the world, their patients and their friends."

In the cause of the sick, the suffering and the dying nurses have a nobler and a higher aim than that set forth as "an honourable profession for honourable women." For, by gentleness and patient charity, by faithfulness and sympathy, they may and do serve God in His afflicted, for in the ministry of love "he that is chief is he that doth serve." *Servæ Dei Excelsi.* Nurses need aspire to no higher title than this.

KATHARINE HENRIETTA MONK

(Matron and Superintendent of the Nurse-training School of King's College Hospital).

Google

VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI

(DUCHESS OF BRACCIANO)

IN the study of the Renaissance, so full of stately magnificence, of charm and beauty, we may not close our eyes to such interludes of passion and violence as those on which the story of Vittoria Accoramboni casts a lurid light.

A certain notary of Rome, Messer Claudio Accoramboni, had property in the Marches of Ancona, and a dwelling-house, which is still pointed out in the picturesque little town of Gubbio. Here there was born to him a little daughter; and in her peaceful home, amid the fresh life-giving breezes from the Apennines, she grew into marvellous beauty, a very wonder. Slim and lithe of figure, with a dazzling complexion of milk and roses, features perfectly moulded, and great sleepy eyes looking out from beneath their long lashes, with alluring "Come hither!" in their glance; it only needed the rippling mass of golden hair to make her an ideal type of beauty in her day.

Such a paragon was not to be wasted in a dull country town, and her ambitious mother carried her off to Rome before she was sixteen to arrange some great marriage for her. This would be the more easy to achieve, as her father was a man of good means and excellent reputation. It was not long before a suitable match presented itself. Vittoria hid her own vanity and ambition under a demure veil of modesty, and her rare beauty soon attracted the greatest admiration. Amongst the

Google

clients of her father was the Cardinal of Montalto, Felice Peretti, who had brought his favourite nephew to make his fortune in the great city, and who was anxious to forward his views by an advantageous marriage.

The young Francesco was presented to Vittoria and fell desperately in love with her; the fathers settled money matters between them to their mutual satisfaction, and the two were married with much ceremony. The Cardinal was so pleased with the match that besides rich presents, he gave his nephew the Villa Negroni, which he had built near the Baths of Diocletian. The exquisite gardens of this Villa, with their cypress avenues and orange-trees and ancient sarcophagi, were one of the glories of Rome. Having once secured her position, the bride took no pains to hide her real qualities. The gorgeous magnificence of her dress, her extravagance, and passionate love of pleasure, soon made her a byword in Rome, where the levity of her conduct gave as much cause for gossip as her marvellous beauty.

Cardinal Peretti, who was devoted to his nephew, was not long in finding how grievously he had been deceived in the character of the young wife, and was extremely indignant; but Vittoria, who little knew that he would one day be Pope, seems to have treated him with light-hearted insolence, which he never forgave. Besides the unwise influence of her mother, the girl had a brother who had been outlawed for murder, but was now under the protection of Paolo Giordano Orsini, the powerful Duke of Bracciano.

It occurred to this disreputable youth that it would be an excellent way to advance the fortunes of the family, if he could contrive to marry this beautiful sister of his to the Duke. He was not appalled at the difficulties in the way of carrying out such a scheme, for she had a husband, and the Duke had a wife. The first thing was to arrange a meeting, and such was her extraordinary power of attraction that Paolo Giordano fell in love with her at first sight. He was a man of fifty, of great stature, immensely fat, and afflicted with an incurable

Google

disease. But the fierce passions of his race had been roused, and in his position as a sovereign lord in his own dominions he resolved to satisfy them. As for Vittoria, she was tired of her somewhat dull middle-class life and respectable husband, weary of constant fault-finding from his uncle the Cardinal, and her ambition was roused by the hope of taking her place as one of the highest duchesses of the land. Nothing short of that would content her. She met the Duke frequently, received his splendid gifts, and at last promised to marry him, "as soon as they were both free."

These were her ominous words, and she left the way of accomplishing it to him. His wife was Isabella dei Medici, a woman of evil character, with favourites of her own to whom he had hitherto paid little attention. Now he was suddenly aroused, and found that she was constantly attended by her lover, Troilo Orsini, who managed to make his escape in time. But Isabella was at once taken by her husband to the solitary castle of Galera, which stands grimly on a rock above the River Arrone, in a district near Rome so malarious that even the shepherd forsakes it in summer with his flock. Here the ill-fated lady was told to prepare for death and repent of her sins, and was strangled by her lord and master, at once her judge and her executioner.[1] Then he sent Marcello and some bravoes to murder Francesco Peretti.

This was fatally easy, for the Cardinal's nephew had no suspicions. A messenger came to him in urgent haste, late one night, with a letter from his brother-in-law, asking for immediate assistance, as he was in great trouble, and was waiting for him on the Quirinal. Here the various accounts differ; some say that his wife jeered at him and called him dastard when he hesitated; while others tell us that, although she wished for his death, yet she hesitated at the last moment, and begged him with tears not to risk himself. However this may be, Peretti's generous nature would not suffer him to

[1] Some historians say that she was murdered at the Villa del Poggio Imperiale, near Florence.

Google

refuse help to a friend, and he accompanied the messenger, who had with him attendants bearing lights and daggers. They went out into the night, passing the great open space near the Baths of Diocletian and on by San Bernardo till they reached the outskirts of the Sforza garden, now belonging to the Palazzo Rospigliosi. Here he must have been taken by surprise and stabbed, for his body was found on this spot in the morning.

When the terrible news reached his uncle, the Cardinal Montalto, he doubtless had his dark suspicions, for he made no outcry for vengeance, but buried his loved nephew in sorrow and silence. Pope Gregory XIII. seems always to have suspected the truth, for when the Duke of Bracciano would have married the widow of his victim, the banns were forbidden and the marriage interdicted. But of this Paolo took no notice, and as no priest could be found to perform the ceremony, he went through a form of plighting his troth to Vittoria with a ring in the presence of his servants, and induced her to take up her abode in his palace with her mother. Whereupon the proud family of the Orsini protested against the marriage, for there was a social gulf between the great and noble Orsini and the Accoramboni, who were of the people. Then the Pope set about to discover the murderers of Francesco Peretti, and sent his guards to the Orsini palace, requiring that the criminals should be given up to him. A message was sent out to them that the Duke was taking his siesta, and the men-at-arms who were standing about in the courtyard picked a quarrel with the Papal guards, killing one and wounding others, and finally driving them away. Pope Gregory was furious at this, and again sent a solemn embassy forbidding any meeting between Paolo and the lady under a fine of ten thousand gold ducats.

Vittoria was too cautious to anger the Pope still further, and she left the Orsini palace to take refuge with her brother Marcello, notwithstanding all her lover's entreaties. Still she constantly met him, and at last the Pope had Vittoria arrested

Digitized by Google

and imprisoned in the dungeon of Sant' Angelo. Still after a while she was released, and went through another marriage ceremony at Bracciano, which, although only two hours' ride from Rome, was outside the jurisdiction of the Church. Gregory again declared it invalid, but he died soon after. While the Holy See is vacant all interdictions are void, and Vittoria, knowing this, persuaded the Duke to come to Rome at once for another marriage, in order that she might be safe in her position. They were staying at the Orsini palace, in Pompey's Theatre, thinking the Conclave would last some time, when private news reached them that the Cardinal of Montalto, Felice Peretti, had secured a large number of votes, and would in all probability be elected.

This was indeed startling intelligence, and for a moment the Duke paused at the thought of the ruin which threatened him, but Vittoria fell sobbing at his feet, and her influence won the day. She sent an imperious command to the chaplain that he should make ready for the marriage to take place at once. It so chanced that the messenger found the priest already engaged with a burial service in the chapel, for one of Bracciano's retainers had been slain in a street brawl, and his body was even now lying on a bier before the altar. Struck with terror by this evil omen, the priest and his assistant had barely time to hide away the corpse in an empty vault, before the door was thrown open for the entrance of the bridal party.

The poor man, still trembling with agitation and dark forebodings, had no choice but to obey his orders and perform the marriage service under these gloomy auspices. But when all was over, he thought to make amends and ease his conscience, by carefully writing down the whole story in the parchment register, which may still be seen in the Church of Santa Maria in Grotta Pinta, so called from the painted decoration of a vault in Pompey's Theatre.

Meantime the bride and bridegroom returned to their stately palace to await events with what courage they could

Google

summon, for they were met with the announcement that the uncle of Vittoria's murdered husband was elected Pope, under the name of Sixtus V. Yet the Duke of Bracciano did not lose all hope, and, trusting in the well-known meekness and gentleness of the last successor of Saint Peter, he lost no time in paying lowly homage at the Vatican. But, like all the rest of the world, he had mistaken his man. From the moment he became Pope a complete change had passed over the peaceful Cardinal. He set himself to rule with a rod of iron, and made it plain that no evil-doers would escape his vengeance.

So masterful and resolute in will did he show himself, that when our Queen Elizabeth was urged to choose a husband she is said to have replied: "I know of but one man who is worthy of my hand, and that man is Sixtus V."

This was the prelate whose fierce anger had been roused by the treacherous murder of his nephew, and we cannot wonder that Vittoria and her second husband fled in haste from his wrath. They dared not remain even in the ducal estate of Bracciano, for that was within reach of vengeance, and they lost no time in making their way across Italy to take refuge in the States of Venice, where one of their kindred was general of the forces. The unfortunate Duke did not live many months after his exile and disgrace; he is said to have died suddenly and mysteriously at Salo on the Lago di Garda, leaving the greater portion of his vast property to Vittoria.

The will was apparently declared valid by the Venetian authorities; and now a widow for the second time, the Duchess went to live in her beautiful Palazzo dei Orsini at Padua. But even here there was no peace for her; her husband's next-of-kin, Prince Ludovico Orsini, followed her, and tried to induce her by threats to yield the property to him. He was a man of fierce, vindictive temper, and on her indignant refusal, he resolved that she should not long stand in his way. She was practically unprotected, for she seems to have been living in quiet retirement with only a small retinue of servants. A

Google

young brother, Flaminio, had recently joined her, and was her sole companion.

It was not two months after the death of Duke Paolo, and the young widow was at her devotions one evening, on the point of retiring to rest. From the chamber below rose the sound of her brother's voice, singing a canzone to his viol, when of a sudden his music was drowned by an assault at the door, heavy steps on the marble floor, and loud boisterous cries. Then came a shriek of agony from the boy, and almost before the unhappy woman realised her danger, the bravoes of Ludovico had forced their way into her presence. With savage ferocity she was seized, and while two of the ruffians held her in their grasp, another tore open her robe and pressed the dagger to her heart, with cruel words of insult.

So ended the eventful life of the unfortunate beauty. But her murder was avenged, for the Paduans, who had given her refuge in their midst, rose in arms against Ludovico and took him prisoner. He was sent to Venice, and a week later was strangled with the red silk cord, which a noble had the privilege of demanding. Then his body was carried in state with a great procession and many torches to find a last resting-place in the Basilica of San Marco. A terrible vengeance overtook the minions who had served his will. Some were put to death with torture and the rest were sent to the galleys. As for the wicked brother Marcello, whose evil suggestions had brought forth so terrible a harvest, he met the fate which he so richly deserved at the hand of the inflexible Pope Sixtus V.

As we read this tragic and pitiful story, in which all the actors come to an untimely end and none are left to make lamentation for them, we seem to trace the source from whence so many Elizabethan dramatists drew their inspiration.

CHRISTOPHER HARE.

Google

GRYLLUS[1]

RUDDY with sunset gold her palace stood—
Circe's,—and from the porch, through glades of wood,
One saw the great gold circlet of the sea;
And standing there, by Circe's side, was He—
Odysseus!—he whose spear full oft had rung,
Death-dealing, through the hosts of Troy—whose tongue,
With witchery of honey'd words, had swayed
The Grecian councils—and who, undismayed,
Breasting fate's fellest waves, nor fearing odds
Of men or monsters, nor the wrath of gods,
Had tossed all perils into sparkling spray.
And, on the marble steps beneath them, lay,
Toughened by toil, and bronzed by sun and brine,
Those mariners of his that late were swine,
Now men once more.
Then, like a mighty tide,
Surged in the hero's heart the glory and pride
Of manhood; and he said, "Ah! loveliest witch,
Me, all unworthy, hast thou made most rich
With largess of thy gifts: my men restored,
My barks refitted, and myself made lord
Of thy too perilous beauty; yet, I pray,
Add to thy gifts: if there be here to-day,

[1] The reader need scarcely be reminded that these verses are founded on the fragment of a dialogue by Plutarch.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Among those porkers grovelling in their styes,
Some son of Greece, do thou debestialise,
And grant him me to sail the seas again."

As the gods smile when human prayers are vain,
So did she smile on him, and said, "Aye, aye,
Here be of Greeks enow in every stye;
But is it thou, the world-wise and astute,
Who makest sure they will forswear the brute
Gladly?—nor seest, purblind lover mine,
In what a happy twilit world, divine
And void of care, they have their lives, and doat
On me, their loved enchantress,—with full throat
Grunting in adoration! Let me call
One from the herd, that he may speak for all,
And show thee for how vain a thing they hold
Thy vaunted manhood."
With her voice of gold,
That like rich music took the ear, she cried,
"Gryllus, O Gryllus!"
From the coppice side
Rose at her call a boar of mightiest brawn,
Who slowly sniffed his way across the lawn.

"That boar, Odysseus, was a Greek erewhile,
Gryllus his name; and from Eubœa's isle,
Where the grapes cluster, and the myrtle groves
With bees are murmurous, and incessant doves
Coo their love-litanies—from thence he came
To Troy; and when, in a great flare of flame
And rack of smoke, Troy-town had passed away,
Left the Greek host, traffick'd from bay to bay,
Touched at these shores, drank my transforming wine—
Ah, not unwillingly! and here, in fine,
Awaits our questioning."
For as she ceased,

Digitized by Google

Up the last step came the unwieldy beast,
And fawned on her white feet.
A moment's space
She looked on him, and then began to trace
A viewless web with her black wand, and croon
A low sweet mystic song, that seemed some rune
From days forgotten when the world was young
And song still held its magic. As she sung,
And lightly touched him, in the untroubled eyes
First reason woke, fast followed by surprise,
Then horror; and as one who in a dream
Wrestles against impending dooms that seem
To crush him, life and speech, so haggard, mute,
With every nerve a-quiver, stood the brute
With the man's look.
Answering it, she said, "Yes,
Whether it be to ban, or else to bless,
So far, O Gryllus, do my spells avail
That thou canst weigh in no unequal scale
Thy old and new estates, since thou art now
Twi-natured. Lo, I touch thee on the brow,
There on the topmost bristles within reach,
And by that added touch I give thee speech."

"Why dost thou torture me?"
As when in spring
The freshets break from winter's hand, and fling
Adown their beds a spilth of icy blocks
That crash, and grind, and wrangle with the rocks,—
So through the gaunt tusks burst the speech uncouth:

"Why dost thou torture me? Hast thou no ruth,
Nor pity for the pig who loved thee well,
That with malific verse, and hateful spell,
Shattering his world, thou hurlest him distraught
Once more into the gulf of human thought,

Google

Where madness lurks with mouths agape for prey?
Back Circe, back, back to the beast I say,
Plague me no longer!"
Like a sword-flash came
The hero's sharp retort: "Hast thou no shame
To mould thy soul to that vile form? Awake
Sluggard, awake! Let sovereign Reason take
Her throne, and rule thy life to noble ends
Of deed and daring; follow these my friends,
Who, fixed of purpose, over land and sea
Go where I lead them. Dost thou not know me?
I am Odysseus!"
"Aye, I know thee well.
Once, in the forepast years, as it befell,
Being at Crete, I saw thee in thy pride,
Peacocking. From thy ample shoulders wide
A scarlet mantle fell in fold on fold;
Thy tunic was milk-white purfled with gold
In rare device, and at each clasp there burned
A fiery-hearted gem. Then as I turned
To watch thee, and bethought me how thy name
Rang through the world in trumpet-notes of fame,
I envied thee. But now no great deed done
Or in the bud of hope; no triumphs won
Or yet to win;—not all thy virile power,
Would tempt me to be thee for one short hour,
Still less thy henchman! Deeds, ah, what are deeds,
However bright with promise, but blind seeds
Hither and thither blown by Fates perverse
Or careless at the best;—seeds of the worse
Rather than of the better; seeds whence spring
Strange parasitic growths that creep and cling,
Stifling!—Shall triumphs born of these,
Or power that gives them festering to the breeze,
Shall these at all allure? Better by far
The brute's quiescence, than to make and mar

by Google

In endless barren sequence. Better too,
Better a thousand times, to only do
As Instinct prompts, following her simple rule,
The growth of silent ages, than befool
Life and its issues in the mesh of lies
That Reason spins apace, and sophistries
She tangles garrulous. Reason, forsooth,
Hear how she vaunts herself! she holds the truth,
She only, she the leader, she the guide
Over the grim gray wastes where man has tried,
Since first time's record runs, to find a track,
With feet how faltering! And now, looking back,
Where has she led him? Has he 'scaped the mire,
The rocks blood-dabbled, and the lands afire
With rapine? Has she yet had power to give
Rest to his soul—some spot where it may live,
As live the gods, self-centred and secure?
Why she, for all her boasting, is she sure
That what she holds to-day to-morrow's morn
Shall not prove vapour—since she holds in scorn
What yesterday she honoured? Reason's spark
A light to guide! Rather thereby the dark
That in its calm enfolds all life, is made
Into a horror of uncertain shade
Thronged by strange spectral shapes, that come and go
In gleam and gloom, and jibber, and mop, and mow,
For ever and for ever! Ah there lurks
Madness! It holds me. The old poison works
Delirium through my being. Yet once more
I feel as I were lying on the floor
Of some rock tomb, so dead among the dead
As not to hear the trampling overhead
Of the incessant years, or sound at all,
Being at peace. When lo! a cry, a call,
Awakes me, and a torch's sudden flare,
Yes, Reason's call and torch! and rising there,

Google

With charnel litter at my feet, I stand
Beneath the crushing vault, and stretch my hand,
And grope for issue—grope and grope and grope,
Where issue there is none;—and with lost hope
Grown frantic, beat the stones, and craze and craze,
As now I do!—Back Circe, back, erase,
Blot out this manhood, that no longer vile
I be a beast once more!"
With the old smile
The witch reversed her spells, and crooned a song
Of simpler stiller mood, that lingered long
And restful on the ear; and as she wrought
And sang her runes, slowly the light of thought
Died in the great brute's eyes; who with his snout
Caress'd her feet, and, turning round about,
Went down the steps, and, grunting, gave a whisk
Voluptuous to his tail,—then trotted brisk
To join his fellows wallowing in their styes.

Meantime the night had filched from out the skies
Their wealth of glory, turning all the gold
To dullest lead that now pressed gray and cold
Upon a sullen world; while sad and chill
A wind moaned from the shore and then was still;
And round the isle went droning, like a dirge,
The plash and plaint of the insatiate surge.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

Google

ON THE LINE

THE late Sir John Robinson, whose recollections are contained in the volume, **Fifty Years of Fleet Street,** edited by Frederick Moy Thomas (Macmillan, 14*s.* net.), was a genial and gifted journalist, self-made and self-sufficing. He was also a thorough-paced Liberal, who was useful to his party. He does not seem to have been an original spirit, but rather a vigorous specimen of second-rate talent, with many of both the virtues and the defects of his Nonconformist upbringing. He was also a keen judge of Fleet Street efficiency, a good chooser of war correspondents, and a quick discerner of promising "copy." Fleet Street, however, powerful as it has become, is not the world, nor are its habits calculated for delicate portrayal or dispassionate discrimination. It is, therefore, rather unfortunate that his biographer should treat him as if he were a great man, and it is still more unfortunate that he should have handled his material in a manner that would entitle much of it to be called "The general impressions of Mr. Frederick Moy Thomas."

We say "unfortunate" advisedly. Mr. Thomas's endowments, though often pleasant and always free and easy, do not comprise great perception of politics or of character, and he is occasionally as inaccurate as Fleet Street ought to be. In a quite unnecessary vignette of Lord John Russell, for instance, he says:

"So long had been his tenure of power at one time that he

Google

was encouraged in the delusion that his premiership was necessary to the country . . ." Every one knows that Lord John's united premierships only amounted to some six and a half years. Then, again, it must amaze (and perhaps amuse) the present and venerable Duke of Rutland to light on these words with regard to his youthful convictions: "Dear old Lord John, who clung to the last to his early beliefs in the Church and cricket, with the maypole on the village green as the cure for all his country's ills!" The familiarity of the "dear old," and the gentle irony of the exclamation-mark bear on them the unmistakable brand of the Fleet Street vintage; they are "bottled at the Château"; and indeed the literary style in more than one passage is keenly reminiscent of the cheap wine circulars whose triumphs of generous recommendation are so refreshing at this barren season of the year.

The son of an Essex Congregational minister, Sir John Robinson began, after a spell of journalism at Devizes and commercial contributions to the *Daily News* in exchange for free copies of the paper, with work for the *Inquirer*. This incident gives an opening, of course, for "Newspapers half a century ago," "Glimpses of Parliament," "Anecdotes of Members," and the like, including "Peers and their dress." For some chapters we lose sight of Sir John altogether, until the American Civil War and "A Crisis in Bouverie Street" recall him to a gaze surfeited with the maze of Mr. Thomas's kaleidoscopic ruminations on life in general, Fleet Street in particular, the baseness of Disraeli, and the glorious uprightness of Gladstone, which is evidenced by some very prejudiced remarks and commonplace incidents. His first meeting with Sir John, "on June 20, 1887, at a dinner at Lord Wolverton's house in Stratton Street," is recorded with something of the memorial pomp and circumstance that characterised Mr. Stead's account of his own first attendance at the theatre. It was Jubilee year, a year of vintage:

> In spite of this the old man came punctually to his time. As he drove up in an open carriage with Mrs. Gladstone, there was a loud shout from the

Google

surging crowd, who had made way for the vehicle to pass, that for a moment alarmed the host and a solitary guest who had arrived early. "It has been a difficult journey," said Gladstone, as he entered the room; "if it had not been for the police I could never have got through." Lord Wolverton made the introduction. "I know you very well by reputation, Mr. Robinson," said the hero of a hundred Parliamentary battles, and then he said something complimentary about his hearer [Can this be Fleet Street for hero?] having recently accepted fresh journalistic responsibilities.

And so forth and so forth, to the full of bathos. One wonders who the "solitary guest who had arrived early" may have been "Remote, unfriended, solitary, slow," he must indeed have been rewarded for all exertions by the treat of such immortal words as these. The mention of America, however, starts Mr. Thomas off once more on another of his unsentimental journeys:

Mark Twain's books (his friends, of course, always call him by his proper name, Clemens) give the notion of man who is always joking. As a matter of fact he is, or was some ten years ago, a sad, slow, somewhat ponderous man. He spoke with a deliberation that was almost irritating. . . . Of humour there was none in his conversation. . . .

His friends, calling him by his proper name, Clemens, is a delightful touch, only to be matched much later on by "Sullivan was a little man who always had an eyeglass screwed in one eye." One of the few really humorous stories, however, in the book is a saying of the author whose books "give the notion of a man who is always joking."

Sir John went from strength to strength—from the *Daily News* heyday of 1870 to its crowning success over the Bulgarian atrocities, and from time to time we get a glimpse of the organising mind; but for the most part, like Dr. Johnson, we are walking down Fleet Street to the tune of a thousand more or less trite topics and reflections. It would be unfair, however, to omit the fact that there are in this volume some really interesting pictures; that, for example, of Sir John's early conditions and surroundings, and of the Nonconformist feeling against the Corn Laws. The "Unitarian Omnibus," too, from the suburb to the City, in which the

Google

young Sir John was neighbour daily to Mr. Chamberlain, is a vehicle that deserves to be painted and remembered. There are several really good stories also, especially one of Sala's pretending to speak bad French at a dinner of foreign journalists; and another especially amusing about Mr. Matthew Arnold (p. 257); but the Lord Coleridge anecdote (on p. 262) is mistold; it was the *Daily Telegraph*, not the *Times*, that was the object of his affected abhorrence. Of what Mr. Thomas himself considers funny there are two striking instances—one the story of the reporter answering the peer who had drunk a glass of wine and challenged him to "put that down in your note-book" by "I would if I saw your Lordship drink a glass of water," which Mr. Thomas explains as a "repartee" which, "it need hardly be said, was a mere piece of good-humoured banter spoken for effect, and not intended to be taken seriously." The other, Mr. Livesey's "witty reply" to one who "in March 1885" observed that it was "a cruel east wind"—"Yes, I expect it will be Easter before it is over"; though the supplement of the Scotchman who took it seriously is effective. And there are a few really excellent *mots*, notably two of Mr. James Payn's.

It is rarely that we have perused looser talk about, and ignorant bias against, Lord Beaconsfield than in this well-meant volume. The finishing stroke, perhaps, is the rumour that he sent for a rabbi on his death-bed. Why, at this rate, should not Mr. Gladstone have sent for the Archbishop of Westminster, or Lord John Russell for the Lama of Thibet?

We lay the book down with a firm conviction that "Fifty Years of Fleet Street" are *not* "better" "than a cycle of Cathay."

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

BEAUJEU

CHAPTER I

KING CHARLES II. CHRISTENS HIS DOGS

MY Lord Sunderland halted behind the hedge and, invisible, surveyed his King. It was a morning of St. Martin's summer, and the sun silvered the big bare elms and made the lawn gleam and glisten before his Majesty's purple shoes. King Charles II. leant upon the shoulder of the Vicomte de Vallorbes and spoke softly, swiftly, earnestly. So my Lord (Sunderland) remained invisible and strained his ears and shivered. For the dew was chill, and he feared vastly for his health.

But my lord with Roman virtue endured. Great matters were at stake, and he dared a cold in his head. In two hours the House of Lords would vote (it was my lord's conviction) that James, Duke of York, being a Papist, might never come to the English throne. And behold, in the Dean's garden King Charles II. held private parley with M. de Vallorbes, who was of the suite of the French Ambassador, who was to leave Oxford that morning for Versailles and Louis le Grand. My lord's educated nose scented base dealings with France to thwart the Protestant cause. My lord suspected his King "of treachery untoward his people," of a villanous desire to preserve the throne for his brother and heir, and was virtuously wroth behind the hedge.

Google

For my Lord Sunderland was at the moment a furious Whig. Titus Oates and his Popish plot yet loomed large over the land, and to be anything less than ardently Whig was rash. There in Oxford the Whig nobles and gentlemen walked the streets with retainers in martial array, and his Majesty's Horse Guards Blue would only go out from their quarters in pairs. That last had profoundly impressed my Lord Sunderland. By great majorities the Commons had voted that the Duke of York should not be the heir. The people for certain were mightily stirred. King Charles II. must bow to their will or go on his travels again. Yet my Lord Sunderland had marked for two days that the King bore his troubles lightly. The King, with a smile, declined to fear the imminent deluge. From behind the hedge my Lord Sunderland descried the reason. The King was building an ark for the Protestant deluge, and Louis of France was supplying the timber.

Hence the King's gaiety; hence this early, lonely talk with M. de Vallorbes. My Lord Sunderland, standing on one leg in the dew, strained his ears vainly to catch the words, for the King and Vallorbes kept far away, and only the spaniels favoured my Lord Sunderland's hedge. It was surely matter of great moment, so close King Charles bent over Vallorbes, so little heed he took of the sportive spaniels. My lord, peering anxiously through the wet yew, saw something pass from the King's long thin fingers to Vallorbes' chubby palm. That was hidden quickly. But then came a packet, white with a black seal, and Vallorbes kissed the seal and put the packet reverently in his bosom. Then with a laugh, "*Au revoir*, Raoul," said the King, and M. de Vallorbes kissed his fingers and was backing away.

My Lord Sunderland also backed away. But a spaniel discovered his toes and bit them, and my lord, hopping, revealed himself. The spaniel enjoyed his hopping vastly, and gave thanks in soprano barks.

"Do you dance, my lord?" cried the King laughing, and

Google

then the black brows drooped, the red under-lip shot out. "You are abroad early, Sunderland?"

"I follow you, sir."

"No thanks for that, my lord."

"Your Majesty is displeased?" said Sunderland blandly. "Pardon, I did not know you had need to be alone."

"'Slife, nor my spaniel that you had, neither. My lord, you hop marvellous well."

"I shall hope to earn your Majesty's praise of all my motions."

"Then to begin, my lord—depart! Sure, they need your honest vote in the Lords. Come, Moll!" The King turned and beckoned a spaniel. She came, but dared him to lift her. King Charles laughed, and, "Sunderland, I have christened her a new name," he cried.

"Your Majesty's fruitfulness," quoth Sunderland.

"Faith, yes, I call her Exclusion."

"Why, sir?"

"Because she will not be carried." Sunderland turned up his nose and sniffed.

"Then, sir—*à demain*," said he in his thinnest voice.

"Oh, with all pleasure, till to-morrow, my lord." Sunderland retired to the strains of laughter and barks, reflecting that the King was a fool.

It was very difficult for him to guess that all the mystery was of nought more terrific than a parcel of brocades required from Paris by Mistress Eleanor Gwynn.

My Lord Sunderland, who was more subtle than any beast of the field, did not guess it. He saw battle and murder and sudden death in that packet with the black seal, and so he hurried off through the cloisters to the corn-market and his very dear friend, Sir Matthew Dane.

Sir Matthew sat over his breakfast, plump and swarthy, a contrast to the lean pallor of my Lord Sunderland; but the sight of Sunderland turned him to a light yellow, and he sprang up crying:

Google

"Is all well, my lord? Is all well?" for the nerves of King Charles II.'s subjects were sorely strained. Sunderland shrugged up his lean shoulders.

"When all is well I will believe in a God," said he. Sir Matthew laughed in the manner of one who is not quite sure that he ought; and Sunderland, helping himself to wine, "I suppose, Sir Matthew, I suppose you were never a highwayman? Eh?"

"Oh lud, my lord! I?" cried that respectable knight of the shire.

"Ah, I was afraid not. Nor have I been neither. Do you know a highwayman, then?"

"If I did, my lord, I must needs hang him."

"That were wasteful. In the hour that ye think not—you need your highwayman. So we now—faith, and I doubt you have helped many to a hanging. Sure, you take no thought for the morrow, Sir Matthew." Sir Matthew stared at the humourless face and the little dull eyes, and said slowly:

"Do I take you, my lord? You need a man of courage——"

"'Tis why I come to you," Sunderland murmured.

"—and address and——"

"And other highwaymanly qualities. Did you suggest yourself, Sir Matthew?"

"No, my lord. But my nephew." Sunderland's eyes narrowed.

"Whig? Wholly trusty?"

"I answer for him as myself, my lord."

"Eh! I find an exemplar of virtue. *Allons*, Sir Matthew, produce your replica, your nephew."

"But to what end?" said Sir Matthew, turning with his hand on the door. Sunderland looked down at the ground, played with his signet ring, and spoke after his manner into his breast.

"Certain privy letters from England to France reside in the bosom of M. de Vallorbes."

"The King?" Sir Matthew gasped. Sunderland smiled faintly.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Did I say the King? Neither now nor to your expected nephew." Sir Matthew stared at him a moment as a small sinner might stare at the devil, then opened the door and cried:

"Tom! Tom!" Through the open door came the joyful strains of song:

> Once in our lives
> Let us drink to our wives!
> (Though the number of them is but small).
> God take the best,
> And the devil take the rest
> (And so we shall be quit of them all).

"Tom!" cried Sir Matthew, impatient.

"In good time, sir, in good time," cried the singer, and they heard flint and steel. Then his feet sounded on the oaken stair as he chanted:

> Now whether we smoke or whether we sing
> Let us be loyal and remember the King——

Tall, loose-limbed, he lounged easily into the room, beating time with his pipe. He bowed to Sunderland with the pipe held to his heart, concluding the catch:

> To the King! And may his foes vanish
> Puff! puff! puff! like a pipe of Spanish.

"Your appearance suggested the sentiment, my lord," he explained, and let himself drop to a chair and drew great fragrant draughts of his pipe. My Lord Sunderland eyed him with no affection. A true Whig had no concern with loyalty. Moreover, he was too magnificent. Green velvet and Mechlin lace, red-brown curls growing from the head and not from a wig, rings, and a pair of golden chains were disagreeable to the modest taste of my lord, whose clothes, like his eyes, hesitated between grey and brown, who, without a wig, must have gone bare. "My lord having now admired me long enough—" the splendid singer murmured over his pipe—"uncle, what is it?"

Google

"My lord hath been pleased to choose you for service of import, Thomas," said his solemn uncle; and Thomas politely yawned behind his pipe.

"Mr. Dane," said Sunderland, "you are a good Englishman?"

"My lord, I have been sinful according to my modest abilities."

"And you can look with no favour on the plots of the King of France?"

"Zounds, being good nor to eat nor to drink nor to kiss, I do not look on them at all, my lord."

"You have a pleasant wit. But 'tis not wit I seek now."

"Therefore I gave it you, my lord."

"Mr. Dane, I need a man!" cried Sunderland.

"Lud, it might be my Lady Sunderland speaking."

"Thomas!" cried his respectable uncle.

"Enough jests, Mr. Dane. The State needs a man——"

"But the State possesses my Lord Sunderland."

"A man of courage and address to achieve a service from which—I am frank with you, Mr. Dane—cowards would shrink." Tom flung back his curls. His hawk face grew sharper. And he signed to my lord to continue. "There is one going to France whom we suspect to bear papers of treason to the peace of the realm. It is urgent that those papers should never come to France."

"But to my Lord Sunderland?" Sunderland nodded.

"These papers, they come from Englishmen?"

"Yes, and to what purpose?"

"Your mind is keen. Such minds go far, Mr. Dane. We suspect some compact against the Protestant faith."

"And who," said Tom carelessly, "are we?"

"We?"

"We who thus suspect. And, moreover, whom do we suspect?"

"Wise men are scant of names. Those who act with me, Mr. Dane, suspect—and heaven forbid I should say how high our suspicions reach."

Google

"Then God being out of the question, I take it you suspect the King. Well, my lord, so the King is plotting against the Protestant faith. Sure, an enterprising Majesty. But what have I to do in all this, my lord?"

"It rests with you, Mr. Dane, to bring this plot to naught."

"Thomas Dane, *deus ex machinâ* to the Protestant faith on the election of my Lord Sunderland. Zounds! I faint beneath the honour. Please you, my lord, how does Mr. Dane machinate?"

"M. de Vallorbes sets out for France to-day." Tom's pale blue eyes gleamed a little.

"And Mr. Dane is to cry to monsieur, 'Stand and deliver.' Thomas Dane, private highwayman to my Lord Sunderland. Faith, you *comble* me with honours." He stood up and stretched himself and looked smiling from one to the other. "Me, unworthy, alas, my lord, unworthy. My lord, I wish you a happy issue out of all your afflictions," and he bowed and turned. Sunderland sprang up.

"You will do this, Mr. Dane!" he cried in a tone of command. Tom made a little gesture of contempt at the lean sombre figure, laughed and went out. After a moment of amazed silence his uncle sprang after him crying:

"Tom! Tom!" He was answered harmoniously.

Here's a health unto his Majesty,
With a fa la la la la la.
Confusion to his enemies,
With a fa la la la la la.

"Like a fool you bring me a fool, Sir Matthew," said Sunderland tartly. "Here is your trusty Whig!"

"Odso, my lord, I am mazed. Why he should take you so I cannot tell. But sure he is trusty!"

"Humph. As he is Whig," and Sunderland pulled his lip. The clocks of Oxford began to strike eleven. "Eh, it must go. Best pray he be trusty, Sir Matthew, for your neck's

Google

sake." Sunderland hurried away, for the House of Lords met at eleven to carry the Exclusion Bill.

So for lack of a discreet highwayman Mistress Eleanor Gwynn's brocade patterns came quite safely to Paris. And we, by good fortune, have nought to do with them more.

A few years before Mr. Dryden had remarked that life was all a cheat. My Lord Sunderland "fooled by hope" (Mr. Dryden again) went out to carry the Exclusion Bill. My Lord Shaftesbury and my Lord Essex strove valiantly to that end. But my Lord Halifax was very sarcastic in sixteen speeches; and after ten hours of talk three votes consigned the Exclusion Bill to the home of lost causes. The Whigs had sought battle and found it. King Charles had triumphed. His brother was still the heir.

Consternation and doubt possessed the Whigs. My Lord Shaftesbury held a council of them that night in his lodging. But my Lord Sunderland was not there. After the first moment of stupor at the issue my lord had collected his wits and they bade him go immediately to the King. Into the King's presence he broke crying out:

"Sir, sir, the Bill is dead!" At the commotion the King's spaniels rushed about him barking. His Majesty was striving to distil the essential oil of yew berries from a retort of Bohemian glass.

"Did you say something, my lord?" he asked.

"Sir, I thank God the Bill has been beat."

"Ah," said his Majesty and looked up. The light fell on his big under-lip and the pouch of the full sallow cheeks above the jaw.

"I am happy to be the first to bring your Majesty the news," said Sunderland bowing.

His Majesty continued the process of distilling the essential oil of yew berries. The spaniels continued to yelp at my Lord Sunderland. My lord shifted from one leg to the other.

"Sunderland," said his Majesty passing the spirit lamp about the retort, "Sunderland, I have called the dogs new

Google

names. I call them" (and they yelped gloriously at Sunderland's legs), "I call them 'My Lord and my Lady Loyalty.'"

My Lord Sunderland did not wait to ask why.

CHAPTER II

SIR MATTHEW DANE RECEIVES AN IDEA

When the morning broke ruddy through the mist it found many fewer Whigs in Oxford. Some had fled the town and some their opinions. My Lord Sunderland and Sir Matthew Dane remained in the town. Sir Matthew was summoned betimes to my lord's lodging in Pembroke, and found my lord without his wig busily burning papers.

"Ah! What of him?" said my lord sharply; and as Sir Matthew merely stared. "Your witty nephew."

"I—I think him trusty, my lord."

"Think!" Sunderland stirred a packet of letters in the fire. "Think! You ambition the block, Sir Matthew? You desire to be divided? A leg of yours on Temple Bar, an arm in your Guildford High Street? 'Tis kindly thought on. A plump leg is very grateful to the popular eye." Sir Matthew's dignity was outraged at the thought of himself in quarters.

"You are pleased to jest, my lord," he said stiffly.

"I am neither pleased nor jest," Sunderland snapped, and flashed a sudden glance from his pale eyes. "Oh, silly, your nephew will sell his tale to the King."

"My nephew is true as myself."

"And so will surely sell you," Sunderland sneered.

"What have I done, my lord?"

"You have been a Whig. Bah! what had the Tories done? But we have hanged them in scores. And now the wheel goes round. Sure, we swore they had a Papist plot. Will there be lack of honest men to swear there was a Whig plot? Nay. And your gallant nephew has admirable matter to tell. Who suborned him to rob the King's messenger?

Google

Those damnable disloyal Whigs, my Lord Sunderland and Sir Matthew Dane."

"Who will dare assail our party?" Sunderland laughed, tapped his own breast, and pointed to Sir Matthew's. Sir Matthew sat down and stared at him, and still my Lord Sunderland laughed.

"Those that fear most being assailed. In this world who would not be hanged must hang. Apply that to yourself and your witty nephew."

"My lord—you mean——?" Sir Matthew gasped. My Lord Sunderland took snuff.

"My dear Sir Matthew, it is my habit to mean."

"Zounds! my lord, you are overwrought. You are too fearful. You talk wildly. The Whigs will stand firm. The Whigs are too strong to attack." Sunderland shrugged his shoulders.

"Your nephew—your nephew."

"And I answer for him as for myself."

"And so do I. And therefore desire to see him safe——"

"Safe?"

"In heaven, my dear Sir Matthew."

"God forbid, my lord! My brother's child! My nephew!"

"The kinship gives no confidence, believe me."

"It is monstrous, my lord. The boy is honest. And what has he done?"

"Nothing, as I hope. I am much concerned that he should do nothing, and would be at pains to ensure it."

"In a word, my lord, I will be no party to aught against him." My lord took snuff.

"Your resolve," he remarked, "is moral. I am vastly edified. He is, however, as you said, the son of your brother. Your elder brother. The heir of your elder brother. I think I have heard that Bourne is a noble estate. Your resolve is the more moral. But, knowing your morality, I must still say that your nephew has your neck (which you, nobly, do not

Google

value) and mine (for which I have a deep regard) to sell. You tell me that he is like you. My good Sir Matthew, if you were him, would you sell them?" Sir Matthew looked down, looked up hastily at Sunderland's lean face, but avoided the pale eyes, and looked down again.

"You deem our lives in peril, my lord?" he muttered.

"Our twain lives are in the hand of a man like yourself. And worth a price."

"What would you do?" Sunderland shrugged his shoulders.

"The old, excellent way. A plot. A Whig plot. 'Twill shortly be the fashion. Treason and——"

"Not death, my lord?"

"Lud, here be qualms!"

"Sure, my lord, he need not die! Transported——"

"He would still be barred from inheritance. Dear sir, you have a comfortable conscience. Well, you may buy his life after sentence." My lord chuckled. "Sure, I will let you buy his life. 'Twill be duly avuncular." Sir Matthew shot a hasty, fearful glance at him. The crowns for a pardon would pass to my Lord Sunderland's purse. Sir Matthew's spirit was rebuked by the magnificence of my lord's strategy. "He may tell what tales he likes in the Barbadoes," said my Lord Sunderland thoughtfully.

"But how will you work, my lord?"

"We, Sir Matthew, always we. Arrest, trial, sentence. Sure, you know the way with the Papists."

"But what witnesses?"

"Oh, silly, I shall find two score. Is there ever lack of knaves?" Sir Matthew looked at my lord and shook his head. "We shall not need you," said my lord tartly. "Now take him hastily back to Surrey before he blab here. I will send Bragdon to you. The Parliament is dissolved to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" gasped Sir Matthew.

"Ay, the King has been wiser than we. The country is sated with Papist blood, and thirsts now for the Whig liquor. Sir Matthew, let us ever serve our country."

Google

Sir Matthew went slowly out; his education had much advanced in a little space.

"There goes a pretty knave!" said my Lord Sunderland, and turned to indite a letter to James, Duke of York, wherein he humbly gave his Royal Highness joy of his victory over the traitorous attempt to filch from him the crown. That is a very skilful letter.

CHAPTER III

"OUR LOVES HAVE MINGLED WITH TOO MUCH OF FATE"

DWELLING two miles apart they must needs write letters to each other. This to show how deep they were in love. Nor would they deliver the letters, but left them within a hollow tree to be explored by the wood-flies and afterward kissed by the exultant lover. This because they loved in the heroical manner.

A westerly gale was whistling in the woods, and the pale December sun made the wet meadows a pavement of stars. She came swiftly through the clear rain-washed air, a dark figure of grace, lithe, light of foot, and laughed for joy of the morning and herself. So she came to the gnarled oak and took from her bosom a letter and set a kiss on it and hid it and ran away.

Thus the romantic maid. And soon came her hero, galloping home to dinner, and checked his fiery steed with due heroical violence and snatched her letter from its hiding.

"Dear child!" said her hero, with something of condescension and a smile, and broke the seal.

"MR. DANE,—Indeed, Sir, you are a very great Person. And many mighty Matters have eat up all yᵉ Time. And I think you have not given me a Thought for fore Days. And indeed, Mr. Dane, I'd not call you to come to yᵉ Red Barne Inn ever more (because of yᵉ great Greatness, noble Sir). But a Gentleman in yᵉ vastest Hurrie hath brought me Papers yᵉ which I did promiss to give in mine own Hand to yᵉ right

Digitized by Google

worshipful Mr. Dane. And indeed I will not come to you, being very well contented. My Cousins Bedfords, y^e^ great Players, stay with us and do make good Entertanements. So I have no Leesure to think on y^e^ great Mr. Dane. And he must come if he would put me in mind of himself. Indeed I have forgot whether he be *Dark* or *Fair*. And I am to be a Player myself. For my Cousin Bedford wants me. So fare well, Mr. Dane.—From y^r^ humble servant,

"ROSE.

"*Do* come."

At the admirable conclusion the great Mr. Dane laughed and galloped on to his dinner.

Before his father, Squire Silas, a Puritan of the straitest sect, Mr. Dane did not speak of the letter. Already his father disapproved of so much in him that it was supererogation to give further cause for blame. But as Mr. Dane combed his ruddy locks after dinner entered his uncle, Sir Matthew, and approached the matter jovially:

"Always adorning yourself, Tom! Ah rogue, rogue!" Tom turned from the glass and looked his uncle up and down. Now Sir Matthew was of frugal mind, and his riding-coat in the country testified thereto.

"Gad, sir, let us have one in the family who looks a gentleman!" said Tom, with the gracious arrogance of youth. But his good uncle bore no malice.

"A hit, lad, a clean hit!" he chuckled and looked down at his weather-beaten garb without shame. "Odso, my gay days are past. No fine ladies wait for me in the lane, eh, rogue?"

"Why, sir," says Tom, getting into his boots, "why, sir, they would be very sore in need of a gallant."

"Well, lad, well! There is no answering you. And zounds, I came to ask not answer. Will you bide with us at Send for a week?"

"I thank you, sir. But I believe my father needs me." Sir Matthew looked at him and began to laugh.

Google

"Father, eh? Not two bright eyes at the Red Barn? Oh rogue!" and again he laughed.

"My dear uncle, believe me, you are not witty," said Tom, picking up cloak and hat.

"No? No? Good lack! Zounds, I'll swear you are off to her now."

"You may swear, sir, as much as your conscience allows," said Tom and went out. On his departure Sir Matthew ceased suddenly to laugh and stood at the door listening to the footsteps. Then as they died, he moved across the room, tried a cabinet, found it open, dropped in a bundle of papers, closed it, and then with a jaunty air went out. From the door he watched his nephew riding towards the village, then mounted himself and made for the London road at speed. Where the trees grow thick about the cross roads beyond Cobham a man waited, leaning against the gibbet.

"Smithers?" The man stepped out and touched his hat. "At the inn, after all—the inn or thereby. But presently search his room at the manor. Be sure of that above all."

"I be minded to be sure of all, m'lud," said Smithers, jerking his big shoulders.

"No violence!" Sir Matthew cried hastily. "No rashness! At your peril, do not harm him."

"I, m'lud? I dandles my bully-boys, m'lud. Leave it all to Tony Smithers." Mr. Smithers, who was broad and bandy, waddled off down the hill to Cobham. Sir Matthew watched him a while, then rode for Send and home. To be just, his aspect may not be called gay.

Of grey chalk flint and rubble, with thatch drooping over the little casements, the Red Barn Inn spread itself long and low in face of the road to Byfleet Mill. Set back in the meadow the great barn, with red tiled roof and ruddled doors, and walls of mellow brick, made a splash of bright colour on the dank dark grass.

Thither came Mr. Dane in a hurry, and dismounting in the stable-yard was greeted with a grin from the ostler's boy and

Google

melodious strains from the barn, strains of an indifferent guitar and an admirable woman's voice.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

"Brava! Fine, I protest!" cried another woman's voice; and Mr. Dane opening the door,

"Fine, I agree!" He beheld a pastoral scene. A swain in purple velvet reclined on oat straw and strummed the shrill guitar: a lady in yellow silk beside him clapped thin jewel-laden hands: before them, where the light fell through the open door of the loft on the gravel, a girl was dancing. Her dress of russet brown clung close, and swaying to the music, she showed her maiden beauty quick with life and eager. The kind light played on her bare white neck, and gave to desiring eyes the shell-pink and rose-red of cheek and parted lips, the heavy black cloud of her hair. She put a curtsey into her dance, and Mr. Dane bowed with a whirl of his plumed hat, extravagantly.

"Oh, brave!" cried the lady in yellow. He was approaching the dancer, when "La, sir, 'tis not your cue!" said she.

"Madame, be my call-boy," said Mr. Dane, with a more exaggerated bow.

"Oh, gallant!" the lady simpered, and swept her yellow skirt from the straw to make a place for him beside her.

"Shall I profane the hallowed sheaves?" says he, with another bow. "Nay, faith! My Ceres, reign alone!" The yellow lady giggled, and again Rose sang:

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Google

"Brava! brava!" cried the lady shrilly. "I protest, Mr. Bedford, she would carry the town." Mr. Bedford laid aside his guitar, and rose.

"A song rude and rustical," he declared. "Would we could hear something more polite! I yearn, I protest I yearn, for Mr. Shadwell's graceful passion—that Apolline verse:

> 'Though darts and flames from her eye fly, sir,
> And her breast is warm and spicy——'"

He hummed those immortal words, then made a tragic gesture of despair. "But our rustic Rosa hath not heard Mr. Shadwell's name, I apprehend?"

"No, indeed, cousin." Mr. Bedford repeated his gesture with a hollow laugh of scorn. "But you do not know Mr. Dane." Mr. Dane was straightway presented to Mr. and Mistress Bedford, twin stars in the firmamemt of the King's Playhouse.

"Madame, your most devoted—Sir, your humble obedient—" said Mr. Dane, with dramatic reverences.

"La, sir," the lady simpered.

"I am proud, sir, proud," cried Mr. Bedford.

"Sir, I am prouder," said Mr. Dane, with a lower bow, and the lady made eyes at him.

"Sir, you are very polite——" Mr. Dane put up a deprecating hand. "Nay, I repeat. Of urban grace! We are vastly honoured——"

"Vastly, faith," the lady sighed and languished.

"Dear lady!" murmured Mr. Dane.

"We had not hoped for such an audience." Mr. Dane started. "To pleasure our rustic Rosa here we had sworn ourselves to give somewhat of the majesty and melody of——"

"By your leave, nay, by your leave! I must needs deny myself your majestic and melodic splendour. Mistress Charlbury desired to speak with me. And a lady, sir, a lady—you

Google

take me?" Mr. Bedford bowed stiffly and walked away, baulked of a victim, and wroth.

"Mistress Charlbury will not speak to you ever if you are so rude, sir," said Rose to Mr. Dane's ear.

"Mistress Charlbury could never refrain." Mr. Dane laughed at her earnest brown eyes. Whereat Rose made him a little curtsey, and cried:

"Pray come, cousin. Mr. Dane begs!" At which Mr. Bedford turned and returned with alacrity. "Now, sir, dare to be rude again!" Rose whispered, and her eyes flashed royally. Mr. Dane pinched her cheek. Mr. Bedford lifted up his voice.

"From Mr. Dryden's most admired 'Conquest of Granada.' The false Lyndaraxa," he bowed to his wife, "is judged by her Abdelmelech": he bowed to his audience.

"Now are we doomed," groaned Mr. Dane, and took Rose by the arm. "Thou rogue, what of this mystery of a letter for me?" Rose laughed. "Zounds, I believe there never was a letter!" Rose laughed again. "Oh rogue! Flee from the wrath to come."

"'No, you shall stay and see a sacrifice,'" Mr. Bedford roared, grasping the yellow lady by the hands and whirling her round in the sunlight. Mr. Bedford set forth in his chest voice the treachery of his love, Lyndaraxa. Lyndaraxa wept, grievous to behold and yellow.

"Is he not grand?" Rose whispered.

"As the village bull, love."

Lyndaraxa dried her eyes, turned and smiled upon Abdelmelech (Mr. Bedford), who at that awful sight started back aghast. Lyndaraxa cast her arms about his neck. He appeared in agony. "Sure he has my true sympathy," muttered Tom. Lyndaraxa explained that she had always loved Abdelmelech, and betrayed him out of her affection: had, moreover, betrayed his foes to keep the balance even. The stern Abdelmelech puts her from him:

Google

> No Lyndaraxa (says he hoarsely): 'tis at last too late;
> Our loves have mingled with too much of fate;
> I would but cannot now myself deceive;
> O that you still could cheat and I believe!

And after an exhortation in the style of the pulpit Lyndaraxa was repulsed, and went off breathing threats and slaughter into the straw.

Tom applauded tumultuously.

"Sure, madam, I had not believed one face could show so much passion — nor one voice call forth such terrors, Mr. Bedford."

"La, sir!" and the lady simpered.

"Sir, we are pleased to please you," quoth Mr. Bedford majestically.

"'Twas noble, cousin," said Rose simply. Mr. Bedford laughed and nodded knowingly to Tom.

"Ah, sir, the rustic mind cannot feel the polite thrill as we."

"Sir, I deplore it." Tom shook his head sadly at Rose. "Mistress Charlbury, grieve for your rusticity." Her cheeks flamed.

"Cousin, you will pardon me? I have something for Mr. Dane's ear." With bows and curtseys they parted, and Rose and Tom went out to the red sunset. "I am angry, sir. You were gibing in each word." Tom laughed.

"Why, the coxcomb could not feel it."

"The coxcomb is my cousin, Mr. Dane."

"And 'tis the worst thing I know of you."

"You were not gentlemanlike."

"To that?" Tom laughed, with a jerk of his head towards the barn.

"Sure, Mr. Dane, if you are too fine for my kin, you are too fine for me." It appeared to Tom a moment for tenderness.

"Dear, none is that last," said he, and slipped his arm about her, and drew her into the shadows of the lane, and bent over the white beauty of her neck.

"No,"—she moved away from him—"no; you have fine

Google

words in plenty for me—but for my friends sneers. And if that is your kindness, I want none."

"Why, I profess the good man is well pleased. And if I was huffing, it was because I wanted you alone. Sure, we want no audience, dear. Why must you keep me waiting?" She came closer, and looked up a moment. They passed to a meadow path.

"Were you indeed impatient, sir?" she asked; and at that she was caught to him and kissed, and she laughed at him. "Sure, 'twas pleasant to make you wait."

"Oh, rogue. But you, too, were waiting. Coveting kisses, I protest."

"I will not be kissed any more."

"So she said rashly. And desired to be proved a false prophet. So. Why, I was but waiting for the letter. Egad, I had never stayed else."

"And what if there be no letter at all, sir?"

"Why then we will go into the copse, and on my knees shall the traitress ask my gracious pardon. On my knees, mistress."

"But indeed we will not go into the copse. We will go back into the lane. For there Mr. Dane must go in fear of who comes by. And, alack! he need be in fear of something, or I fear him. And indeed there was a letter, for here it is." He kissed it, for it came warm from her bosom, and he kissed the hand that gave it. She blushed a little, and they came out to the lane. He broke the seal, and peering in the faint light read this:

"*To greet Charles Stuart.*

"In Bushey Park by y^e^ hollow chestnut. The 20^th^ December an hour before noon. Musquetoons to carry eight balls. Fail not.—BRUTUS."

She saw him frown as he read, saw the glint of his pale blue eyes as he looked up.

"Whence came this?" he said sharply.

Google

"Why, a fat man in grey bade me give it to your own hand, Tom."

"What like was he?"

The white brow wrinkled. "Indeed I cannot tell," she said at last. Tom's keen cold eyes searched her.

"He said that only?" She nodded. "When?"

"Yester morning."

"On your honour—you know nought of him?" The hard voice, the suspicious eyes, made her stammer:

"Tom—why?—I—I——"

And then a half-dozen men came riding down the lane. Tom flashed one glance, crushed the paper, and dropped it behind him in the ditch. But:

"Mark that!" cried the first. "Stand, sir, in the King's name!"

"Will it serve if I sit?" said Tom, and sat down on the bank. "So, then, Mistress Charlbury!" he said with a sneer. Rose clasped the tossing wave of her breast, and gazed wide-eyed.

"Stick me, this is what I do like!" The first rider dismounted. "Mr. Dane? I be Antony Smithers, with a warrant for 'e." He made a dive for the letter in the ditch.

"The charge, Mr. Smithers?" Mr. Smithers spread out the letter, and read it with a chuckle.

"Odso, Mr. Dane," says he, looking up, "why ask me? Be there ever anything but a plot? Stick me, but I do not take it very handsome in 'e to have this writings here by, waiting for me." At that, and his knowing grin, Tom looked at Rose, and gave a little hard laugh. He beheld a traitress, nay, a Delila. For he could be no less than a Samson. But your hero is never more heroical than in his hour of defeat and betrayal; so,

"Your plan is most admirable, Mr. Smithers," said the hero, bowing.

"Ods blood, and as it be!" He began in a swift manner to read the warrant—"plot and conspiracy—life of our liege

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Lord and King—'" rolling forth copious phrases with unction. "There now! And here you be, Thomas Dane, Esquire, and I will say mistress here, have done our business mighty well." He gave a guffaw in the direction of Rose, who was gasping and white.

"I am quite of your mind, Mr. Smithers." Mr. Smithers still guffawed.

"To keep 'e here quiet and lone and all—stick me! And to get the musquetoonous letters in your hand, so to put it—stick me, stick me! She be a King's maid, she be!" Mr. Smithers' underlings were vastly delighted with Mr. Smithers' wit: also Mr. Smithers, who must guffaw heartily to Mr. Dane's set smile and Rose's white lips before he could suggest, "Well, will 'e walk, Mr. Dane?"

"To a horse, if you please."

"For sure. The Prisoners' Hackney be a waiting,"

Mr. Dane rose, and, with Mr. Smithers' fat hand on his shoulder, swept a bow. "Mistress Charlbury, I can never hope to tell you all my admiration." But she ran to him and flung her arms about him, tearful, distraught, sobbing:

"Dear—dear—forgive me—I'd no guess—no——"

Mr. Dane laughed.

"O Lyndaraxa! 'Would that you still could cheat and I believe!' O admirable Lyndaraxa! Mistress Charlbury, you are well suited in cousins, but sure, you surpass them both!" He put her away from him, and the girl, trembling and dazed, would have fallen but for a tipstaff's arm. "Nay, consider. You are but playing! Real tears? Nay, this is noble! I applaud humbly—and so—Delila, good night!"

Off swung the hero, betrayed but debonair, cocking his hat; and his false love was left holding tight to the lichened fence, looking after him into the mist of night. They loved in the heroical manner.

Google

CHAPTER IV

MR. ANTONY SMITHERS FOLLOWS A HAT

Mr. Smithers and his company splashed slowly down the sodden lane. Around them spake the voice of many waters, for the floods were out far and wide. White mist hid land and water beneath a common pall. So Mr. Smithers and his party, a little damp and a little cold, jogged on towards the bridge at the mill, Mr. Smithers having no mind to ford the Wey in flood-time and by night. They could ride no better than slowly, for the Prisoners' Hackney was a steed worse than all others, to be overtaken easily by any creature with two sound legs. Mr. Dane, jolting on this lame beast, considered his situation. A tipstaff, well mounted, held his bridle on either side, tipstaffs in front, tipstaffs behind shut him in. So, since 'twas no use to think of escape, he thought of his capture.

Some one was anxious to entangle him in a plot. So much was clear at the first sight of that theatrical epistle. He wasted no time in reflection that he was, after all, innocent. There was no profit in being innocent. When all juries ran mad at the mere whisper "plot!" the one safety was not to be accused.

"Humph!" says Mr. Dane to his wits, "and who has a profit in hanging me?" and received at once an answer. Clearly his dear uncle, who would become the heir of Bourne. And, egad, clearly my Lord Sunderland, who would be rid of a man that knew too much. Sunderland and dear Uncle Matthew! Faith, the whole idea smacked of Sunderland. It might have been Sunderland's self in the jade's brown dress. To lure him from Bourne Manor where the serving-men would have struck for him, to hold him in dalliance till the tipstaffs came, to give him the damning letter just so that he could not hide it—'twas worthy nothing less than the admirable brain of my Lord Sunderland. And faith, Sunderland's self it was beyond all doubt that made the plan. Dear Uncle Matthew's wits had never wrought thus well—dear Uncle Matthew had been no more than the ambassador from my

Google

lord to his worthy ally, Mistress Charlbury. Uncle Matthew had not brain enough to be more—yes, Mr. Dane desired to be just even to Uncle Matthew, and must confess to a dry humour in that good kinsman. Sure, 'twas a happy thought to come rallying him on his love for Mistress Charlbury when she had been bought to betray him. A damnable happy thought!

Mr. Dane surprised his captors by laughing aloud.

For he was not angry. Sure, no, he was not angry with her. He bowed to superior craft. Oh, admirable Delila! To scold him, to take offence at his manners—sure, this was the refinement of the decoy's art. Great was Delila of Bytleet, great past all whooping.

Once more, since it sounded bravely, he laughed aloud.

Faith, Sunderland owed her a heavy fee. It were well if she saw herself paid. Nay, trust Delila to guard her own interest. For her a prosperous future waited. Never decoy had brighter eyes (poor fool, he had said as much in her deceitful ear), never one a cheek more delicate, a wit more subtle. Nor, by heaven, a falser heart! But better laugh—laugh always. A splendid lure she was. Gad, he admired her vastly. Vastly! Zounds, never so much as now.

On which admirable conclusion he was jerked forward as they halted all in a bunch.

Mr. Smithers had come to his bridge and, holding a lantern aloft, peered to see if it were safe. Wherein he showed no cowardly caution, for the roar of the weir was thunderous and the river swirled in foam and fretted at the oaken beams. Mr. Smithers was satisfied, and two by two (since the bridge had no room for more) they began sedately to cross. Two by two: on his near flank the Prisoners' Hackney had no restraining tipstaff, and, behold, the infatuate steed must needs try to rear and gesticulate at the river.

"Have a care, man, have a care!" cries Mr. Dane to the one swearing tipstaff who jerks the bridle. "Death and hell! Have a care!" and drives his spur into the tipstaff's steed. That also begins a dance, and the two slipping, bumping,

Google

staggering on the wet wood, launch Mr. Dane sideways. With a lusty oath and a splash he vanished.

"Stick me! Stap me! Here be to do!" Mr. Smithers muttered, who from the bank beheld the war. "Jerry, you be a fool. Down to ground, boys, and watch the banks! Odso, be ye all jack-ass-babes? Will he float up stream? Get down, down, ye boobies!" Down the boggy banks they ran, puffing and cursing, and Mr. Smithers gave tongue: "There a be, boys, there a be!" Dark amid the foam of mid-stream something rushed by. "Ods bones, there a be!" Mr. Smithers roared and splashed on over land and water till he was suddenly restrained by a frenzied yell:

"Oh, Master Smithers! Master Smithers, Oh!" and a subsequent splash.

For Samuel Bell was a lazy man. So Samuel stayed with the horses while his friends ran down the banks. Samuel remained with the horses and there was seen by Mr. Dane as he trod water beneath the mill dam. Detaching his cloak to follow his hat for the amusement of Mr. Smithers, Mr. Dane paddled gently to the bank and crawled out unseen of Samuel Bell, who watched the fortunes of his energetic friends. In sportsmanlike fashion, stealthily, Mr. Dane approached Samuel Bell, clutched him by neck and leg, and hove him into the stream. Whence his pitiful cry.

Mr. Smithers turning, saw dimly through the mist a commotion of steeds, heard a great scrambling and splashing, and ran back roaring, "In the King's name! Od rot ye, sir, stand!" There was borne back to him the thud of galloping hoofs. Mr. Smithers came back to the bridge, and found the Prisoners' Hackney trying to make a meal of sodden grass. "Stap me! Here be to do!" Mr. Smithers muttered, and scratched his head.

In a while they brought to him Samuel Bell, who, shivering, offered him the bedraggled hat of Mr. Dane. At that last straw Mr. Smithers spoke his emotions.

(*To be continued*)

Google

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

FEBRUARY 1905

THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR——RICHARD BARRY Page 1

THE HUNGARIAN CRISIS——COUNT ALBERT APPONYI (*Leader of the Opposition in the Hungarian Parliament*) 24

THE HON. WHITELAW REID——G. MONROE ROYCE 39

THE PAPAL MEDALS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE——EARL EGERTON OF TATTON (*Illustrated*) 48

NIHILISM——ALEXEI 59

LIVING LEGENDS OF THE FIANNA——LADY GREGORY 74

WHAT IS AN ELEMENT?——Sir WILLIAM RAMSAY, K.C.B., F.R.S. 93

THE WARDSHIP OF EMPIRE——L. COPE CORNFORD 106

COUNTER-REFORMATION PLOTS AND PLOTTERS——G. W. P. 117

COAL FOR RUSSIA——T. BATY, D.C.L., LL.M. 128

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS——The Rev. EDWARD BICKERSTETH OTTLEY 137

THE HYPOCRITE——ALFRED W. REES 146

ON THE LINE 161

BEAUJEU (CHAPTERS V—VIII)——H. C. BAILEY 167

No. 53. XVIII. 2.—Feb. 1905.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (JANUARY).

Going, Going, Gone!—Walter Sichel

Naval Lessons of the War—H. W. Wilson

An Empire in the Making—Sir Vincent Caillard

The Destiny of Britain in Central Asia—E. John Solano

Which of the Women?—J. Stanley Hughes

Cyrenaica (*Illustrated*)—D. G. Hogarth

British Railway Rates *v.* Foreign—Edwin A. Pratt

The Birth of Telegraphy—John M. Bacon

Umbrian Art—Edward Hutton

The State Registration of Nurses—Katharine Henrietta Monk (*Matron and Superintendent of the Nurse-training School of King's College Hospital*)

Vittoria Accoramboni—Christopher Hare

Gryllus—Sir Frank T. Marzials

On the Line

Beaujeu (Chapters I—IV)—H. C. Bailey

The Editor of the Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* Editor, *"Monthly Review," 50a Albemarle Street, London, W.*

Digitized by Google

THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR

WHY should we be interested in a lonely rock-bound harbour, thrust like a sore thumb out of the map of Northern Asia? Bone of the world's contention, yet the people fighting for it are not ours, the quarrel is not ours. The spot is distant eight thousand miles. Still, we look there because it is the focal point of world politics, where two civilisations meet in death grapple, where fighting conditions are as desperate as at any period in history, and where sublimity of soldierly heroism is equalled only by the height of diabolic ingenuity. The world is not deaf, nor blind, nor without heart. Elections come every four years, floods and murders, diplomacies and scandals arise periodically, but not every generation can boast a siege of Port Arthur.

About the siege of Sevastopol the libraries hold thirty volumes, about Plevna twenty; Port Arthur surpasses both. Politically, vaster interests are to be decided by it; dramatically, it produced a greater climax. In a military sense, the operations have been much more extensive.

On August 19 I ran four miles to see the fall of Port Arthur. Most of this was up a mountain. It took me a month to get my breath—not from the climb, but from the spectacle; an iron chain of forts hung on the brow of a mountain range and spitting fire at hosts of tiny brown figures swarming up as ants swarm over a pile of mouldy crusts. By night there was a change; searchlights playing pitch-and-toss

Google

in the dark, and star bombs bursting blindingly on the mountains.

Thus it has gone day and night now for five months and a half. After a while I got down into the action and saw the human impetus, the pallor and agony of it, the unspeakable bravery. I saw three grand assaults, seven skirmishes, a battle on the plain, seven bombardments, two naval engagements, and the sweat and toil of monster heroism in downright hard digging of dirt and shale, such as labourers for money dream not of. Therefore some excuse exists for these descriptions, observations, and conclusions.

In the limits of a review article, however long it may be, only the distal fringes of this tremendous situation, which will in time burden the library shelves, can be touched.

I did not see the fall of Port Arthur, but I saw something greater—the stand of Port Arthur. Looking back, it seems a dream; at times ugly like a nightmare, again a celestial bar let through the coating of man's inner life. For I learned that the tales history records and romance weaves—Thermopylæ, Syracuse, Arcola, Troy, Jerusalem—are not the burnt-stick blurs of a poet's dream, but that these things actually do happen. What is more, that you and I have touched shoulders with an age that has produced men as willing to fight and die for the grand old cause as any that ever trod the earth. Yet it was glory too costly for joy. Recalling that mighty panorama—batteries peppered by shrapnel, but hanging to their work like microbes to disease; the wounded whom no first aid could touch; the dead whom no burial squad came near; the sappers, creeping, digging in the night, run to earth by shells; the infantrymen in assault, losing comrades, right-hand messmates, never pausing, onward going, the dots of fœtid clay livid among the slopes, until a handful out of a host crawls up and flings itself, fanatical with the lust of battle, and worn in the charge so that life can never be the same again in sweetness, into the redoubt paid for a dozen times in blood, which, even then, is but introduction to agony more terrible, for far

Google

beyond, rising tier on tier, series on series, are redoubts and forts, moats and batteries—dwelling on that the soul grows sick to think that the price of Port Arthur should be so vast a sacrifice.

The Japanese did not take Port Arthur on August 19, as previously arranged, because they were fighting not man alone, but Nature, which did well by the Russians. They had not only forts, and batteries, and a great foe to face, but they fought also against a mountain range. The forts are built on the shoulders of these mountains, and it is notorious that though earthworks may cave, mountains are not much affected by shell fire. That is why the fact that the Japanese had thrown twenty tons of steel and iron, bursting, into Port Arthur did not suffice to reduce the fortress. Mining operations are also difficult, and except where the troops have fought their way up the slopes to the parapets of the forts, impossible. Artificial fortifications stormed by besiegers are sometimes undermined and blown up, but you cannot blow up a mountain range. There have been two instances in which dynamite has become effective, but these entail vast labour, and the results have proven them hardly worth their cost.

Consequently the Japanese have been compelled to come back to the ancient and honourable method of warfare, whose weapon is the bayonet. There is but one way to take the forts—by assault. There is but one way to reach the forts—by climbing the slopes.

Study the placing of these forts and you will see what their intricacy is. They are so arranged that each one is dominated by at least two others, and some of them by a dozen others. The moment one is in danger the others concentrate fire there. If the Japanese take it, the guns of the whole fortress are turned on the captured redoubt. One thing alone saves the Japanese from larger casualties, working, as they are, so close to the forts. This is the lack of Russian ammunition. Had the enemy plenty, to stay so close would be unbearable. As it is, the Russians send useless naval shells which do not

Google

explode on land unless they strike a rock, until the moment of assault comes. Even then they wait, as Prescott told his men at Bunker Hill, until they see the whites of the enemies' eyeballs. Then the work is not the sport of war, where change of ground is made with each battle. It is murder, for the Russian guns are pointed in grooves, trained for three months against a real, and for seven years against an imaginary foe. To sight the gun is unnecessary; they merely wait for the Jap to reach the certain spot. He can go but one way—when he gets there the Russian pulls the trigger. Thus the death-lovers find what they are looking for. It is not warfare; it is more like the hangman's signal in an execution chamber.

At the nearest point the Japanese are within a quarter of a mile of the town—at the most important point, from half a mile to two miles, so if distance were all, a before-breakfast walk would bring them there; but "nearness" means accessibility. You may be "near" your friend across the street, but if the police have stretched the fire-lines and the air is filled with flame, you are far indeed. Some idea of the gigantic defence may be gained from a knowledge of this fact; in three months the Japanese advanced just one half-mile, and three miles remained before they could topple the last defenders to the sea.

Not through any fault of the Japanese was the failure, not through lack of bravery, nor lack of generalship, nor lack of ingenuity, nor lack of patience, nor lack of numbers, but simply because they have been facing the most cunningly devised system of forts on earth, manned by fine defensive fighters who are allied with the Power that is greater than the military engineer, for this Higher Power made the mountains, and without the mountains the forts would not be what they are.

Keeping this in mind, let us follow briefly the Japanese Army in its advance, feel something of its superhuman task, share a bit of its dangers, look in upon its labour beyond price, and know a few of the many thousand heroisms which are bringing this insignificant spot on the map of Asia into the white glare of the world's history.

Digitized by Google

On August 9, the loss of Taikushan and Chokuzan (the Big and Little Orphans) drove the Russians into their permanent works. Allowing a few days for entrenchment and rest, the plan then was to enter the town of Port Arthur on August 21. Every man in the Japanese Army confidently expected this; the Empire was sure of it, the world thought it due. To pierce the Russian right centre, enfilade the left flank and stand Port Arthur on end—this was Nogi's intention. Gloriously it was attempted, nobly it failed. Regiment after regiment went in, regiment after regiment went down. The plain in front of the forts was piled with dead, the creek ran red to the sea, its bed clogged with corpses six and eight deep; on the sand were wounded men, dying of thirst. Through seven days and seven nights, without cessation, from sun to searchlight and from searchlight to moon, the fight raged.

Companies were wiped out, batteries demolished; regiments came in over ranks of regiments who had gone before, all of whose numbers lay dead or dying on the field. The famous Ninth Regiment, the Black Watch of Japan, became immortal on this day. Ordered to cross the plain and take the north battery of the great Cockscomb series of redoubts, it started in. Before it reached the last ravine on the farther side, thirty per cent. of the men had fallen from shrapnel and shell fire. Looking ahead and having reports from reconnoitring parties of pioneers, the colonel, named Takagagi, sent back word to the commanding general that the assault was not feasible. He advised a halt. He suggested that his troops should rest where they were, throw up temporary entrenchments for the night, project sappers, and wait for the slow, sure, and comparatively safe method of engineering advance. An order to proceed was instantly forwarded to him. The commanding general curtly replied that one regiment was enough to take one battery. Up to this time Takagagi had been marching, as colonels usually march, at the rear of his men, the front being under charge of his line officers, but

Digitized by Google

receiving the command from the general, he leaped out of the ravine at the head of his men, calling to them as he went:

"On, boys!"

He fell with four bullets through his breast ten paces on. One after another his officers were shot down; the men likewise. Of the three thousand Takagagi commanded, two hundred and seventeen survived that day. They were ordered to join the reserves.

But the commanding general, frightful though his character may seem, was not one to order his men to go where he would not go himself. It was the same general—Ichinobe—who became the Japanese Marshal Ney two months later, on October 29. In the advance during the grand assault, two battalions under his command succeeded in entering another outwork of this great Coxscomb fortification, called the P. Redoubt. This P. Redoubt was in a difficult situation, wedged up against the Chinese Wall, which was the main line of permanent Russian defence, and commanded, as all redoubts at Port Arthur are commanded, by several other more important batteries. Yet, in spite of this fine situation, the Japanese did succeed in getting into it and holding their line there all the afternoon and evening. Ichinobe retired some time after midnight, secure in the feeling that his work had been successful. Toward three o'clock in the morning he was roused by an orderly, who reported that his men had been driven from the P. Fort. He was then half a mile as the crow flies—nearly one and a half miles as the trenches lay zigzag, affording protection across the valley before reaching the slope of the redoubt. Leaping from his couch, he called about him his staff officers, issued hurried orders to the reserves, and at the head of his immediate followers ran through the zigzag trenches. Reaching the foremost line, now hot under the fire of Russian machine guns, he found his men not demolished, but surprised, outnumbered, and being sullenly driven back. Drawing his sabre he thrust the ranks aside, passed through, and at the head of his men

Google

charged up the slope into the contested redoubt. With his own hand he killed five Russians. When dawn came in his brigade occupied the P. Redoubt. His immediate commander, General Oshima, had an account of the exploit telegraphed to the Emperor at Tokio. That afternoon an imperial order reached the army, christening the fort "Ichinobe." On the map to-day and in the despatches one may read of it as a critical position on the main eastern line of defence, and called Ichinobe Fort.

It was still nearly another two months, that is, December 18, before that battery against which Takagagi and his heroic regiment lost their lives, namely, the north battery of the east Keekwan Fort, was finally taken.

Some little description of the operations against this battery, extending over a period of four months, will give an idea of the general nature of the vast work at Port Arthur, of which this may be considered a detail.

In the first assault, on August 21, the few men who reached the parapet received in their faces storms of what the Chinese call "stink pots"; that is, balls of fresh dung. This assault wholly failed. The dead were left to rot where they lay, and the wounded were shot as they lay, the stench of the corpses being used as a weapon of offence against the Japanese, trying to maintain the advantage they had gained at the foot of the slope. The next time they assaulted, which was on September 19, the Japanese were met with hand grenades of gun-cotton. It was not a grand assault, but merely a demonstration. It also failed. In the third assault, on October 29, half-way up the hill the advance stumbled over a mine, and the entire lower shoulder of the mountain was blown into the air, taking with it some twenty-five men, heads awry, legs and arms twisted, lives shattered. Still new volunteers advanced through the crater thus formed, up the glacis of the redoubt, until they reached what they had been unable to distinguish from the valley below, owing to its cunning concealment under the parapet, level with a height that, appearing innocent of

Google

depression, looked precisely similar to every furze-covered height in the vicinity. This was a moat, into which men leaping were easily lost. Yet the Japanese did not hesitate to leap in. That leap was to death, for at each corner of the moat, at each turn that it made as it worked its way under the parapet of the redoubt, was a masonry projection, called by the cunning men who devise such traps a *caponnière*. These *caponnières* rose out of the bed of the moat several feet, and each was large enough to shield three or four men with rifles and a machine gun. Consequently, under perfect protection and with their foe in limited area, trapped like rats in a pit, unable to escape, the Russians merely dealt out whistling steel at their leisure. Surprising and disheartening as this was, yet the Japanese did not falter. On that third grand assault they made their stand, and were able, by sacrifices not large in numbers, for the total numbers lost in that moat was less than one hundred, but beyond computation from the standpoint of individual heroism, they were able to capture, and have since held, the two northern *caponnières*.

Under the parapet of this fort, dominated by all the artillery of the two armies, has occurred some of the grimmest fighting that history records or the imagination can devise.

The second night of the occupation, a Japanese lieutenant, by name Oda, asked for a volunteer party, called "Keissheitai," an expression which in English would mean "certain death." Thirty "Keissheitai" men came forward. Oda put himself at their head and ventured along the bed of the moat toward the rearmost *caponnière* with the idea of capturing it. The fort is very long (about one and a half times the length of an ocean liner), so there was room and time for adventure. In the blackness, for there was no moon, and the searchlights were playing on other parts of the field, this being too close under the noses of the Russians for them to operate their lights to advantage, and half-way down the moat, Oda met a Russian lieutenant with a similar party bent on a similar errand. There the two had it out, not with bullets in the prescribed

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

way, but bayonet to bayonet, fist to fist, and even teeth and claw. The two lieutenants grappled with one another, neither having time to draw his sword. Oda and the Russian, in locked embrace, reeled back and forth, falling, rising, clawing, first one on top and then the other, each losing sight and control of his men, all of whom were engaged in similar individual combats. The two leaders, grasping for an opportunity that each sought, bobbing against the walls of the moat, fighting in this cramped arena, reached, without knowing it, an embrasure which led to the rear of the fort and into the gorge. Tripping over this, not knowing where they were going, the two plunged headlong down the slope, above which frowned two Russian batteries, and beyond which rose the great red-capped skyline of the Cockscomb. More than one hundred yards, scratched by the stones, smashed by the shale, they slipped and writhed, until they struck a tiny plateau half-way down the mountain. On this they lodged like stones toppled from their resting-place. In the catastrophe Oda had been able to get his right arm free, and by reaching over across his enemy's back he grasped the hilt of his keen, straight, samurai sword. Pulling it half-way out of the scabbard, which was tightly lashed to his waist, he sawed and pulled until the slender tapering steel had gashed though the Russian's clothes, through thigh and bone, full to his vertebræ, his vitals gushing out. Late the following night, after the sun had gone, Oda crawled into his own trenches at the base of the mountain. His men had been repulsed by a second party of Russians who had made a second sortie to relieve the first. Still the Japanese held their two *caponnières* at front, and the Russians the two in the rear.

The Japanese, during the two nights, had hastily tossed up approaches, and had a partially covered way from the base of the mountain to the moat. This gave them their vital hold on the north battery of the Cockscomb. Yet so determined was the Russian defence, so resolute were they in holding every inch of ground, that a full month and a half had elapsed

Google

before the valiant Japanese could take the complete fortification, and remember that is but one of three great batteries which form the series, called East Keekwan, and which is but a portion of the eastern line of permanent land defence.

The method of the final taking of this North-East Keekwan battery further illustrates the intricacy and difficulty of the operations. Inside the fort, beyond the parapet, so well protected by its moat and *caponnières*, is a shelving earthwork, called the counterscarp, crossing which, troops, successful though they might be up to that time, would find a close and unerring fire from the men concealed in the traverses formed of timber balks and sand-bags, which lie a few yards beyond. Then, below these traverses are galleries where the garrison lives, and below the galleries are the bomb-proofs protecting the ammunition. Under the traverses, covering the galleries and bomb-proofs, is heavy masonry from two to three feet thick. Then, covering the whole is a pile of earth two feet thick. The original intention was to have on top of all that a thick wall of concrete, but this intention has been effected but partially on one of the forts, not the East Keekwan.

All through November the engineers were busy mining from the advantageous hold they had on the north battery. They began digging straight down through the solid rock. Remember that they were fighting not only what the engineers of the subway and the engineers of a railroad tunnel have to fight. The processes and the hidden subtleties of Nature they were fighting, as well as the scientific ingenuity and all the bitter hatred of a resourceful and hardy human foe. They had to use pick and shovel on this shell-swept height, and they could do it only by night; yet by night the Russians used their searchlights, and whenever the searchlights found them out they had to cease work and lie low. They could continue only when the searchlight went away. Then they could work but a few men at a time, and they could work only while the line protecting them, but a few yards in advance, was held

Google

by their comrades, vigorously firing to keep down the garrison, one hundred feet beyond. In the midst of this, sometimes half concealed in the earth, sometimes wholly underground, and toward the later stages many yards below, there would suddenly break forth a company of desperate Russians, stimulated by hope of reward, for Stoessel promised his men the Cross of St. George, the highest decoration of Russian merit, as well as money prizes to those who broke up any Japanese work. Thus at night, tormented by shells, hounded by searchlights, and routed by heroes from across the way, the work has gone on. Forty feet down the digging went. Forty feet was necessary to get below the level of the galleries and bomb-proofs, then another twenty feet forward to pierce a line direct to their heart. At length the work was done, and on December 18 a quarter of a ton of dynamite having been placed in two of such mines, the galleries and bomb-proofs of the north battery were blown into the air, carrying with them the demolished bodies of some forty-five Russian troops, forming the garrison. The numbers of Japanese engaged in such work as this are not, and could not possibly be as the despatches read, very great. The whole force engaged at any one time against such a single point is but several hundred, and the losses on one day, unless it be a day of grand assault, do not exceed one hundred. Yet the total loss mounts into the thousands, while the expenditure of knowledge and the test of the finest stuff that men are made of is the most exhaustive and most stringent which physical conditions can impose on man.

Another illustration of difficulties. Against the great Ehrlung Fort, known to all who have ever seen Port Arthur as the Red Earth Redoubt, for it sticks out against the skyline more conspicuously than any other fortification there, known to our language as the Mountain of the Two Dragons, assaults of the same number and of equal fierceness have been conducted.

During the assault on October 29, which was expected to

Google

reduce the fortress, introductory to a grand entrance into Port Arthur on the Emperor's birthday, November 3, the besiegers ran up against one of the numerous Russian surprises. They knew a moat lay around the Two Dragons, but how deep or how wide that moat was they did not know and could not determine. For the same reason they could not determine the presence of the *caponnières* in the North-East Cockscomb. Scouts were sent out to investigate, but they had to operate within one hundred yards of the Russian sharpshooters, over ground bare of any cover. Their work was done so hastily that apparently it was not done well. From their reports and the investigations of the distance through glasses, Colonel Imazawa, the constructing engineer, devised scaling-ladders to be used by the assaulting party when they reached the moat, for the purpose of crossing it. The scouts reported the moats were ten metres wide. Imazawa made his ladders fourteen metres long. On the afternoon of October 29 the assaulting party went in under heavy fire with the scaling-ladders. The dead and wounded dropping out of the ranks, they reached the brink of the moat, rested the ladders against one side and dropped them across. The ladders failed to touch the other side, failed to touch the bottom and disappeared in the moat. That night the pioneers issued from the sap-heads nearest the fort and dropped one thousand sand-bags at one place into this frightful moat. The sand-bags were swallowed up. There was no sight of them; hardly any sound of them. When morning came the sappers sank wearily to rest, and the scouts, disheartened and nonplussed, returned for consultation to Imazawa. That is the reason the Japanese did not enter Port Arthur on the Emperor's birthday.

But the doughty Japanese are not the ones to be given nay. They did not turn back, did not weep, showed no despair, came to work, to meals, as cheerfully as ever in the rice paddies. Yet winter was coming on, the wind was bitterly keen, the thermometer fell to zero and below, while the equinoctial gales blew in from both seas. They were living in

Google

trenches, surrounded by the charnel-houses of their own making, and protected by miserable hasty dug-outs, shielded from cold and wind by a few broken boughs, light shelter-tents, and hastily packed earth. Death was preferred to a wound, for the wounded had small hope of succour, yet living was welcomed, cherished, and fostered.

Meanwhile the Russians were busy; all their available kerosene was taken through a subterranean gallery of the Two Dragons into the immense moat, and there laid with piles of straw along the bed. Thus they waited. On the fifth grand assault, when the north battery of the East Cockscomb was taken, the Two Dragons were simultaneously attacked. The kerosene and straw were set on fire, and the parties who leaped into the moat, expecting to find the *caponnières* as they existed in the Cockscomb, were caught by flame. There were no *caponnières* on this fort. Many perished miserably. Some valiantly fought the flames. A few survived. These few—that is, the few who do the work in warfare—the few who accomplish that for which the thousand die—these few made possible the Japanese advance. Through, over, and beyond these few lay the entry to Port Arthur.

Of course, silly, sensational reports come from the siege. One of the silliest is that the Japanese will massacre the garrison when the citadel surrenders. To massacre means to kill wantonly. They will not kill wantonly, but they will kill, because war is not an afternoon tea nor a Queensberry contest.

There should be no criticism of the Russians for holding the Japanese in the stench of their own dead, for shooting wounded lying between the lines, for using hand-balls of dung in defence of their forts. I merely recall the facts which I saw and was a part of. Every war is horror. These gruesome details are but a part of what the world must expect. Archimedes was not dishonoured in the use of Greek fire, nor Bayard in the use of boiling pitch.

But neither do the Japanese have respect for the rules of

Google

warfare. According to all scientific maxims the forts they take are untenable. Dominated by other and superior forts, wise generalship would seem to dictate that they should retire until such time as they can take a series, *in toto*. Thus Napoleon laid down; this Von Moltke believed; not Nogi. Give him an inch, and he keeps it. If he has done nothing else at Port Arthur, he has given the lie to the critics of the Japanese at the beginning of the war, who predicted that, though these new wonderful soldiers might have Irish *élan* and Yankee impetuosity, they would prove to be without the dour British pluck when the long reverse came. But they have borne up for months under conditions as heartrending as soldier ever faced, have not jibbed a moment, have kept at it patiently night and day, not to be denied, never resting, never appalled, however severe the losses or however great the hardship.

The Japanese soldier holds on because he can exist in conditions that would unnerve those of another race. By nature cleanly, in all his instincts neat, abstemious by necessity, he lives there on the same space of ground under which he will eventually lie—a six-foot plot. In some places, like the bloody angle of the Eternal Dragon, he is surrounded by the stench of his own dead, and would welter in his own filth were he not a marvel for sanitation. Wedged in between the Russian forts, with the enemy within fifty yards on three sides, under the menace of three Russian batteries whose guns at any moment may rip him out, he yet lives and holds his stake there, with something of the reluctant certainty a man would have were his head between his enemy's legs.

The great forts held out although there had been five grand assaults—one on August 19, one on September 19, one on October 28, one on November 28, and one on December 18. They came about a month apart, for an army needs that time for rest and the progress of its subsidiary operations. All the assaults had been at the same objective —to pierce the Russian right centre. All had failed and

Google

succeeded—failed to break the right centre, but yet had succeeded in driving one more nail, little or big, as the case may be, into the Russian coffin. The great slaughter was during the first assault. Since then the losses have been small. The Japanese are learning that there are some things that even fanaticism and fatalism cannot do.

Crossing the Shuishing valley in August entirely without protection, Nogi lost 25,000 men and did not take the forts. Then the army sat down and went to work with pick and shovel by night. This was done under the enemy's search-lights and star bombs and within rifle-range. In places it was done through solid rock, in others through shelving shale, in two places through villages, in one through the spur of a mountain and for a portion of the way along a creek bed. The economic angles of advance were studied out by expert engineers engaged in the most hazardous of scouting. Then a party of sappers went out, never more than a hundred at a time, and hastily, under fire, scraped out a shallow trench. While they were doing it the enemy threw shrapnel into them and sent out sortie parties to impede the work. Thus every night from a tenth to a third part of the command was lost.

There are two kinds of saps, the flying sap and the slow sap. The flying sap takes in a hundred yards at a time where the range from the enemy is a thousand yards and over. The slow sap is used where they are within a few hundred yards. In the slow sap only six inches or a foot advance is made at a time by two engineers working on their bellies behind a steel plate which the enemy vainly attempts to riddle with bullets. After the sappers are through the infantry rushes in and widens the trench with mattock and spade. Finally the pioneers come to strengthen the sides and cover the exposed places overhead with timber balks and to conceal the turnings and piles of earth with maize stalks. The latter is a trick learned from the Boers in South Africa, who in turn learned it from the Kaffirs.

In this way eighteen miles of these parallels and approaches

Google

have been cut across the Shuishing valley. Troops live in the parallels by day and emerge from them at night for work, or at dawn and at sunset they leap from the sap heads for assault. So the plain covered two months ago with dead is to-day alive with ant-like figures, and the Japanese generals can pour their divisions almost to the parapets of the Russian forts without losing a man.

One can easily go across the Shuishing valley, over which bullets and shells constantly fly, and across which all the bombardments take place. Twice I was in the captured fort called Banduzan by the Japanese, Panlung by the Chinese, and the Eternal Dragon by the English. The work done on the plain was amazing. It was incredible when one knew how it was done, under conditions that would have unnerved the stoutest heart, with the dead bodies of comrades forming some of the intrenchments and with other comrades constantly falling about the workers. Yet it showed as much care as the American miner would use in cutting a mine shaft. The lines were all mathematically correct, the planks had been sawed square, and the sand-bags piled in geometrical patterns. Looking back across these eighteen miles from the Russian side, looking at them as the Russians do, I could see no evidence that an army had wriggled through the ground as a monster crustacean through the mud of the seashore. Only, instead of mud here was rock, instead of the fisherman here was Mr. Bombshell, his vicious children the shrapnel and his nasty relatives, the tiny, deadly bullets. But where had the thousand tons of that enormous digging gone? As well ask where the chipmunk puts the dirt from his hole.

Living conditions are worse than dying conditions. Men on this side of the water think it hard if they have to live in a valise. The soldiers of Nippon before Port Arthur live in a pocket-handkerchief, and the handkerchief is of paper the size of a letter-head. In the front trenches a soldier occupies the same space living that he would dead—six feet of earth; to be exact, about five feet and a half, which is the average Japanese size.

Google

In the Eternal Dragon, which the Russians held in a vice, being within fifty yards on three sides for two months, and which was called the "bloody angle," because the dead of both sides were piled up five deep there during the three days' fighting when it was taken, so deep that hostilities were suspended because of sheer inability to wade through the corpses, the Japanese garrison hung on virtually by the eyelids and toe-nails. Compelled in the hurry of entrenchment the night of the capture to fling the slain bodies into the embankments, they were never after able to disinter them from the partial interment. If any man showed so much as a hand above the works it was instantly pierced by sharp-shooters less than fifty yards away. Compelled to lie among the dead, they did not give up the advantage won with such difficulty. They stuck there and kept sentries along a forty-yard front, and nearly every night battled with heroic sorties from the other side, quite as willing to fight and die, but not quite as willing to live so desperately as the Japanese. Here we can see the whole philosophy of the war. Both sides are equally willing to die; but the Japanese, though they may not be more willing, are more able to live, They can exist on a ball of rice a day in their five-foot-six space of earth, smiling with fatalistic contempt, living that they may die, and dying that they may live.

The front of the Eternal Dragon was called "the thirty-minute trench," because so intense was the strain with stench, sun, and Russian sharp-shooters combined, that even Japanese soldiers could stand only one watch of thirty minutes in eight hours, and sentries were changed that often. In the course of two months they widened that front and lessened that strain, but not until their men had gone crazy over it.

And the Russians? They have not had as hard a time as the world imagines. The loss of their fleet did not worry them. Since the beginning it has been doomed, and since August 10 they have made no extraordinary attempt to save it. The heavy guns of the remaining vessels were two months

Google

ago placed on shore, the ammunition carried in, and the seamen brought off to man the defences. While it was still above water it was a menace. So the Japanese have sunk it, but it does not bear a vital relation to the impregnability of Port Arthur.

Stoessel is worthy of his command. Not a Russian, but a Swiss, he combines the prudence, foresight, and indomitable will of his ancestry with the century-famed defensive fighting ability of the land of his adoption. He has been four years in Port Arthur, has superintended the building of the forts and knows every inch of the ground. His wife, a sympathetic woman, who spends much time in the hospitals, is with him. He is in the prime of life, forty-five years old, and in perfect health, despite the constant rumours that he has been wounded. He is the most rigid disciplinarian in the Russian Army, and is heartily disliked by the soldiers on that account. The first order he issued in Port Arthur after the Japanese warships began to bombard was for every disorderly woman to leave the place. Leave they did, some to Liaoyang, some to Shanghai. No women remain now but the wives of officers, all of whom devote their time in the hospitals.

The second order Stoessel issued concerned drink. He made the penalty death for any officer or man found drunk, and imprisonment on bread and water for any who sold or bought liquor beyond the ration. The ration per day for each soldier is a tot of vodka, amounting to about two gills and to each officer a pint of champagne or a gill of brandy or whisky. Three privates and one officer have been shot in Port Arthur within the past four months for violating this military order.

Stoessel has also availed himself of every weapon of defence on which he could lay hands. Japanese burial-parties have not been permitted to inter their own corpses nor the corpses of Russians fallen between the lines of the bloody angle. The result has made living for the Japanese next to unbearable. The Russians above, safe in permanent works,

Google

smiled in grim glee. The dead were helping them as the living could not. Wounded in this zone have been shot by men in the Russian line and left to rot. In hand-to-hand fighting nothing possible has been omitted—grenades, pistols, bayonets, sabres, pocket-knives, stones, cudgels, fists, teeth, and lead-weighted boots have been in the final scrimmages.

Stoessel is tricky. One night in August he let his search-lights go out, as if hit, and then when the assault went in under the parapets, suddenly threw the whole face of the hill out with the quickly displayed light. In this way two Japanese regiments were trapped and almost entirely destroyed. At all times he reserves his fire until it can be used with the most deadly effect. At one time a flag of truce was raised on the shoulder of the Keekwan Fort—this was August 24—and when the Japanese advanced to accept surrender they were met with shell and bullet. But this should not be charged to Stoessel, for it was probably due to some desperate private at an advanced post.

The Russians have enough food. In the beginning they had flour and canned beef to last a year, and otherwise the place was well provisioned. Since then a number of junks—perhaps a dozen—and at least one 6000-ton steamer have run the blockade. If they can beach anywhere on the Liaotishan coast their mission is accomplished. Hundreds of junks are sent out from the Russian agents in Chefoo and Shanghai. About one in twenty reaches its destination. The rest are picked up by the Japanese navy. But one in twenty makes it worth while, and the successful Chinaman is made independent for life. Five thousand roubles is the price paid a junk for running the blockade. This means as much to a Chinaman as a million dollars would to the average American. One fact which alone would prove this statement of the food condition is the nature of the supplies picked up by the Japanese on these junks. They are mostly fresh vegetables, about 25 per cent. delicacies, apparently for the officers' tables. Over half of the plunder is onions. Stoessel's whole object seems

Google

to be to prevent scurvy. If he is paying five thousand roubles for fifty tons of onions, he is not suffering for beef or flour. Doubtless he would know how to do justice to a full-course dinner, but as for the eating of horseflesh and shoe-leather and all that starving nonsense—pshaw!

There are two sources of information about Port Arthur—deserters and refugees. In general the deserters all agree with one another, the refugees with one another. The deserters say there is scarcity and desperation, the refugees that there is sufficiency and excellent morale. One who has seen the repulse of a grand assault needs no testimony as to morale. The Russian dead and prisoners look well enough fed.

As for water, the Russians have apparatus for condensing sea-water, two fine artesian wells and a number of good Chinese hand-wells, besides three of the four pumping-stations they originally held.

Ammunition? Here is the crux of the situation. The whole question of Port Arthur now resolves itself into this: How long will the ammunition hold out? They are short of shrapnel, which, next to rifle bullets, is the most essential thing. If they had plenty of shrapnel they could make it very hot for the advancing Japanese, but as it is, they always save every shot until it can tell. What they do fire into the Japanese camp is naval ammunition and it does little harm. It is believed they have plenty of small-arm ammunition, and if this is true, as it seems likely, the assaults can be repulsed until every defender is killed. It is not probable that the Japanese shell fire has done much real harm, though it has knocked the ships and town about and displaced much earth on the forts. About one in four hundred of the Russian shells has done damage. A shell appeals to the imagination and lets the hotel correspondents at Chefoo, seventy miles away, see blood on the moon, but for casualties we must look to bullets.

Bullets make little noise and little wounds. Yet there

Google

have been about forty million discharged at Port Arthur in the past five months, and forty million bits of steel flying about are bound to hit some hearts in Japan and other hearts in Russia. Even though men have been known to get them in the brain and walk off the field, many are sure to find arteries and spines. Some 30,000 Japanese have got them thus, for good and all, or at all events for disablement. How many Russians Stoessel alone knows.

Men? In the beginning Stoessel was supposed to have about 25,000. A quarter of that number should be enough to man the line of permanent defence, whose front is but eight and a half miles long and superbly entrenched.

The losses in resisting assaults have been small. Where the loss has been heavy is in sorties. And there have been sorties nearly every night. The preservation of morale impels it; the men must be kept at work or spirits flag. The prizes for success are the highest that can be offered, and thus spurred the desperation of the attempts to win glory and fortune sneers at description.

The Japanese losses have been vastly over-estimated. The censorship has been so absolute that no word of authentic news has leaked out, and the origin of nearly all the reports about numbers is Chefoo, an insignificant treaty port on the China coast, seventy miles away. The Chefoolish blunder has been the cause of the loss of more men at Port Arthur than the whole Empire of Japan could furnish. There has been but one time when the losses were really great—in the seven days' battle, from August 19 to 25. Then the Japanese casualties in killed and wounded amounted to upwards of 25,000 men. No other grand assault cost more than 5000. The usual loss for a hard day's fighting is about 3000. That is a frightful number if you come to think of it. Fighting in extended formation over a small area does not let the number mount.

On December 5 Chefoo said that 15,000 had been killed in taking 203 Metre Hill. Not half that number could have

Google

been engaged, the point of attack is so small and the assaulting formation so loose. I saw the attempt to take 203 in September, when its outwork, Namicoyama, was captured. The whole force engaged then was a scant two regiments, about 4500 men. The loss in the two days' action was 2013. It is not likely that it cost as much to take the fort as it cost not to take it.

Tokyo said that when 203 was captured it gave the Japanese command of the town, and was a strategic move of great value. We have had these despatches very frequently for some months. They are from the Japanese, who must report progress. The command of the town or of the fleet is not essential. It is not Port Arthur, but Stoessel and his forts that Nogi is after, just as it was not Richmond, but Lee and his army that Grant was after.

Yet the taking of 203 is a certain advance. On September 19 I walked ten miles to see the taking of 203. Two months and a half of waiting and sapping, then one day of assault and the place was won. It means the beginning of the end. This for the reason that, mathematically, every contraction in the Russian line means a gain in Japanese strength. The smaller the circumference the less the resistance. And, after all, it is simply a question of mathematics. The loss of life appals, the spectacle attracts, the glory enthrals, but the intellect commands. A chess-board and two skilled players —such are Port Arthur, Nogi, and Stoessel. The checking move was made as long ago as May 26, when the battle of Nanshan was fought. The fate of Port Arthur was sealed then, just as it was again sealed the other day when 203 was taken. A lot of sealing, you say. Good wine always needs it.

Nogi has fought the campaign in masterly fashion. It has been said he looks like Grant. So he does, with a grim smile, taciturn jowl and power in the joints. He is a soldier and a philosopher, a Japanese and a samurai, that is to say, a piece of granite cast in human mould. He has held consistently to his plan of campaign from the first, that is, to demonstrate on the

Google

west, where 203 is, while he pierced the Russian right centre. He has been piercing that right centre for three months. But clever engineers and back-to-the-wall fighting, allied with the Higher Power who built the mountains, were in the way. Yet he fought it out on that line, though it took all summer, a regular Grant. He has had to turn from Grant to Hannibal and weather the Alps, for he will find the Manchurian mountains bleak with wind, sleet, and snow, and bare of cover. He is fortunate in soldiers. They are marvels of endurance, seem to stand anything, exist on a promise and a principle, and conquer all things, save when some Higher Power reinforces the clever engineers.

RICHARD BARRY.

(The only American correspondent attached to the Japanese forces from the beginning of their investment.)

Google

THE HUNGARIAN CRISIS

AS Hungarian affairs are again exciting interest in an unpleasant way, the editor of this Review has requested me to put before his readers the Opposition view of our present crisis. I most gladly fulfil that request, because English public opinion is of great importance to us, for, in our judgment, it carries real moral weight. And English public opinion does not seem to be well informed as to the real meaning of the great constitutional conflict which at present divides Hungary into two hostile camps. My chief business, then, is to lay the facts, just as they are, without prejudice, before that large audience which gathers round the tribune of THE MONTHLY REVIEW, trusting the sound English sense of fairness to appreciate them truly.

The crisis broke out after a breach of the rules of the House, perpetrated on November 18, at the Prime Minister's instigation, by Mr. Speaker Percrel. But why was such a deed done? What impulse—what real or pretended necessities—led to it?

To answer these questions I must begin by referring the reader to my article, "The Army Question in Austria and Hungary," published in the July issue of THE MONTHLY REVIEW. There I gave a precise account of the obstructionist proceedings used during the last year by some sections of the Opposition, and I clearly expressed strong disapproval of that method of Parliamentary warfare. In the same article I told

Google

how Parliamentary peace had been restored in March 1904, and how since then a tranquillity akin to apathy had reigned in the House. That comfortable state of things lasted till the autumn. No trace of the spirit of obstruction could be discovered in our latest debates, delicate and unpopular measures were passed with a proper amount of lively discussion indeed, but without serious difficulties. It was almost too much of a Parliamentary idyll and no symptom of a change for worse was in sight. From that cloudless sky fell upon us the thunderbolt of a Ministerial attack on the peace of the House, such as nobody could have anticipated. I will now give as clear and fair a statement as I can of the events which led to the conflict.

Great was our surprise when, just before the opening of the autumn session, October 9, the Prime Minister published a letter to his constituents in which, after violently assailing the Opposition and denouncing obstruction (of which there was no impending danger) as the chief peril to the constitution, he declared a thorough reform of the House to be the paramount business of the session, the most urgent task of Parliament. In the same document he spoke out his mind with sufficient clearness as to the sort of reform he contemplated; some of the measures he hinted at were acceptable, but some of them were so provokingly draconic and dangerous to freedom of discussion that even he felt compelled to mitigate them in a banquet speech delivered a few days later. The funny aspect of that most serious affair was, that the Prime Minister, after having done his best to irritate the Opposition by wanton abuse, expressed with an innocent face his hope and his ardent wish that the "serious and moderate elements" in the Opposition would support him in this work.

Now proceedings so incongruous and apparently without motive, on the part of a highly gifted man, require an explanation. The explanation lies in the fanatical belief which long ago took hold of Count Tisza's mind, that it is his providential mission to restore Parliamentary order in Hungary,

Google

which—according to his ideas—is threatened only by the danger of obstruction. Well, no man in his senses will deny that this statement contains a certain amount of truth, that it covers part of the ground of the whole truth—but only the smaller part of it; and on that partial truth do his supporters at home and in the foreign press insist as if it were the whole truth and were known to them and to their leader only, while the Opposition is denounced as stubbornly shutting its eyes to it; as committing, as it were, the sin against the Holy Ghost: to resist known truth. Now, this way of stating the case is certainly a very comfortable one for the Prime Minister's supporters, but unhappily it is not true. We don't shut our eyes to the evils of obstruction, nor do we absolutely oppose the idea of reforming the rules of the House, with a view to combat these evils, as far as our peculiar circumstances permit, which make it inadvisable to break any one of the weapons of national resistance. But we cannot admit that obstruction is the only—not even that it is the greatest—defect of present Hungarian Parliamentarianism. The chief evil in our constitutional life, the source of all other evils, is *misrepresentation*, owing to the fact that no progress has been achieved towards the extension of the franchise for half a century; that we still have rotten boroughs and, in sum total, not one million of voters in a population of over seventeen millions; that Government patronage—meaning in most cases Government pressure—extends over such a mass of electors that, with our system of open voting, an almost incredibly large percentage of the most intelligent people are practically without a vote. These circumstances explain the fact, otherwise unaccountable, that the same party remains in power for forty years, and that the Opposition must always consider its case as hopeless at general elections.

I wonder what the temper of an English Opposition placed in similar circumstances would be. Our point of view, then, is that an efficient remedy should first be applied to these fundamental evils attending the present state of our Parlia-

Google

mentary system, that a thorough reform of the electoral law, including gradual extension of the franchise, voting by ballot (in cities at least, which are swamped by official voters), redistribution of seats, stronger legislation against bribery and undue influence (though something has been done in that direction under Mr. Széll's Government)—in a word, that real and true national representation should first be ensured. When this is done, when the nation is made secure that the majority in Parliament is a genuine expression of her will, then—and in proportion to the result obtained in that direction—let us make the majority secure of its rights by a corresponding reform of the rules of the House. Now, will anybody, especially anybody in England, deny that our view of the case embraces the whole truth, in opposition to the half truth of Count Tisza, that it goes to the root of the evil instead of trifling with outward symptoms, that it means organic cure, as opposed to clumsy surgical attempts? Nor can this tacking of Parliamentary reform with the reform of the rules of the House be considered as an attempt on our part practically to throw out the other measure, since Count Tisza, in former declarations, *pledged himself to bring in Parliamentary reform before the next elections.* If he meant to keep his pledge, there was no earthly reason against postponing the revision of the rules of the House to the time when the promise should be fulfilled and when no serious difficulties would be encountered, or, if encountered, could be met and defeated. Why, indeed, not wait for such a better opportunity, as there was no impending danger of obstruction or of irregularity of any sort?

But now let me again take up the story of recent events.

The irritating effect of Count Tisza's ill-fated letter did not deter him from pushing forward his scheme. A few weeks after its appearance he moved the nomination of a Select Committee to prepare the reform of the rules. All sections of the Opposition declared their intention to take no part in the proceedings of that committee, as it seemed clear to them that

Digitized by Google

their participation would be a screen only, behind which violent measures could be decorously devised; Count Tisza's repeated declarations that he meant a moderate reform, that freedom of discussion would not be touched, that the wishes of the Opposition would meet with fair appreciation, were received with unbounded distrust. The lion had shown his claws, it was too late to draw them back; abandoning the metaphor—what Count Tisza had betrayed of the particulars of his scheme was in flagrant contradiction to his previous benevolent declarations. No wonder they were disbelieved. Later events have shown only too thoroughly how right we were in disbelieving them.

The debate on Count Tisza's motion, nevertheless, took its regular course; there was no agreement between the different sections of the Opposition as to their tactics. In fairness it must be owned that some symptoms of impending obstruction began to appear after the first days of the debate; but, dark as the prospects were which Count Tisza's motion opened before us, so many leading influences on the left of the House exerted themselves on behalf of meeting it by regular methods only, that the case was far from being a hopeless, or even a very dangerous one. But Count Tisza soon lost patience. Without even an attempt at conciliation he resorted to the most extreme weapons of desperate warfare, of a war of extermination, or how am I to call a motion which was introduced in the course of the debate by one of his friends, to the effect that, previous to the wholesale reform of our rules, a temporary modification of them should be enacted (to last one year at most), implying extraordinary powers for the Speaker, and—among other draconic measures—the possibility of stopping discussion at the request of fifty members? And this guillotine rule would have been applied, among other important matters, to the "discussion" on the new rules of the House! True, it was enacted (as must in fairness be mentioned) that these new rules should contain no closure clause, except, however, from that absolute freedom of the

Google

discussion of the appropriation clause of the Budget; but still, what prospects of vexatious measures opened before us! Imagine the sort of rules fanaticism like that of Count Tisza and his more ardent supporters would have framed when emancipated from every restraint; imagine rules of the House being constructed without the minority being permitted to express an opinion on them: and under the temporary rules contained in that second motion the decision whether it would or would not suppress discussion depends merely on the good-will of the majority.

It was perfectly preposterous to expect that any minority should meekly submit to such a prospect. But not even then did the Opposition try any other weapons in self-defence than the continuation of debate. It was only when the existing rules of the House were for the first time broken by a decision to sit twice a day (which, according to well-founded juridical opinion, was illegal) that the Opposition resorted to the technicalities of those rules to frustrate that illegal second sitting, while in the first sitting of every day regular discussion would have continued as before. All this had begun on November 18, and on the very same day, without even an attempt to get out of the self-created difficulties by regular means, at an hour of the evening when the House ought no longer to be sitting, even in the terms of its illegally improvised new time-table, Count Tisza coolly declared that there was "enough of that comedy"; the members of the conspiracy (nobody knows whether they comprised the whole majority, or even the greater part of it) then rose from their seats crying, "Division, division." On this the Speaker, Mr. Percrel, rose from his chair, and, amidst an incredible tumult, muttered something, which was afterwards taken down as granting the request for division, a request which, according to the existing rules, he had no right to grant, the discussion being still open. On a waving of his handkerchief the majority rose, but whether it was in order to vote,[1] or simply out of excitement, nobody

[1] In our Parliament we generally vote by rising from our seats.

Google

could ascertain, as many members on the Opposition side, too, had risen from their seats. Again the Speaker's lips moved—as was afterwards said—to declare that the second motion—the guillotine rule—was accepted; a moment later a royal ordinance of prorogation was produced, and the Speaker left the chair in the midst of a tumult which only the shortness of time and the good sense of several leading members prevented from degenerating into a hand-to-hand fight. All this was done in less than two minutes.

Now, whatever the Speaker may have mumbled—inaudibly to us—*the vote thus irregularly taken is void*, and the new rules thus carried are of no more legal value than the private opinion of any group of members. It will never do to enforce them against 180 members of the House who are perfectly decided not to submit to them, because they consider them a juridical nullity, and because such an attempt to make violence prevail against the rules of the House must be frustrated, or it would become a most dangerous precedent.

This is the *juridical* aspect of the question. The *political* consequences of these scandalous proceedings can be summed up very briefly.

Parliament is now, indeed, driven into anarchy. What rules will the Speaker apply—since there is no agreement as to the validity of either the old or the new ones? How can a Speaker who has openly and confessedly broken the rules apply henceforth any rules whatever? With what face can he request any member to listen to his admonition, or to submit to his measures? The sittings of the House in all probability will lose any semblance of regular Parliamentary discussion. Should some mock vote still be carried, in the same style as on that memorable night of November, such a vote would again be a legal nullity: because whatever is done by the aid of illegal rules is legally void, just as those rules themselves are null in law. But what if, on the basis of such a vote of the House, laws are framed? These, also, are legally null, and everybody is entitled to offer such resistance to them as he has

Google

power to do. There are prospects of endless confusion before us if what has been illegally done is not undone in due form and in proper time. For the moment all sections of the Opposition, suspending their differences of programme, have coalesced for the purpose of restoring the broken continuity of law in the proceedings of Parliament. They have nominated a common committee to decide on common tactics, to the decision of which everybody submits.

Some twenty to thirty members left the ranks of the Government party, among them its foremost men: Count Andrássy, the former Prime Minister Széll, the former Cabinet Ministers Darányi and Weassics, and so on. Count Andrássy and Mr. Széll wrote letters to their constituents in which—though taking exception to some proceedings of the Opposition—they most energetically condemn the illegal act perpetrated by Count Tisza and Speaker Percrel, and declare their conviction that the so-called resolution of the House, enacting the famous temporary rules, is legally null.

In all matters connected with this, our common conviction, and in the management of impending elections, this group will act in close connection with the united Opposition. The entanglement is indeed a hopeless one.

Parliament was to meet again on December 18. Though Count Tisza, with almost incredible infatuation, seems at first to have anticipated that the Opposition, after a few outbreaks of anger, would submit to what he considered *un fait accompli*, some misgivings must have arisen later in his mind. To meet all emergencies the Speaker, degraded into a mere tool of the Prime Minister, organised during the recess a Parliamentary guard, consisting of some forty athletic men, whose task it would have been to assist him in his endeavours to enforce the so-called new rules, or, to speak without disguise, to eject those members who should not submit to them. As the number of these members was about 180, the scheme was as preposterous practically as it was legally, according to the fundamental principles of Hungarian public law. And here

Google

I must ask my readers in a general sort of way not to criticise — as Englishmen are apt to do — foreign, and especially Hungarian, constitutional questions by simply applying to them the standard of English public law or Parliamentary practice. Our constitutional government offers many aspects of analogy with the English one, but, being quite original and a spontaneous product of an extremely different racial individuality, it contains quite as many contrasting peculiarities. The English Speaker, whose dignity from time immemorial embodies the independence of Parliament, and whose power was always considered a safeguard of the privileges of the House, is quite another person from his Hungarian colleague, who up to 1878 was a nominee of the Crown. True, since that date he has been freely chosen by the House, but something of old memories still lingers round his chair, and even the new aspect of his dignity is not yet sufficiently emancipated from party allegiance, or the suspicion of it. Owing to all this, neither law nor tradition, nor the rules of the House invest him with anything like the power of an English Speaker. His legal and moral authority rests entirely on a fair application of the rules of the House: it is gone the very moment he ventures one step beyond their limits. It will not do, therefore, to quote Mr. Speaker Brand's well-known *coup d'état* (which I have no business or intention to criticise from an English point of view) as an excuse for the Hungarian parody of it, nor can the introduction of guards into the Hungarian Parliament be judged by English rules and precedents. The English Speaker may have a right to use physical coercion against recalcitrant members; the Hungarian Speaker has no such right. When coercion is used to enforce illegal rules, the application of which must be considered as an act of arbitrary violence (for this is what the presence of those guards assuredly meant), there is most undoubtedly a breach of privilege in the sense of the Law xiii. 1791, which enacts "that the States and Orders should transact Parliamentary business in lawful liberty." That legal aspect of the

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

question must always be borne in mind if you wish to judge fairly what happened on December 13.

On that day the Opposition came into the House half an hour before the time of the sitting, simply in order to prevent surprise of any sort. Arriving there, we saw the guards posted at all entrance doors, around the Speaker's chair, and at several other "strategic points," like a besieging army. We were not prepared for such a sight, and therefore no previous agreement existed as to what should be done in the emergency. Some members addressed the guards, and, appealing to their sense of legality, requested them to withdraw. Of course the poor fellows, mostly under-officers of the police force, selected for exceptional muscular strength, could not comply. Then a scuffle ensued, in the course of which some furniture was destroyed, and which ended in the expulsion of the guards who, not knowing how far they were empowered to use their superior physical force, withdrew after some show of resistance and never came back again. Of course no sitting could be held on that day.

These proceedings, the unpleasant aspects of which I shall not venture to palliate, have occasioned an outburst of assumed and—where ignorance prevails—sincere indignation against the Opposition. In truth and fairness the responsibility for them must be laid on those who, heaping illegality upon illegality, broke through the rules of the House first and then did not recoil from an attempt to bring agents of unlawful violence into the precincts of Parliament. The Opposition did *not use* violence, it *repelled* violence; it had to do this by force, as there was nobody to appeal to, the Speaker himself being the aggressor on the legal liberty of the House. It was unpleasant business, but it had to be done; anything rather than submit to illegal coercion. I have some friends in England, and in America too, who know me well enough to give me credit for habits of decorous behaviour; before them and before the whole world I readily assume the responsibility for the deed of lawful self-defence which the Opposition performed on December 13.

Digitized by Google

There may have been some excesses in the heat of actual conflict, but that does not alter the essential lawfulness of the proceedings based upon the above-quoted Law xiii. 1791, and upon the natural right of every freeborn man to repel lawless force by force if need be. No amount of sham indignation can alter that true aspect of the question. I have no patience with that sort of canting prudishness which goes into hysterics at the sight of a broken chair or two, but has no word of reproof against the breaking of a constitution, nor do I think much of all that sense of justice which in a case like this condemns self-defence and absolves aggression.

At all events the guards disappeared once for all, and with them disappeared Mr. Speaker Percrel, whom we had no opportunity to see any more in the chair. The vice-president who took his place tried to apply the "new rules," but as 180 members, including some of our foremost statesmen, had pledged themselves not to submit to these rules, and as those stalwart men were wanting whose muscular strength should have filled up the gaps of legality, there was no possibility of enforcing them. In fact the business of the House was stopped; the authority of the chair was gone. To this paralysis of Parliamentary life there was only one remedy, but that an unfailingly efficient one: to recognise the legal nullity of the sham vote taken on November 18, to restore legal continuity by going back to the old rules of the House, which alone are valid. But this the Government would not do, and the majority, though not much active support could be got out of it, passively followed Count Tisza's dictation. The case was a perfectly hopeless one for him—but for him alone; any other Government could not only have got out of those difficulties in no time, but—as was ascertained and expounded before the House by Count Andrássy after repeated conferences with the leaders of the Opposition—could have easily obtained a thorough reform of the rules in connection with a very moderate reform of election laws. But Count Tisza had no intention of giving way; he persisted in his scheme and prevailed upon the King to dissolve Parliament.

Google

Now is this a remedy for the intricacies of the situation?

No, it is not, it only makes matters worse. To begin with, the dissolution is illegal in the conviction of nine-tenths of the nation and of most authorities on public law. Again, I must point out the different aspect of some constitutional questions from the standpoint of English and of Hungarian law. The right of the King of England to dissolve Parliament—though practically regulated by certain principles of sound constitutional practice—has no legal limitation; on the contrary, that same right of the King of Hungary is limited by the Laws iv. 1848, and x. 1867. Now it appears that dissolution under present circumstances infringes the enactments of these laws, the last of which is part of that celebrated compromise of 1867, which restored peace and confidence between King and Nation. This is certainly my own opinion, so strongly and decidedly so that it was chiefly on this ground that I cancelled allegiance to that compromise from my political creed, considering it as broken and deprived of all moral force. But I don't mean to argue out the legal question here, that would tax the patience of my readers too heavily and they would hardly feel competent to pass judgment upon it. Be it sufficient to state that in the opinion of most Hungarians the Crown has been persuaded by its present constitutional advisers into an unconstitutional act; a shadow has fallen then on the brightest glory of the present reign—though the good faith of his Majesty is nowhere questioned. The mere fact of having exposed an act of the Crown to such controversy condemns the proceedings. Count Andrássy, who does not think the present dissolution illegal, none the less truly and strongly stated in one of our last sittings that giving such advice to the King was not only a fault but a political crime.

But what can the practical results of the dissolution be? Of course everybody knows that the Government will have a majority in the next Parliament, that is the beauty of our present Parliamentary system—to preserve which Count Tisza has upset the whole country and broken through all legal

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

restraints—because it is impossible for an Opposition, even when the tide of public excitement runs highest, to prevail against the all-pervading influence of Government patronage and against the election funds which the existing powers are always able to collect. But precisely because this is known beforehand, like the winning of a game played with marked cards, the mere fact of having kept a majority does not mean victory for the Government. Nothing less than an actual crushing of the Opposition, a reduction of its numbers to a shadow, could enable Count Tisza to call himself victor of the contest. Now such a sweeping result is out of the question. It is always unsafe to venture on predictions in electioneering matters, but after having attended meetings in almost every part of the country, and after having witnessed the enthusiasm which greets almost everywhere the banner of the Opposition, I feel strongly confident that we shall win a couple of seats. But in this I may be mistaken; when these lines appear in print the reader will already have the results before him. Let me then suppose the worst, let us anticipate that instead of winning we lose a few seats; the most optimist calculations on the Government side go no further than that. What then?

The situation in the new House will be exactly what it was in the old one; 170 or 165 (instead of 180) members out of a total of 458 will stick to their conviction that the so-called new rules, stealthily proclaimed on that famous November 18, are legally null, and they will not submit to them. Elections cannot decide the legal question; electors are called to *choose legislators* but not to *legislate* themselves; our constitution is not a plebiscite, but a representative constitution; no vote of the electorate can either invalidate what has legal force or validate what is legally null. The Opposition then will go on to ask for the restoration of legal continuity, *i.e.*, for an express recognition of the nullity of the November rules, and an express restitution of the old ones; it will stop all proceedings in the new House till this lawful request is granted.

Google

What then? Will the guards reappear? Will there be 80 or 100 of them instead of 40—as the latter number was proved insufficient? Will the whole Opposition be driven out of the House and a Rump go on performing the rites of legislative business, framing laws which half the country will not recognise as such, and to which half the citizens will not submit? Or will there be another dissolution, with a similar result and similar consequences?

What an endless prospect of confusion is opened up if matters are not brought to a timely end by the downfall of the Minister who calls himself the "Saviour of Parliamentarianism."

But, then, of the fundamental principles of Parliamentarianism he seems to know one only, which he isolates and magnifies into a caricature: the omnipotence of the majority —of any majority. About that still more deeply fundamental principle, that Parliament should represent the will of the nation, he does not concern himself. He insists, therefore, upon a draconic and excessive reform of the rules which would crush the minority, but he does not care for an electoral reform which would make the majority a sincere representation of the national will. Some sort of electoral reform he will bring in—if time is left for it—but, as we must infer from his declarations, it will be mere trifling with the question, no serious change with a view to get a really independent electorate, and even such modest Parliamentary reform as he contemplates he refuses to bring into connection with the change in the rules of the House. No, it is our present sort of majority, entirely dependent on those in power, created by them for their own purposes, which is to be made omnipotent. And that majority, after the precedent set down on November 18, need not trouble about rules. If inconvenient, they are set aside by a wave of the Presidential handkerchief, because the will of the majority is the main thing; rules are, according to this philosophy of Parliamentarianism, not limits to the power of the majority, not safeguards to prevent that

Google

power from degenerating into tyranny, but mere "forms," always to be over-ruled by the requirements of the "essence of things"—meaning thereby the temporary convenience of the majority.

Should such a scheme prevail, life would become intolerable in our country; constitutional forms would then cover an arbitrary power, which, in the long run, would be neither Count Tisza's nor any other Hungarian statesman's. That highly gifted man is so blinded by his domineering passion that he does not see for whom he is ultimately working. But we see it; we feel the hand of other Powers pulling the wires behind the scene, of those Powers which I introduced to the readers of this Review in my July article, Powers centuries old, always defeated, but never destroyed; Powers which cannot get themselves reconciled to the idea of an independent Hungary, but are always striving to dwarf her into an Austrian province. A Hungarian Parliament incapable of offering any serious resistance to the scheme of Austrian militarism, unable to enforce strong progress towards the national ideals of Hungary: what a dream of happiness, what a promise of success to our old friends the pan-Austrian schemers! And are not such Parliaments in store for us if a draconic reform of the rules of the House crushes the spirit of the minority, while an electoral law, which converts elections into a sham, makes the powers that be always secure of having a majority subservient to their wishes? Who, then, is in truth to be made omnipotent by the omnipotence of such majorities?

From these obvious considerations the English reader may draw his conclusions as to the real nature of the present contest in Hungary, and he may determine on which side his sympathies are to be enlisted.

ALBERT APPONYI.

Google

THE HON. WHITELAW REID

A GREAT AMERICAN EDITOR

MR. CHOATE, the present American Ambassador at the Court of St. James, is to be succeeded by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, editor and proprietor of the *New York Tribune*. Mr. Reid has many claims to distinction, but it is as the editor of the *Tribune* that he has achieved his greatest fame. He undoubtedly stands first among American editors and journalists, and is perhaps the most eminent living American publicist. He is, moreover, in all respects the very best type of the self-made man—the type that appeals most powerfully to the imagination of the American people—a type without spot or blemish. The present American Ambassador to Great Britain was born to a very great name in the legal world, and has added new lustre to it, for he was the recognised head of the American Bar when he received his present appointment from President McKinley. Mr. Choate embodies in himself the best traditions of New England. He was educated at Harvard, is a wit and an orator of the first rank; a man of deep culture, and bears an untarnished professional reputation. Yet he has never held office in his own country. He was a candidate for the United States Senate, but—to the dishonour of New York State—he was beaten by the Party boss, Mr. Thomas Platt. Mr. Choate is fitted, both by ability and character, to discharge the duties of the greatest office within the gift of the American people, but it is no disparage-

Google

ment of him to say that he is not the type of man that appeals to his countrymen. He has not been forced to struggle; success has come easy to him, and his career has been, from the first, on a plane above the life of the workaday American. There has been a certain New England aloofness about Mr. Choate which has, in spite of his genial humour, prevented his becoming popular. He is greatly respected and admired; more than that, he is the kind of man that Americans hold in the very highest esteem, but he could never become a favourite son of the nation.

Mr. Reid has some points in common with Mr. Choate. He is—to use an American expression—a college graduate. He is well born, and is by nature an aristocrat. But he owes nothing to the circumstances of his birth or family connections. He has made his way single-handed and by sheer force of exceptional talents and energy. He had the advantage, however, of first seeing the light of this world in the State of Ohio—the State of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, of Hayes, Harrison, Garfield, McKinley, and many other eminent Americans. Roosevelt is the first Republican President since Lincoln—a period of forty years—who was not born in Ohio. This is a very remarkable Presidential record for one State, and the title of "Mother of Presidents," which used to belong to Virginia, is now held by Ohio, the Buck-Eye-State. The world has always believed in luck, and will go on believing in luck in spite of science and philosophy. It may be said therefore of Mr. Whitelaw Reid that he was born lucky. He began his journalist's career in the State of his birth, soon after taking his degree of B.A. (with first honours), and had been the editor of a country weekly paper for two years when the American Civil War broke out in 1861. At the first call of President Lincoln for volunteers, the young editor resigned his post and went to the front as the correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*—the chief Republican paper of Ohio. He was, I believe, the first war correspondent that ever reported, by telegraph, from the field, a battle in actual progress.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Young Reid distinguished himself, not only by this novel enterprise, but also by his remarkable energy, intelligence and judgment, which was so conspicuous as to attract the attention of the military authorities, and he was soon given a staff appointment with the rank of Captain. His letters from the front thus acquired a quasi-official character, and he served in this dual capacity of correspondent and staff officer till the end of the war. He then left Ohio for Washington and New York, where he soon became assistant editor to the famous "Horace Greely," the founder of the *New York Tribune*. This was in 1868, and his connection with this paper has existed without a break ever since; and as it is through this connection that Mr. Reid has won his great distinction as a journalist and editor, some account of the *Tribune* and its founder seems necessary, or at least useful, in our study of Mr. Reid's career. The *Tribune* was founded by Horace Greely in 1841. Mr. Greely was a self-educated as well as a self-made man, and belongs to the very distinguished company of Great American Characters. He was in many respects the Franklin of his time. He was born in the State of New Hampshire, and began his life as a printer in the State of Vermont. He came to New York in 1831 wholly unknown, with but ten dollars in his pocket, his pack on his back, and nothing to recommend him to favour but his pen. But this was a very big pen and was master of a style that commanded at once the attention of the public. Greely as a writer of English can only be compared to such supreme masters of style as Franklin, Lincoln and John Bright, men who, like poor Shakespeare, knew no Greek. Greely had been ten years in New York when he founded the *Tribune*, the American daily journal which best corresponds to the *Times* in England. The *Tribune* threw in its lot with the fortunes of "The Whigs," and when the Republican party was founded upon the ruins of that old party, the *Tribune* at once gave the new party its zealous and powerful support. Mr. Greely, in fact, played a very important part in its organisation, and

Google

soon became its oracle. Greely had been known, up to this time, more as a great writer than editor, and it was now that he began to show his great gifts as an editor. He gathered about him not only the best writers of the day, but also the greatest personalities—men and women too—or at least one woman—who were profoundly earnest in their efforts to set the highest possible standards of life and character before the American people. This company—this editorial staff—included such persons as George William Curtis and George Ripley—both of Brook Farm fame—W. H. Fry, Charles A. Dana, Bayard Tayler and Margaret Fuller. It was the custom of the *Tribune* staff to meet almost daily and discuss the most important topics of the times. Distinguished outsiders were also frequently present at these editorial discussions. Greely would usually start a subject and take up some very strong position in regard to it. He would then sit quietly by for the rest of the evening, as a rule, and listen to the *pros* and *cons*, and when the discussion had ended write his leader, and this leader almost invariably was just the opposite of what he had advocated at the editorial conference. By this method he drew out all the strong points on both sides of the question, which gave his editorials a reach and a grasp that was really marvellous, and soon convinced the public that the editor had thoroughly mastered his subjects. It was in this manner that Greely, as time went on, gained the character of an oracle. One of Greely's assistants, Mr. Richard A. Dana, was afterwards the editor of the *New York Sun*, and has left a reputation as journalist and editor second only to the founder of the *Tribune*. Greely was a large and very powerful man, somewhat given to profanity, and to the very last affected the dress and manners of an unsophisticated countryman. He wore the bow or knot of his black silk neckcloth under his left ear. This was done with a studied negligence that was perfectly understood by those who knew him well, but it sometimes happened that an innocent-minded outsider would call his attention to it. The cravat would then be put

Google

right for the moment, only to be readjusted under the favourite ear on the first opportunity.

This great editor, like all great men, wrote a very illegible hand. It was, in fact, almost undecipherable, and there are many traditions in the office concerning the confusion this caused. On one occasion Mr. Greely wrote a letter in wrath dismissing one of his proof-readers, who promptly used it as a recommendation, and by it secured another situation. There was but one man in the office for several years who could be depended upon to read the editorial manuscript, and Mr. Greely had a real affection for this man. It happened one day that complete nonsense was made out of a great editorial utterance. The subject was of unusual importance, and Greely was furious. With paper in hand and finger on the offending word, he strode into the composing room and called out in a loud and angry voice, "What damned lunatic did that?" When to his dismay the old proof-reader, whom he almost loved, came forward and confessed that he was the culprit. "Just my luck," roared the editor. "This is the worst case in months, and you are the only man in the office I can't swear at." Greely was one of the courageous band of original abolitionists who opposed all compromises with slavery. He had also presidential aspirations, and supported Lincoln's nomination in order to defeat Seward. He also urged Lincoln to issue an Emancipation Proclamation immediately after his election. But when the war was over Greely came forward, to the amazement of the whole nation, north and south, and offered to go bail for Mr. Davis, the ex-President of the defunct Confederacy. He also took up a hostile attitude towards President Grant, and the *Tribune* broke completely with the Republican party, which it had done so much to create.

There was now a third party, organised under the leadership of Charles Sumner, Charles Francis Adams, and Horace Greely. This party held its first and only convention in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1872, and nominated Greely for the Presidency. This nomination was ratified by the Democratic party in its General

Google

Convention. Mr. Whitelaw Reid was present at the Cincinnati Convention, and had the great pleasure of sending a telegram to his chief informing him of his nomination; and from that moment Mr. Reid has been Editor-in-Chief of the *New York Tribune*, for Mr. Greely at once resigned the editorship into the hands of his young sub, where it has remained ever since —a period of nearly thirty-five years.

Greely was badly beaten by General Grant, and his disappointment was so great that he died a few months after of a broken heart. A story was then started to the effect that after his defeat Greely wished to resume his editorship of the *Tribune;* but that the young man from the West (anything beyond the Alleghany Mountains was called West in those days), his former sub-editor, would not permit him to write at all for the paper, or even to enter the editorial rooms. And it was this treatment from the hands of the man whom Greely had made that broke the great editor's heart. I have only mentioned this newspaper legend in order to give it a positive, an authoritative, and I hope a final contradiction. Mr. Greely was always free, to the hour of his death, to use the columns of the *Tribune*, but he was never in a condition after his defeat to write. This I have from the lips of his only surviving child, Mrs. Clendenen, of West Chester, New York. Mr. Whitelaw Reid and Mrs. Clendenen have always been on the best of terms, and are in fact the best of friends.

After the death of Mr. Greely the *Tribune* came back into the political fold from which it had strayed, and here it has remained ever since, a stalwart of the stalwart Republicans.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, as we have seen, won his editorial spurs very young, and, as they were very big spurs, the biggest that were going, it was but natural that he should have envious and jealous rivals. He was not a New Yorker; he was "a young man from the West," and "the young man in the tower"—his editorial rooms being in the top of the *Tribune* building, which was very high for those days. It was reported that he put on great airs, and was almost unapproachable; that

Google

he was wrapped up in red tape, &c. &c. But the young editor had no time, if he had any disposition, to heed such reports, for his work was one requiring consummate tact, as well as exceptional ability; for having brought the rebellious paper back to its original political fold, it was no easy matter to rehabilitate its character, and to regain for it the confidence it had once enjoyed and forfeited, as the organ, *par excellence*, of the Republican Party. This was the new editor's great task, and this he completely accomplished, and was soon recognised, not only as the ablest editor in New York, but as a journalist of the very highest ambitions, who reflected everything that was best in the national life and character. The Ambassador-Designate is never a hail-fellow-well-met, as the typical journalist is supposed to be; nor is Mr. Reid, in truth, a popular man. But there has never been a time during the last twenty years, at least, when the editor of the *Tribune* would not have been chosen by his fellow American craftsmen as the representative of their best methods and highest purposes.

Mr. James Gordon-Bennett has had a better known and more picturesque editorial career, and the late Mr. Charles A. Dana was perhaps a more striking personality. But Mr. Gordon-Bennett has pursued a very eccentric editorial course, to say the least; and Mr. Dana discounted his influence very much by his violence. Mr. Reid has been able to wholly resist the modern spirit of sensationalism which has captured nine-tenths of the daily papers, both in America and England; and there has never been the slightest disposition on the part of the *Tribune* to adopt any of the methods of yellow journalism. The best evidence that this editorial dignity has been generally appreciated, even by the yellow journalists themselves, is seen in the fact that the editor of one of the most prosperous of these papers—the *New York World*—gave a million dollars the other day to found a Chair of Journalism in Columbia University, and nominated the editor of the *Tribune* to the post of first lecturer. Again, when Mr. Reid's

Google

nomination as Ambassador to Great Britain was announced, all the New York papers, so far as I know, approved the appointment in the strongest possible terms. This good opinion of his editorial contemporaries must be very gratifying to Mr. Reid, and is a far better reward than millions gained at the enormous cost of self-respect.

There have been few Americans in any rank of life who have had more self-possession than Mr. Whitelaw Reid. He has not only never been carried off his editorial feet by the excitement of the moment, but he has never trimmed his editorial sails to catch the passing breeze. Mr. Reid has been self-contained as well as self-possessed. He did not follow the example of his famous predecessor in the editorial office, and did not surround himself with a large staff of eminent writers and conspicuous personalities. He has had no great sub-editor as assistant, so far as I know. The *Tribune* has made a speciality of its foreign news and has always employed the best talent that could be had in its foreign correspondents. Mr. George W. Smalley is an instance. He was sent to Europe to report the Franco-Prussian War, and remained as the London correspondent of the *Tribune* for at least five-and-twenty years; and newspaper gossip says that Mr. Reid dispensed with Mr. Smalley's very distinguished services soon after this correspondent's famous letter in which he announced that he had thrown Mr. Gladstone over on account of his Home Rule scheme. Mr. Reid probably thought that a correspondent who could throw a Gladstone over was too big a man even for the *Tribune*. Mr. Smalley is now—as is well known—the *Times* American Correspondent.

The *Tribune*, I am sorry to say, has always been a strong advocate of a high tariff, but there are signs just now—that is, since the last Presidential Election—that Mr. Reid has modified somewhat his views on this subject. Mr. Reid has been a farmer and a cotton planter as well as an editor. He served for a short time as Librarian of Congress, and was a candidate for Vice-President with Harrison in 1892. He was Minister

Google

to France from 1889-92, and it was through his diplomatic efforts that the French embargo on American pork was removed. Mr. Reid has been sent to Great Britain twice as special Ambassador—first to the Queen's Jubilee in 1887, and again to the Coronation of King Edward VII. in 1902. He was one of the High Commissioners to the Paris Conference for the Treaty of Peace between Spain and the United States. His principal publications in book form are "Ohio in the War," "After the War," and "Problems of Expansion," 1900."

Mr. Reid married a daughter of Mr. D. O. Mills, who brought him a very large fortune.

The Ambassador-Designate to Great Britain is a tall, slight, handsome man, with great dignity of manner, and distinction is written upon him in the plainest possible characters. He is not a wit, but is a very graceful and accomplished speaker, and I venture to predict that in the long line of eminent and brilliant Americans who have represented the United States in England the editor of the *Tribune* will easily rank among the best.

G. Monroe Royce.

Google

THE MEDALS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

THE POPES

II

THE Papal medals are interesting, not only for their artistic merits, but for their historical value as forming a consecutive series illustrating the lives of the Popes year by year: they recorded their treaties against the Turks and with other Powers, their victories over the Infidel, the massacre of the Huguenots, and other more peaceful domestic events. The Popes embellished Rome with their buildings, and were proud of handing down their likenesses in imperishable bronze. Their triple tiaras, jewelled and embroidered vestments, gave great scope to the art of the medallist. In the best periods of art, however, in the obverse the head was generally left uncovered, in order to secure greater individual expression and concentration of effect on the features, and even in the seventeenth century an informal head-dress was often preferred to the official tiara. In the reverse the range of subjects was wide, and scenes from sacred and profane history, pictorial effects, landscapes, and architectural background were freely introduced.

Of that age Gregorovius says that there was

> a desire to represent the argument of Christianity in the beautiful forms of paganism. As churches were then built in the proportions and style of the antique, according to the rule of Vitruvius, so it was desired to treat Christian doctrines and legends in the forms of Classic Art.[1]

[1] Gregorovius, vol. viii. p. 366.

Google

In the same way in the Papal medals we see reflected, from the middle of the fifteenth to the middle or end of the sixteenth century, the classical tendencies of the age in which the Popes were the leaders of the new culture, and patrons of all the arts; after that date and to the end of the seventeenth century we equally see the traces of the Catholic reaction in the Christian and religious character of the medals.

We are fortunate in having a record of the medals of the Popes during the best period from Martin V. to Innocent XII. by Bonanni,[1] who gives a full account and engravings of all the medals extant at that time (1699), and the events to which they refer. Besides the medals mentioned by him, G. Paladino, who worked in the style of the fifteenth century, copied carefully the likenesses of all the Popes from Martin V. to Pius V., either from contemporary originals or from the restorations of the Quattrocento. Another Milanese, G. Battista Pozzi, carried out a series from St. Peter to Alexander V. (1410), which were not founded on any authentic portraits, but were purely the creations of his fancy.

A medal of Paul II. (1464–1471) was dug up in 1857 under the cellars of the Palazzo di Venezia, in Rome, built by him, and other medals have been discovered in the foundations of the buildings which are represented on them. Fig. 1 is an oval medallion of this Pope with the legend, "Italiæ pacis fundatori"[2]; it was struck at Rome, and has no reverse.

One of the best of the medallists was Antonio del Pollaiuolo (1429–1498), the author of the medal of Innocent VIII. (1484–1492). This medal (Fig. 2) was found in the crypt of the Vatican when the tomb of Innocent VIII. was opened in 1606. The reverse has the figures of Justice, Peace, and Plenty in the classical style, and alludes to his appeal to the European Powers to make up their differences and unite against the aggression of the Turks; the inscription on his

[1] Bonanni, "Numismata Pontificum Romanorum," Rome, 1699.

[2] The founder of Italian peace.

Google

tomb names him "Italiæ pacis perpetuo custodi."[1] His reign is remarkable for the friendly relations between Rome and Constantinople, caused by the episode of Zizim, the brother of Bajazet, who, after his defeat, had taken refuge in Rhodes, and eventually was kept in custody in the Vatican at the annual charge of 4000 gold pieces, given by the Sultan; the latter, in return, sent to the Pope the head of the sacred lance which pierced our Lord's side; this was originally preserved at Antioch, and being taken by the Crusaders thus found its way to Constantinople.

The best medals of the Popes were struck by artists who were often not natives of Rome, but were drawn there by the demand of skilful designers for the coins of the Pope. Sixtus IV. (1471–1484) was the first in modern times to have his likeness stamped on his coinage. He is represented with a sloping, conventionally decorated tiara; the reverse is classical—Constancy, a slightly draped female figure with a long spear in her right hand, leaning on a column to the left; at her feet are Turkish prisoners and a fleet in the distance, with the legend, "Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos, Sixte potes"[2]; at the foot "Constantia." It is by Andrea Guazzalotti (1481). This commemorates the expulsion of the Turkish invaders from Otranto.

The best goldsmiths and engravers of gems came from Florence. Francia designed the dies at Bologna for Julius II.; Caradosso for Leo X.; and Benvenuto Cellini for Clement VII. He was succeeded in the time of Paul III. by Giovanni Bernardi da Castelbolognese (1496–1558), a famous engraver of gems, who designed at least the medals of Charles V. and Clement VII., which were identified by Vasari; the best of them (Fig. 8) was struck of the latter on the occasion of the return of the Medici, in 1530, to Florence, after the siege by Charles V. (1529). The reverse contains a group of highly finished figures: Joseph making himself known to his

[1] The perpetual guardian of Italian peace.

[2] O Sixtus, you can spare the conquered and vanquish the proud.

Google

Google
Original from

Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

brethren, with the legend, "Ego sum Joseph frater vester."[1] This was intended to show the clemency of the Pope towards his fellow citizens in Florence, who sent an embassy to him, and in answer to the prayers of those who are represented as kneeling before him, he answered he would show he loved his native land and his fraternal love towards them. This Pope is said to have been the first who was represented with a beard, in consequence of having been imprisoned[2] in the castle of St. Angelo in 1527, after the sack of Rome by the Germans, as after that date he wore a beard.

Alessandro Cesati, by birth a Greek, worked in the Roman Mint under Julius III., Paul IV., and Pius IV. Vasari mentions him as the best worker in gems and cameos. He executed a fine medal of Paul III. (A. Farnese), 1534–1549, praised by Michael Angelo, though it is in a rather florid style. The reverse represents Alexander kneeling before the High Priest, and the legend, "Omnes reges servient ei."[3] He also executed two other classical medals of this Pope. The reverse of one is a nude figure of Ganymede with his left hand touching the eagle; with his right hand he empties water from a classical vase over the lilies, the badge of the Farnese, with a canting motto in Greek, ΦΕΡΝΗ ΖΗΝΟΣ ΕΥ(Φ)ΡΑΙΝΕΙ,[4] being a play on the word Farnese. Paul III. is also represented by a medal (Fig. 4) in 1550, the reverse of which commemorates the restoration of Tusculum to the seat of a Cardinal Bishop. The walled town is represented below, and the Villa Rufina above, one of the villas for which afterwards Frascati was famous, viz., the Borghese, Aldobrandini and Ludovisi. Giovanni G. Bonzagna (1508–1565) presided over the Mint under Paul III., and struck the medals to commemorate the Jubilee of the year 1550. It is mentioned on the inscription on his tomb that he was a distinguished imitator of ancient coins.

Marcellus II. was the first of the reforming Popes (1555),

[1] I am Joseph your brother.

[2] Bonanni, vol. i. p. 185.

[3] All kings shall serve him.

[4] The gift of Jove gladdens.

Google

but only held office twenty-two days between Julius III. and Paul IV., mentioned below. He is represented by seven medals; three are mentioned in the Catalogue of the Medici Museum, and a fourth, now in my possession, is mentioned by Bonanni; the authors are unknown. The reverse of Fig. 5 represents a stately figure of a woman seated, an open book in her right hand, from which she is reading, and in her left holding the rudder of the ship of St. Peter.

In the reign of Clement VII., his refusal to dissolve the marriage of Henry VIII. with Queen Katharine induced the King to repudiate the authority of the Pope, and was one of the causes which led to the Reformation in England (1534). The following medals relate to the re-establishment of the Papal supremacy: (1) That of Julius III. (Fig. 6); the reverse is interesting to Englishmen, and records the mission of Cardinal Pole to Queen Mary on her accession to the throne. It represents the reconciliation of England to the See of Rome. The Pope is represented holding by the hand a kneeling female figure (England), and bidding her rise again, as in the legend, "Anglia resurges ut nunc novissimo die."[1] The Cardinal Pole, with the silver processional cross as the badge of the Papal legate, stands in the background; the Emperor Charles V. is introducing the kneeling figure, and Philip II. and Queen Mary are standing by. This medal is by Giovanni Cavino, 1554. (2) That of Paul IV. who received the three legates from England sent by Philip and Mary to ask forgiveness of the Pope at the termination of the schism, and to obtain his blessing and absolution. This was granted, and he added Ireland to the dominions held under the English Crown, in a Papal Bull dated 1555. The reverse represents the three English envoys, Viscount Montague, the Bishop of Ely, and Sir Edward Carne, kneeling before the Pope, with an altar and council of Bishops in the background, and the legend, "Hæresi restinctâ."[2]

[1] England thou shalt rise again, as now, at the last day.

[2] On the extinction of heresy.

Google

Google

Google

Another medal of Paul IV. contains for the reverse a fine head of our Saviour with the usual "nimbus" and the legend, "Beati qui custodiunt vias meas."[1] There are medals of this Pope by different authors. The one represented (Fig. 7) is by an unknown artist in Rome (1559). This Pope at first governed without nepotism, but he afterwards gave way to it for political purposes and allowed his nephew the privilege of compounding with criminals by fine. But before his death he banished his offending nephew from Rome.[2] This is alluded to in the reverse, "Discite justitiam moniti,"[3] showing that he administered justice to all equally.

Pius V. is here represented by two medals. The reverse of Fig. 8 has the legend, "Fœderis in Turcas sanctio,"[4] and three female figures representing Spain, the Republic of Venice, and the Papal States joining hands against the Turks, and beneath them are the Eagle, the Lion, and the Mystic Lamb, representing the three States. This is the work of G. Antonio de Rossi, the Milanese (1517–1579), who worked at the Mint in Rome and struck medals of our Saviour with long hair and short pointed beard, with the reverse the Adoration of the Magi; and also of Henry II. of France.

Pius V. was a reformer, who lived an exemplary monastic life, and used his influence in combining the Christian Powers against the Turks. This Catholic reaction and combination of the Powers of Spain, Venice and Rome led to the decisive victory of Lepanto in 1571, at which 25,000 Turks were slain, 5000 taken prisoners, 170 Turkish vessels captured, and 15,000 Christians were rescued from the galleys,[5] which to them seemed to partake of the nature of a miracle. This was commemorated by a medal by G. A. de Rossi. The reverse has a view of a naval engagement, and the legend, "A Domino

[1] Blessed are they who watch over my ways.
[2] J. A. Symonds, "The Catholic Reaction."
[3] Being warned learn justice.
[4] League against the Turks.
[5] Stirling-Maxwell, "Don John of Austria" (1883), vol. i. p. 430.

Google

factum est istud."[1] The appearance of the Pope on these medals (Figs. 8 & 9) corresponds with the description given of him, as lean, wasted, with sunken eyes and snow-white hair; his hand is stretched forward in the attitude of prayer, to which he devoted all the time he could spare from the transaction of affairs. The reverse of Fig. 9 appropriately has the traditional head of our Saviour, without the "nimbus," in high relief, with the legend, "Domine quis similis tibi."[2]

F. Bonzagna struck the small bronze medal (Fig. 10) of Gregory XIII. (1572–1585) to commemorate the Jubilee[3] (1575); on the reverse the Pope, represented as breaking through a wall with a pickaxe, followed by his Cardinals, opens the Porta Sancta. The legend is "Domus Dei et Porta Cœli."[4] This medallist struck about 50 medals under Paul III., Paul IV., Pius V., and Gregory XIII.

Gregory XIII. was in the hands of Jesuit directors, and was a great builder of churches in Rome. "He displayed a monastic and Christian mode of living;"[5] he was a keen opponent of the Protestants, and struck a medal to commemorate the massacre of the Huguenots (1572), with the reverse, an Angel, with a sword in his right hand, and the cross uplifted in his left, striking the Huguenots in their flight.

Among the sacred subjects we find on the reverses is that of St. Peter and St. John healing a paralytic, with the legend, "In nomine Jesu surge et amb."[6] Another of this Pope of a classical type is Fig. 11. The reverse has a female figure slightly draped, with her head resting on her right hand

[1] This is the Lord's work. [2] Lord, who is like unto Thee.

[3] The Jubilee was first instituted by Boniface VIII. in 1300, part of the ceremony of which was the opening by the Pope of the sacred door, which except on these occasions, is bricked up. It was intended to recur once a century, but its repetition was subsequently made once in every fifty years; Gregory XI. fixed it for every thirty-three years, and Paul II. for every twenty-five years.—British Museum Catalogue.

[4] The House of God and Gate of Heaven.

[5] Symonds, part i. p. 116.

[6] In the name of Jesus rise and walk.

Google

Google

Google
Original from

and in the left holding a sceptre or lance. She is seated on a richly carved classical bench, an altar with fire burning in front of her, and a torch by the side emblematical of the pure flame of religion which she is watching in perfect security. The legend is copied from one of the coins of the Roman Emperors, "Securitas populi Romani."[1] It is signed under the obverse "LAV : PAR," and is the work of Lorenzo Parmensi, Master of the Mint in Rome (1572–6), a clever imitator of antique medals.

The brothers Niccolo and Emilio de Bonis in succession worked under Sixtus V. and the following Pope. The elder brother undertook the striking of medals from 1580–1592, notably one of Sixtus V., the great builder who completed the dome of St. Peter's (1590) among other improvements in Rome, erected the Vatican Library, and to whom may be attributed the triumph of Catholicism over the Renaissance and its pagan sympathies; Emilio continued this work down to the time of Clement VIII. In the time of the latter Pope, Georgio Rancetti, a Florentine goldsmith, was the leading artist. He struck the Jubilee medal for the year 1600 of Clement VIII. (Fig. 18), with the reverse, "Jubilei Indictio," and about twenty-five medals of this Pope and of Paul V., who added the porch to St. Peter's shown on his medals.

Paul V., 1616 (Fig. 12), has the reverse the Quirinal. He enlarged the palace and gardens during the years 1610–1616. This is the palace now occupied by the King of Italy.

There were forty-eight medals struck of Alexander VII. (1655). In the largest (Fig. 14) the reverse illustrates the story of Androcles and the lion. The lion, after he entered the arena, is represented crouching at the feet of the ancient companion of his den, who had extracted the thorn which lamed him, and the legend records his gratitude: "Et fera memor beneficii."[2] Jacobatius, in gratitude for benefits con-

[1] The safety of the Roman people.

[2] Even a wild beast is mindful of kindness.

Google

ferred on the Church, himself cast this medal in bronze in 1659, and it was also made in brass, silver, and gold. This is a good specimen of the art of casting, which was still practised even in the seventeenth century for large medals such as this.

Fig. 15 is another medal of the same Pope; the reverse has an altar, with bishops on each side, under a baldachino of very florid style, surmounted by cherubs flying, and rays of light proceeding from a dove above, representing the third person of the Trinity. The legend is "Prima sedes fidei regula ecclesiæ fundamentum," alluding to the first claim of the Pope to sit in the chair of St. Peter, the rule of faith being the foundation of the Church. Fig. 16 has on the obverse a similar bust with a highly ornamented cope and tiara, and underneath the letters G. M. On the reverse is the front of St. Peter's and the piazza with the colonnade; below, "Vaticani templi area porticibus ornata"; and above, "Fundamenta ejus in montibus sanctis."[1] This colonnade, the design of Bernini, was built by Alexander VII. in 1661, and finished by his successor, though the centre was left with one wide opening instead of two.

Fig. 17 is a medal of Innocent XI. to commemorate the defeat of the Turks at Barcan by John Sobieski, after he had relieved the siege of Vienna. The reverse has the grand standard of Mahomet, with a battlefield below, and Madonna and Child seated above, with the legend: "Sub Tuum præsidium."[2] At the base is "Turcas ad Parcan cesis et Johanne III., Pol Rege. A. 1684." The standard was sent to the Pope to be placed in the Church of St. Mary of Loreto, under whose guardianship they had fought; it was of great length, made of red silk and camels' hair, and embroidered with golden lilies and stars and double swords, representing the Empire in East and West, together with Arab inscriptions.

Fig. 18 is a medal of Innocent XII. in the second year

[1] Her foundations are upon the holy hills.

[2] Under Thy protection.

Google

of his pontificate (1698). There is no effigy on the obverse, but a tiara and cross keys and his arms—three pots. On the reverse is the figure of a pelican, an emblem of the Church, plucking its own breast to feed its young, with the legend, "Non sibi sed aliis." [1]

Fig. 19.—The head of Innocent XII. (1694) the reverse with the figure of St. Peter watching over the town of Rome, and the words, "Vigilat qui custodit eam." [2]

Fig. 20.—This and the two preceding ones are the work of the Hamerani family, whose name is inscribed thereon. Beatrice, as well as her father and grandfather, Alberto Hamerani, were well-known medallists. It has for reverse the legend, "Egrediatur populus et colligat," [3] alluding to the Israelites going out to collect manna in the wilderness; the camp is represented in the background and the pots of manna in the foreground, thus connecting the arms of the Pope with this incident in the Bible.

The medals of the Popes of the seventeenth century may fitly close by one stamped during the vacancy of the Papal See in 1676, between Clement X. and Innocent XI. (Fig. 21). It has the cross keys and umbrella, a shield with six stars, the arms of Clement X., and "Sede vacante." [4] The reverse has the Holy Dove representing the third person of the Trinity, with rays and lambent flames below it, and "Dabitur vobis paracletus." [5]

We have passed in review the medals of some of the Popes from the time of the Renaissance through the palmy period of the art to that of the counter Reformation. The collection of the Medici Museum terminates with the end of the sixteenth century, as from that date the character of the medals began to deteriorate. The list of Papal medals

[1] Not for self, but for others.
[2] The guardian is watching over her.
[3] Let the people go out and pick up.
[4] The seat being vacant.
[5] The Holy Ghost shall be given you.

Google

described by Bonanni is closed by Innocent XII., a century later, and I have included a few representative medals of the seventeenth century to show how much the art had lost in simplicity, grace, and charm of composition. With multiplicity of figures the clearness of design was lost, though they are sometimes executed with great technical skill. They are mainly worthy of notice, as they commemorate the principal historical acts of the Popes and the architectural features of the principal churches and buildings erected by them.

EGERTON OF TATTON.

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Google

Google
Original from

NIHILISM:

ITS MORAL JUSTIFICATION AND POLITICAL NECESSITY

IN the year 1801, a short time after the Czar Paul had been strangled in his bedroom by the high officers of his *entourage*, a Russian nobleman wrote to Count Münster: "Le despotisme tempéré par l'assassinat c'est notre Magna Charta." This saying has become famous throughout the world, and it is only too true, for if we closely look into Russian history we find that assassination is a national institution in Russia. Indeed, rightly considered, assassination is as much the basis and the guarantee of all national and popular rights in Russia as the Magna Charta is in Great Britain.

From time immemorial Russia has been ruled in the same manner in which most Oriental states are governed. Princes have come to power by violence, have ruled by tyranny, and have been removed by murder. The word of the Bible, "Those who live by the sword shall perish by the sword," has nowhere been more true than it has been in Russia.

Every country has its malcontents, and every Government has its Opposition. The manner in which popular discontent manifests itself is very different in different countries, and naturally depends on the form of government, its character, and its methods. In the liberal Anglo-Saxon countries, where The People is the Government, popular discontent manifests itself in orderly parliamentary opposition; in pseudo-constitu-

Google

tional countries where The People has an apparent, but not a real, participation in the government and administration such as Germany, opposition assumes the more dangerous shape of Socialism; in autocratic countries such as Russia, Turkey, Persia, the people are powerless to make their voice heard, unless they have a benevolent and liberal ruler. Therefore, if in autocratic countries the people are dissatisfied with their Government and its methods, and wish to change their ruler or their rule, they must needs resort to force. Anarchism from above provokes and creates anarchism from below.

The Russian Government rules not by reason but by force, and it punishes with merciless severity its subjects if they express their discontent in word or print. Deprived of freedom of thought, freedom of the press, and freedom of speech, the Russian masses cannot make known their wishes or their dissatisfaction. Consequently discontent and opposition must either remain mute or meet force with force. The Russian Government pursues deliberately the policy of the steam-roller, and one cannot argue with a steam-roller.

It is a popular error to confuse Nihilism with Anarchism and Terrorism. In the eyes of the public a Nihilist is a semi-lunatic, who indiscriminately uses bomb and dagger instead of argument. But this conception of Nihilism is wrong. Nihilism is in reality the creed of all Russians who are dissatisfied with their government, and one might almost say it is the creed of all enlightened Russians excepting those whose personal interest it is to preserve the present *régime*.

Whilst the misdeeds of Anarchism are done by crackbrained irresponsible individuals, criminals who have sprung from the lowest stratum of society, Nihilism finds its strongest supporters among the Russian aristocracy of birth and of mind, and among the intellectual and cultivated classes. Therefore, aristocrats and leading intellects, such as Count Leo Tolstoi, Tourguenieff, Bakounin, Prince Kropotkine, &c., are the leading preachers of Nihilism. None of these men are in favour of violence for its own sake. All love their country, desire to improve the lot

Google

of the down-trodden population, and preach the doctrine of Nihilism though they need not call themselves Nihilists.

If we wish to understand the cause of Nihilism and its aims, we need not study its proclamations and manifestoes, but need only read the novels of Tourguenieff, Tolstoi, Dostoyewski and Maxim Gorky, which show clearly that Nihilism is the expression of dissatisfaction with the misery of the Russian masses and with the Government and its organs, which are held responsible for the sufferings of the people.

Nihilism wishes to abolish the arbitrary and oppressive government of Russia, and to put a constitutional and liberal government in its place. To possess a popular, mild and just government, has been the desire of the Russian people for centuries, and the Russian people have from time to time tried to obtain a better form of government by movements which, though not Nihilistic in name, were certainly Nihilistic in fact. During the reign of Alexei (1645-1676) popular revolts occurred in various parts of Russia, and in the south-east of Russia the runaway serfs and the free Cossacks of the Volga rose under the leadership of Stenko Raxin, hanged the tyrannical landlords, and wished to settle their accounts with the Boyars in the Kreml itself. In 1773 Pugatchev roused the Ural Cossacks to revolt again their oppressors, hanged the landlords and officials in Eastern Russia, and ravaged the country. Lastly, in 1825, there occurred the so-called Decembrist Insurrection, which, for a moment, imperilled the throne of the Czar Nicholas I. The aim of that insurrection was the same as the aim of the present Nihilists. They wished to emancipate the serfs, establish a constitutional government, and secure for the people freedom from oppression. This movement, like many minor risings which with a similar aim and at various times were undertaken in many parts of Russia, was ruthlessly suppressed by the Government, and the aristocratic and idealistic leaders of the Decembrists ended their lives where Russian reformers usually end their lives—in Siberia and on the scaffold. But the seeds which the

Google

Decembrists had sown were not lost, and from them sprang the Nihilist movement.

The Nihilist movement was on the whole idealistic, intellectual, and orderly in the beginning, as may be seen from the fact that men like Alexander Hertzen and Nicholas Tchernevsky were its leaders. Their aim was before all to help the Russian peasants upon whose poverty and sufferings they took pity. It is true that the serfs had been emancipated by the Act of 1861, but the peasants were worse off after their emancipation than they had formerly been. They had gained paper rights, but they had lost property in consequence of their emancipation, and they were more severely oppressed by their poverty, the landlords and their Government, than they had been whilst they were serfs.

Feelings of pity and compassion for the sufferings of the people were the origin of Nihilism. In 1870 and the following years many young men and women abandoned their homes, wealth and position and went to villages all over the country, where as teachers, doctors, midwives, nurses, &c., they tried to improve the lot of the poor, sharing with them their burdens and their life of privation. They meant truly to carry out the exhortation of the apostle: "Bear ye one another's burden and so fulfil the law of Christ." But the Russian Government did not approve of their action, and took strong measures against these self-chosen and sometimes rather indiscreet missionaries and reformers. Between 1873 and 1876 about 2000 people who had taken part in the movement for the elevation and the education of the masses were arrested and many of them were kept in prison for many years without trial.

At last in 1877 193 of the chief culprits were tried, but the treatment which the reformers received whilst in prison was so horrible that seventy-three of them died or lost their reason.

During the reign of reaction the Russian Government took stronger and stronger measures against all those who ventured

Google

to oppose or to criticise its rule of coercion or who dared to contravene its countless restrictions. Year by year thousands of those who wished for reform were imprisoned or deported to Siberia, whether they were Nihilists or not. Violence begat violence, and at last the hounded and exasperated Nihilists adopted those terrible means of revenge whereby alone they thought they could impress the country's rulers and cause them to introduce constitutional and just government and liberal reforms. At last, after many unsuccessful attempts, the Nihilists succeeded in killing the Czar on the Catherine Canal on March 18, 1881.

If we wish to see clearly whether the Russian Nihilists are a small band of terrorists, as they are usually depicted, or the most determined section of a vast truly national party of opposition and of reform, we need only study the celebrated letter which the Executive Committee sent to the Czar Alexander III. two days after they had killed his father with their bombs. This dramatic document is of the highest interest and importance for the knowledge of Nihilism, for it shows clearly that the Nihilist party is not a party of destruction and of anarchism, but a party striving after reform and liberal government. In view of the great importance of this authoritative declaration, which is a clear statement of Nihilism, its cause, and its aims, it is worth attentive reading. It is the weightiest document which has ever been issued by the Russian Nihilists, and we therefore give it herewith in full:

YOUR MAJESTY,—The Executive Committee thoroughly understands the mental prostration you must now be experiencing. It does not, however, consider that it should, from a feeling of delicacy, defer the following declaration. There is something higher even than legitimate human feeling; it is the duty towards our country, a duty to which every citizen should sacrifice himself, his own feelings, and even those of others. Impelled by this imperious duty, we address ourselves to you without delay, as the course of events which threatens us with terrible convulsions and rivers of blood in the future will suffer no delay.

The sanguinary tragedy of the Catherine Canal was no mere chance occurrence, and could have surprised no one. After what has happened during the

Google

last ten years, it appears inevitable; and therein lies its significance, which should be thoroughly understood by him whom destiny has placed at the head of the State.

Only a man utterly incapable of analysing the life of the people can characterise such occurrences as crimes of individuals, or even of a "band." During an entire decade, we have seen that the Revolutionary movement, in spite of the sternest persecution, notwithstanding the sacrifice of the late Czar's Government of everything—liberty, and the interests of all classes of the people, and of industry, nay, even of its own personal dignity; notwithstanding, in a word, all the measures adopted to appease it, the revolutionary movement continued to increase; the best forces of the country, the most energetic men in Russia, and the most willing to make sacrifices came forward to swell its ranks. For three whole years the desperate war has lasted between it and the Government.

Your Majesty will admit that the Government of the late Emperor cannot be accused of "want of energy." The innocent and the guilty were hanged alike; the prisons, like the remotest provinces, were filled with the condemned. So-called "leaders" were taken and hanged by the dozen.

They died tranquilly and with the calmness of martyrs; but this did not stop the movement; on the contrary, the movement increased and continually gained in strength. A Revolutionary movement, your Majesty, does not depend on individuals. It is a process of the social organism, and against it the gibbets erected for the most energetic representatives of that process are as powerless to save the existing order of things as the punishment of the cross, inflicted upon the Nazarene, was powerless to save the decaying ancient world from the triumph of reforming Christianity.

The Government may continue to arrest and hang as long as it likes, and may succeed in suppressing single Revolutionary bodies. We will even admit that it may succeed in destroying the essential organisation of the Revolution. This will not change the state of things. Revolutionists will be created by events; by the general discontent of the whole of the people; by the tendency of Russia towards new social forms.

An entire nation cannot be suppressed; and still less can the discontent of a nation be suppressed by rigorous measures. These, instead, will increase its bitterness, its energy, and its forces. The latter naturally will be better organised, profiting by the experience of those who have preceded them. Thus, with the progress of time, the Revolutionary organisations cannot but increase in number and in efficiency. This was precisely our case. What advantage did the Government derive from the suppression of the "Dolguscinsi," the "Ciaikovsi," the Propagandists of 1874? Other and more resolute leaders of the party came and took their places.

The rigours of the Government after 1876 and 1879 gave birth to the Terrorists. In vain the Government slaughtered Rovalsky, Dubrovin, Ossinsky,

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Lisogub; in vain did it crush and destroy dozens of Revolutionary bodies. For this imperfect organisation more strongly constituted bodies were substituted by a kind of "natural selection." At last the Executive Committee appeared, against which the Government still struggles in vain.

If we cast an impartial glance upon the last sorrowful decade, we may unmistakably and easily foresee what will be the future of the Revolutionary movement should the policy of the Government not change. It will increase; it will extend; the Revolutionary organisation will take a more perfect and a stronger form. Meanwhile there will continually be fresh causes for discontent; the confidence of the people in the Government will go on diminishing. The idea of the Revolution, its possibility, and inevitableness, will constantly gain ground.

A terrible explosion, a sanguinary revolution, a spasmodic convulsion throughout all Russia, will complete the destruction of the old order of things.

Your Majesty, this is a sad and frightful prospect. Yes, sad and frightful. We feel more than anybody what a calamity the loss will be of so much talent and energy in the work of destruction and in sanguinary encounters, at a time when the same forces under other circumstances might be devoted to fruitful labours, to the development of the popular intelligence, to the general welfare. But why the sad necessity for this sanguinary struggle?

For this reason, your Majesty, that a just government in the true sense of the word, does not exist among us. A Government should, in conformity with the reason of its existence, be the expression of the aspirations of the people, it should carry out only the will of the people. With us, however—pardon us for saying so—the Government is a perfect camarilla, and deserves the name of a "band of usurpers" much more than the Executive Committee deserves it.

Whatever may be the intentions of the Emperor, the actions of the Government have no concern with the aspirations and welfare of the people.

The Imperial Government had already deprived the people of personal liberty and made them the slaves of the class of the nobles. It now creates the pernicious class of the speculators and shareholders. All the reforms only end in rendering the people worse off than before. The Government in Russia has gone so far, has reduced the masses to such poverty and misery that they are not even free to act for their own interests, are not secure against the most infamous inquisition, even in their own homes.

Only the blood-sucking officials, whose knavish exactions remain, enjoy the protection of the Government and the laws.

How frightful, on the other hand, is the fate of an upright man who labours for the common welfare! Your Majesty, you yourself well know that it is not the Socialists alone who are persecuted and transported.

What kind of Government is this which maintains such "order"? Is it not really a band of usurpers? This is why the Government in Russia has no moral influence over the people; this is why Russia produces so many Revolu-

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF M... H...A...

tionists; this is why an event like the killing of the Czar excites sympathy among a great part of this very people. Pay no heed to flatterers, your Majesty. Regicide in Russia is very popular.

There are only two outlets from such a situation; either a revolution, which will neither be averted nor prevented by condemnations to death, or the spontaneous surrender of supreme authority to the people to assist in the work of government.

In the interests of the country, and to avoid a useless waste of talent and energy, and those terrible disasters by which Revolution is always accompanied, the Executive Committee addresses itself to your Majesty and counsels you to select the latter course. Be sure of this, that directly the highest power ceases to be arbitrary, directly it shows it is firmly resolved to carry out only what the will and the conscience of the people prescribes, you will be able to get rid of your spies, who dishonour the Government, dismiss your escorts to their barracks, and burn the gibbets which demoralise the people.

Then the Executive Committee will spontaneously suspend its own activity, and the forces it has organised will disband and devote themselves to the fruitful work of civilisation, culture, and the welfare of the people.

A pacific struggle of ideas will take the place of the violence which is more repugnant to us than to your servitors, and to which we are now compelled to have recourse solely by necessity.

We address ourselves to your Majesty, dismissing the prejudice and distrust inspired by the past. We will forget that you are the representative of that power which has deceived the people and done them so much injury. We address ourselves to you as to a fellow citizen and an honest man.

We hope that personal resentment will not suppress in you either the sentiment of duty or the desire of hearing the truth.

We also might feel resentment. You have lost your father, we have lost not only our fathers, but our brothers, wives, sons and best friends. Nevertheless we are ready to forget all personal rancour, if the welfare of Russia demands it, and we expect as much from you.

We impose upon you no conditions of any kind. Do not take offence at our proposals. The conditions which are necessary in order that the revolutionary movement should give place to a pacific development have not been created by us but by events. We simply record them. These conditions, according to our view, should be based upon two principal stipulations:

1. A general amnesty for all political offenders, since they have not committed any crime, but have simply done their duty as citizens.

2. The convocation of the representatives of the whole of the people, for the examination of the best forms of social and political life, according to the wants and desires of the people.

We, nevertheless, consider it necessary to point out that the legislation of the representatives of the people can only be arrived at when the elections

Google

are perfectly free. The elections should therefore take place under the following conditions:

1. The deputations shall be chosen by all classes, without distinction, in proportion to the number of inhabitants.

2. There shall be no restriction of any kind upon electors or deputies.

3. The elections and the electoral agitation shall be perfectly free. The Government will therefore grant provisional regulations until the convocation of the popular assemblies, namely:

(*a*) Complete freedom of the press.

(*b*) Complete freedom of speech.

(*c*) Complete freedom of public meeting.

(*d*) Complete freedom of electoral addresses.

These are the only means by which Russia can enter upon the path of peaceful and regular development. We solemnly declare, before the country and before the whole world, that our party will submit unconditionally to the National Assembly which meets upon the basis of the above conditions, and will offer no opposition to the government which the National Assembly may sanction.

And now, your Majesty, decide. The choice rests with you. We, on our side, can only express the hope that your judgment and your conscience will suggest to you the only decision which can accord with the welfare of Russia, with your own dignity, and with your duties towards the country.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

March 23, 1881.

(Printed at the office of the *Narodnaia Volia*, March 23, 1881.)

From the foregoing letter, it is clearly apparent that the Nihilists are not irresponsible fanatics, and the enemies of mankind, who wish to destroy, but that they ought rather to be described as liberal-minded patriots, who wish to reform their country, and who find themselves compelled to adopt violent measures, argument having proved useless against the inflexible will of the Russian autocracy. Commenting on this remarkable document, the *Times* wrote in April 1881, "The Nihilists ask for concessions which are the commonplaces of every free community."

Can any one deny the truth and justice of this observation?

Of late we have witnessed another outbreak of Nihilism which clearly shows its moral justification and its political

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

necessity in a country like Russia. M. de Plehve, who long before had been condemned to death by the Nihilists, or, rather, the Revolutionary Socialists, as they call themselves, was assassinated, and the Press of the whole world, in commenting on that shocking event, was strangely unanimous in its opinion that nothing but a violent end could be expected for the man who had ruled Russia with a rod of iron, and who had been Russia's gaoler. At the same time astonishment was generally expressed that he had not been done to death much earlier, for the whole world had been accustomed to see in M. de Plehve the evil genius of Russia. By his orders the Poles were cruelly persecuted, and the university students were flogged and impressed into the army; he initiated the massacres of defenceless Jews in Kishineff and other towns; by his authority the venerable Armenian Church was despoiled and its property, which had been accumulating for more than a thousand years, was confiscated by soldiers, who proceeded with incredible violence against the Armenian clergy; strikes were treated as rebellions, and suppressed by the indiscriminate use of firearms and the knout; lastly, Finland, the most loyal and the most cultured part of Russia was Russianised by "the policy of the steam-roller." By his brutal treatment of the various sections of the nation, and especially by that meted out to the Finns, M. de Plehve caused a violent outbreak of Nihilism and signed his own death-warrant.

Finland had been ceded to Russia in 1809, and Alexander I. and his successors had sworn to respect the fundamental laws of Finland. Therefore her finances and her judicial, educational, clerical, and economical administration were entirely in the hands of the Finnish Diet and Senate. As long as Finland was left alone, she was peaceful, happy, prosperous, and contented, progressive, and free from crime—a very model country, but Finland was too Finnish for Russia's liking. Hence, on February 15, 1899, an Imperial manifesto was issued which declared:

> Whilst maintaining in full force the now prevailing statutes of Finland, we

Google

have found it necessary to reserve to ourselves the ultimate decision as to which laws come within the scope of the general legislation of the Empire.

This brief declaration brought independent Finland completely under Russia's thumb, and destroyed with a stroke of the pen the precious ancient privileges of the loyal grand duchy. A rough soldier, General Bobrikoff, was ordered to reduce the free country to that absolutely mechanical and soulless obedience which is characteristic of Russia. The Imperial representative immediately set to work to break down the old constitution and the spirit of the Finns. He made the Russian language compulsory, notwithstanding the fact that only a few thousands (hardly one-third per cent.) of the population are Russians. He deposed the native high officials, judges and governors, and nominated in their stead Russians who did not understand the language of the people. He suppressed all independent newspapers, introduced the censorship and domiciliary visits, closed the Finnish schools and institutions, banished and imprisoned many of the most prominent and respected citizens, some of whom had never taken an interest in politics, without trial. He introduced compulsory military service, and destroyed and closed the ancient Finnish Parliament.

The Finns were an orderly, peaceful people, used to popular government. Consequently they tried for a long time with exemplary patience to reason respectfully with the Russian authorities, whom they thought ill informed or ill advised. In 1899 a deputation of more than 500 Finns petitioned for the restitution of their constitutional rights, but their petition was not even received by the Czar. An international petition signed by 800 of the most eminent men was also not received At last, in 1901, a monster petition, bearing 471,181 signatures, was sent by the unhappy Finns, but all was in vain. Reason, argument, and entreaties proved completely unavailing, and the plea to treat the country, not with forbearance, but merely with common justice, and to respect the treaties which the Czars had sworn to was not heard. Therefore, many Finns

Google

left their native land in despair in order to escape oppression and the number of emigrants grew fivefold between 1899 and 1902. At last, finding all representations hopeless, and maddened by the merciless and unendurable tyranny by which the country was outraged, a Finn, belonging to the leading circles, made up his mind to rid his country from the tyrant, and assassinated General Bobrikoff. Needless to say, the Russian autocracy and its organs explained that this deed had been a Nihilistic outrage, for the Russian authorities apparently treat every attempt at revolt as Nihilistic. M. de Plehve was the next victim of the despair which his policy had created throughout Russia. He also was murdered by a former law-abiding citizen who had been driven to despair. Rightly considered, it was Russia which introduced into Finland, with her peculiar conception of civilisation, the crime of political terrorism, which is the only effective form of political opposition known to Russia, and which hitherto had been unknown in the grand duchy.

Shortly after M. de Plehve's assassination the Russian Revolutionary Socialist Party issued a manifesto to the world, in which it was said that for all his crimes against the people and the fatherland, against civilisation and humanity, M. de Plehve had been condemned and executed by the fighting committee of the association. However, the following significant and very important proviso was added:

> The necessary violence of our methods of combat should not obscure from anybody the truth. We absolutely condemn, as did our heroic predecessors of "the Will of the People," a terrorist policy in countries which are free. But in Russia, where, owing to the reign of despotism, no political discussion is possible, where there is no redress against the irresponsibility of absolute power throughout the whole bureaucratic organisation, we shall be obliged to fight the violence of tyranny with the force of revolutionary right.

There is evidently a wide gulf between those men who are usually termed Nihilists and the Anarchists. According to the Nihilists, a terrorist policy is considered suitable only for Russia, and they emphatically condemn "a terrorist policy in

Google

all countries that are free." Anarchism is international and visionary, Nihilism is national and has a distinct aim. Consequently Nihilism can hardly be considered the Russian form of anarchism. Bentham has truly said, "tyranny and anarchy are never far asunder." Despotism is a perfectly legitimate mode of government for ruling savages, provided the rulers govern wisely and conscientiously, meaning to elevate and to benefit the people over whom they rule, but it is not legitimate for a government habitually and continually to rule a great nation by measures which fit a convict prison but not a civilised country.

Attention cannot too strongly be drawn to the fact that not only men belonging to the suppressed or oppressed races and creeds of Russia become Nihilists. The Russians are idealistic and sentimental at heart, and they are capable of absolute self-sacrifice for an ideal. Therefore it comes that many of the foremost Nihilists, and especially the intellectual leaders of Nihilism, belong to the privileged classes and have no personal grievance whatever against the autocracy. This explains why so many of the best known Nihilists were aristocrats, and why not a few conspiracies to murder the Czar have from time to time been discovered among the military officers. These men preached, conspired and acted not through hatred, fanaticism, lust of destruction, or thirst for notoriety, which are the motives of semi-lunatic anarchists. Their revolt has been a revolt of pity. They saw the sufferings of the Russian masses, they wished to alleviate them, and, after having exhausted all other means, at last resolved when driven to despair to help their suffering country by employing force, the only effective argument by which the Russian Government can be influenced in political matters.

On paper the Russian people possess far-reaching liberties including liberty of the person, of speech, of thought, &c., but in reality they possess no assured liberties whatsoever. Whilst the vilest robber or murderer receives the benefit of a regular trial, a political offender, a political suspect, and even a

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

personal enemy of a high official may be packed off to Siberia, kept in a dungeon for years, or be secretly executed without a trial. A man who commits the most horrible outrage against his fellow men is treated with more consideration and humanity by the authorities than a man who reads one of the many thousands of proscribed books, or who holds political opinions which are not approved of by the Government. According to Kropotkin, nearly 20,000 exiles were yearly transported to Siberia, half of whom were thus punished by "administrative order," that is to say, by the mere order of the local or central administrations, and without a trial,

Nihilism has been described as synonymous with Anarchism, with which in reality it has nothing in common. It is true that the aims of Nihilism are purely negative, but would any sane Russian attempt to map out a comprehensive policy of progress and of sweeping reforms for his country when it is a crime to criticise the existing Government or any of its measures? But even if Nihilism was consciously or unconsciously Anarchistic, it could hardly be condemned because it merely wishes to destroy what it considers bad and is so engrossed by its immediate task as to forget the ensuing task of building up a new Russia. Anarchy from below is terrible, but anarchy from above is more terrible, for it is more lasting. Godwin has truly remarked:

> Anarchy is undoubtedly a horrible calamity, but it is less horrible than despotism. Where anarchy has slain its hundreds despotism has sacrificed millions upon millions, with this only effect, to perpetuate the ignorance, the vices and the miseries of mankind. Anarchy is a short-lived mischief, whilst despotism is all but immortal. It is to despotism that anarchy is indebted for its sting.

One might think that Godwin, who was an abstract thinker, and who lived and wrote a hundred years ago, had intended to depict in these lines the present state of Russia.

Execution is not murder, and those few Nihilists who are determined enough to vindicate the rights of man at the risk of their lives with revolver, dagger, poison, bomb, or mine, act

Google

with the same serenity with which a judge acts in condemning a felon to death or with which the hangman acts in carrying out the sentence. Nihilists of the most desperate type consider themselves neither as murderers nor as heroes. They act as did Hamlet, and those who wish to know how most of these desperate men live and act, feel and think, need only read Shakespeare's masterpiece, in which they will find the truest delineation of the Nihilist's mind and soul.

The majority of the Nihilists are highly cultured, highly educated, and high-minded people. They act not spontaneously but deliberately, realising fully that they carry their lives in their hands. They know the character and the traditions of the Russian Government. They believe that their activity is morally justified and politically necessary for the salvation of Russia; and if we look impartially at the whole question it seems as difficult to condemn those unhappy men who are willing to immolate themselves for the good of their country, and who are actuated by no personal and by no impure motives, as it would be to condemn the pathetic and imposing figure of Hamlet and to declare that the Prince of Denmark was a common criminal.

ALEXEI.

Google

LIVING LEGENDS OF THE FIANNA

WHILE I was working at my book of ancient Irish legend, "Gods and Fighting Men," I often asked my neighbours, old people who have drifted into workhouses, seaweed gatherers at the foot of Burren, turf-cutters on Slieve Echtge and the like, what they could tell me about the Fianna. For though the stories that have gathered about that mysterious race are thought by many to come from the earliest days, even before the coming of the Aryan Celt, the people of the west have a very long memory, especially the old people without book-learning. An old basket-maker once told me, "Sure, no one can have any memory that reads books;" and when a farmer says, "I had no education but minding a distrained farm my father took, to keep the cattle from straying, unless that on Sunday my mother would put a clean shirt on me, and send me to Claregalway to learn the Catechism," I know it is likely he is a guardian of the old unwritten lore. And I look on these memories as of equal value with those that were written down few or many centuries ago. Some time ago a poem was taken down in Irish from some countryman, and afterwards the same poem was found in an old manuscript in the Irish Academy. There was only one word different in the written and the spoken version, and in that it was manifest that the pen had made the slip and not the tongue.

These tales of the Fianna are far better remembered than

Google

those of the Red Branch, and this it is suggested is part proof of their having belonged to the aboriginal race. Cuchulain's bravery, and Deirdre's beauty, "that brought the Sons of Usnach to their death," find their way, indeed, into the folk-poetry of all the provinces; but the characters of the Fianna, Grania's fickleness, and Conan's bitter tongue, and Oisin's gentleness to his friends and his keen wit in the arguments with St. Patrick, and Goll's strength, and Osgar's high bravery, and Finn's wisdom, that was beyond that of earth, are as well known as the characteristics of any noticeable man of modern times.

A tall brave race of hunters they seem to have been, before the days of chariots and of wheat. "In those days they never tilled the ground or sowed any crops, but they were all for keeping horses and dogs and going hunting, and it was by hunting and killing and eating meat they lived. Maybe they ate nuts sometimes, for there were some people, such as saints, used to go out into the wilderness and to live on nuts and herbs they would gather, when they laid their mind to it. But as to the Fianna, they had houses, and in every house there used to be a hundred and forty-one men, and a hundred and forty-one fire-places."

An old man I talked with on the beach beyond Kinvara, told me "They were very strong in those days, and six or seven feet high. I was digging the potato garden one day about forty years ago, and down in the dyke the spade struck against something, and it was the bones of a man's foot, and it three feet long. I brought away one bone of it myself, and the man that was along with me, but we buried it after. It was the foot of one of those men. They had every one six or seven dogs, and first they would set two of the dogs to fight, and then they'd fight themselves. And they'd go to all countries in curraghs that were as strong as steamers; to Spain they went in their curraghs. They went across from this hill of Burren to Connemara one time, and the sea opened to let them pass. There are no men like them now; the Connemara men are the best, but even with them, if there was a crowd of

Google

them together, and you to throw a stick over their heads, it would hardly hit one, they are mostly all the one height, and no one a few inches taller than another."

Another man says, "They were all strong men in those times, and one time Finn and his men went over to Granagh to fight the men there, and it was the time of the harvest, and what they fought with was sheaves, and every one that got a blow of a sheaf got his death. There is one of them buried now in Fardy Whelan's hill, and there's two headstones, and my father often measured the grave, and he said it is seven yards long."

On Slieve Echtge I was told, "Oisin and Finn took the lead for strength, and Samson, too, he had great strength." "I would rather hear about the Irish strong men," said I. "Well, and Samson was of the Irish race, all the world was Irish in those times, and he killed the Philistines, and the eyes were picked out of him after. He was said to be the strongest, but I think myself Finn Mac Cumhail was stronger." And again, "It was before the flood those strong men lived here, Finn and Oisin and the others, and they lived longer than people do now, three or four hundred years.

"Giants they were; Conan was twelve feet high, and he was the smallest. But ever since, people are getting smaller and smaller, and will till they come to the end; but they are wittier and more crafty than they were in the old days, for the giants were innocent though they were so strong."

I hear sometimes of "a small race and dark, and that carried the bag," and that was probably the aboriginal one. "There was a low-sized race came, that worked the land of Ireland a long time; they had their time like the others." And, "Finn was the last of the giants, the tall strong men. It was after that the Lochlannachs came to the country, they were very small, but they were more crafty than the giants, and they used to be humbugging them. One time they got a sack and filled it with sand, and gave it to one of the Fianna to put on his back to try him. But he lifted it up, and all he

Google

said was, 'It is grain sowed in February it is.'" Another says, "An old man that was mending the wall of the house used to be telling stories about the strong men of the old time; very small they were, about three feet high, but they were very strong for all that."

Grania is often spoken of as belonging to that small race, as if her story had come from a very early time. "She was very small, only four feet. She was the heiress of the princes of Ireland, and that is why they were after her." "They say Diarmuid and Grania were very small. They made the big cromlechs, there's a slab on the one near Crusheen sixteen men couldn't lift, but they had *their own way* of doing it." And again, "Diarmuid and Grania were very small and very thick." Another says, "Grania was low-sized; and people now are handsomer than the people of the old time, but they haven't such good talk."

I do not know if it is because of Grania's breach of faith, or of lack of belief in her beauty, but I never hear her spoken of with sympathy, and her name does not come into the songs as Deirdre's does. A blind piper told me, "Some say Grania was handsome, and some say she was ugly, there's a saying in Irish for that." But the old basket-maker was scornful and said, "Many would tell you Grania slept under the cromlechs, but I don't believe that, and she a king's daughter. And I don't believe she was handsome either. If she was, why would she have run away?"

An old woman says, "Finn had more wisdom than all the men in the world, but he wasn't wise enough to put a bar on Grania. It was huts with big stones Grania made, that are called cromlechs now, they made them when they went away into the wilderness."

Once, "As they were passing a stream, the water splashed on Grania, and she said, 'Diarmuid was never so near to me as that.'"

A much greater favourite among the stories is the call of Oisin to Tir-nan-Og, the Country of the Young.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Some say he was led away by a deer, "for he was the son of a deer, and he lived in the woods for twenty-one years among the deer, and then he came and lived among the men. And it was in the form of a deer the woman came that brought him away to Tir-nan-Og. He leaped into the water after her, and when he was in the stream he saw she was a woman. It was over westward he was brought, and it was to the Clare coast he came back. But as to where Tir-nan-Og is, it is all about us, in every place."

Here is the deer story again: "Out hunting they were, and there was a deer came before them very often, and they would follow it with the hounds, and it would always make for the sea, and there was a rock a little way out in the water, and it would leap on to that and they wouldn't follow it. So one day they were going to hunt, they put Oisin out on the rock first, the way he could catch a hold of the deer, and be there before it. So they found it and followed it, and when it jumped on to the rock, Oisin got a hold of it. But it went down into the sea and brought him with it to some enchanted place underground, and there he stopped a very long time, but he thought it was only a few days he was in it."

"Did he have a wife there?" "Not at all. Don't I tell you he thought it was only a few days he was in it?

"Well, he began to wish at the end of the time to see the strong men again, his brothers; and he asked whoever was in authority in that place to give him a horse and to let him go. And they told him his brothers were all dead, but he wouldn't believe it. So they gave him a horse, but they bade him not to get off it or to touch the ground while he would be away, and they put him back in his own country. And when he went back to his old place, there was nothing left of the houses but broken walls, and they covered with moss, and all his friends and brothers were dead with the length of time that had passed. And where his own home used to be, he saw the stone trough standing that used to be full of water, and where they used to be putting their hands in and washing themselves.

Google

And when he saw it he had such a wish and such a feeling for it that he forgot what he was told, and he got off the horse, and in the minute it was as if all the years came on him, and he was lying there on the ground, a very old man, and all his strength gone."

Here is another version: "Oisin was taken to another country, the Country of the Young, and he stopped there two hundred years, but he thought it was only a fortnight. He had another wife there, I suppose his first wife was dead. And at the end of the two hundred years he began one day looking about him for a bit of a rope, and they asked what was it for, and he said, 'I didn't see my dogs this last fortnight, and I'm looking for a bit of a rope to tie them up with when I get them.' So then they told him it was two hundred years he was there, and when he heard that he said he must go back to Ireland to see it, and they must lend him a pony. So they lent him the pony, but they said he must not leave go of it or get off when he was away, or he'd never come back again. So he went, and when he got on Irish soil he saw a man striving to put up a sack on the back of a horse, for I suppose they had no cars in those days. And the man called him and asked him to lend a hand, and he was vexed when he saw that they couldn't do it, and he stooped to lift it, and with that he fell, and there he lay on the ground, and he was not a young man any more, but an old man, and able to do nothing, but withering away through the world."

And here is yet another story: "Oisin lived the longest of all, because of those years he was away in a trance. It is near Seefin they used to be, the Seat of Finn. It is a very high place. It is likely he used to go there to parade his soldiers.

"And there was a forth in the county Clare, and a spring of water coming from it, and the women about used to go there for water; but if they were using the water at the turning of the tide it would go away from them out of the house and out of the can, or if it was in a cake they were putting it, it would

Google

go away and leave nothing but the flour. And in the summer time when the green corn came up, horses would come out of the forth and eat it. And the Fianna went one time to the forth to watch the horses that would come out, and then they tried to catch them, but they all escaped. But Oisin had the luck to catch a foal by the tail, and he brought it up and reared it, and it was very strong. And one day the gentlemen of the County Galway Club were going out hunting, and Oisin went out to hunt with them, for he thought that whatever the horse would do, he would be able to manage it. But in the hunt they came to the top of the hill at Seefin, and when the horse saw the county Clare before it, it rose up in the air and Oisin with it. And it brought him away to a farm-yard that was called Tir-nan-Og, and Oisin got a wife there. And in that place you wouldn't feel the time passing, and he saw the beauty of heaven, and kept his youth there a thousand years; and when he thought he had been there a twelvemonth he said he would like to go home and to see his friends, and his wife told him he would see none of them in it, but he wouldn't mind her. And she gave him a ring off her finger, and she told him if he was ever hungry or dry he had but to look through that and he would be satisfied. And she gave him her pocket-handkerchief to stand on if he would get off the horse, for if he was to touch the soil of Ireland he would never come home again. So he went back to Seefin, and he found none of the houses there where his friends used to live, but only thorns and nettles and briars. And he asked any one he'd meet if they knew where the strong men were now, and some would say, 'I heard my father or my grandfather saying such people used to live there a long time ago.' And they told him of one very old man that was called the Grand Adviser, and bade him to go to him. And when he went to him he said, 'My father told me that they all died long ago.' And everybody wondered to see such a fine man riding here and there upon his horse. It was in lifting the sack of stones he fell, and the horse left him. But he wasn't too badly off,

Google

for he had the ring yet. But one day he was washing his hands, and someway he lost it, and then he was done for. It was at that time that St. Patrick came by and saw him and converted him. But some say St. Patrick put up the sack of stones on the horse and called to him to help him, so that he'd fall and be nothing, and he could convert him."

It is usually white-handed Niamh herself who lures him away. "They were all hunting deer, and a white lady came to them, all her dress was white, and she was riding a white horse, and she said she came to Ireland to get the strongest man that was there. And Oisin was the strongest of them all, and he went up on the horse behind her, and she brought him away to fight some man that was doing her harm. And they fought for nine days and nine nights, and then Oisin killed him."

And wise old Mary Glynn, coming out of her little weed-grown cabin on Slieve Echtge, said it was four thousand years Oisin was kept among the ever-living ones, and that he thought it was but four hours he was in it. "And at the end of that time they gave him a donkey to come home on for a while. So he got the donkey and he went away through the air on it, and when he got to Ireland he saw men lifting a sack of corn that was after slipping off the horse's back. And they were surprised when they saw the big Dane coming through the air. So they called to him to help them, and he stooped to give a hand, and when he did, the girth gave way, and he fell on the ground and there was nothing left of him, that was the biggest of the Danes, but a little fistful of bones."

I hear from another old woman that Oisin "tried to bring away something out of Tir-nan-Og, with ropes he let down, knotted they were. But he was not let bring it away, no one is let bring anything out of Tir-nan-Og, and it is a fine place and everything that is good in it. And if any one is sent there with a message he will want to stop in it, and twenty years of it will seem to him like one half-hour. They say Tir-nan-Og is there yet, and so it may be, in any place."

Google

An army pensioner, who is more of a theologian, says of Tir-nan-Og, "I think it was the Promised Land, that the people of Ireland didn't get after, because they were so disobedient. But Moses promised the Irish people that they would have a land that no snakes would live in, and so they have. There is a man in Gort brought a snake with him in a trap, and so soon as it was put out and touched the soil it died. And when I was in India, I saw a crock at the cathedral there that was brought out by the clergy, and it full of Irish earth, and shamrocks growing in it, for the shamrock won't grow on English earth. And a snake came and coiled itself up in the crock, and it died there because of it being touched by the soil of Ireland."

The arguments between Oisin and St. Patrick are given by Irish speakers with never-ending delight, partly, I think, because of the love of drama that makes all such poems of argument a joy. They are the last cry of paganism against the new belief that took its place, and its assertion of its own sufficiency:

"The Fianna used not to be saying treachery; we never had the name of telling lies; by truth and the strength of our hands we came safely out of every battle.

"If myself and Fergus and Diarmuid were together on this spot, we would go in every path we ever went in, and ask no leave of the priests."

This is how I have been told the story: "It was after Oisin fell from his horse St. Patrick began to instruct and to convert him. And he asked where all his companions were, and Goll the champion of Ireland. And it is what St. Patrick said, that God had them all shut up in hell with the devil. And Oisin said, 'If I could see them I would draw them out of that, and the devil with them, and his whole forge.' But St. Patrick gave him a sight of hell after that, and they were all tied up in flames, and he asked Goll the champion of Ireland what could they do for him, and he said, 'Give me a sod under my feet and a flail to be thrashing the

Google

devil with.' So they gave him that, and he has it yet, and he's thrashing the devil with it ever since. He didn't kill him yet; but if it wasn't for it, he might be doing more harm than what he is.

"And St. Patrick told him about Adam and Eve, and how they were turned out and lost for eating the forbidden fruit, an apple he called it. And Oisin said, 'Although God has all my friends shut up in hell, if I knew fruit was so scarce with him, and he to think so much of it, I'd have sent him seven cartloads of it.' It was very decent of Oisin to say that; he always had a very decent name for those sort of things.

"And Oisin said another thing to Patrick; he said, 'Don't the blackbird and the thrush whistle very well, and don't they make their nests very nice, and they never got any instruction or teaching from God?' And what St. Patrick answered to that, I don't know.

"And then St. Patrick asked him would he come with him to Loch Dearg, the Red Lake. It was called that because of Oisin having killed a fiery dragon that was in it, and that was after swallowing ten men, and had its mouth open as wide as a gate; and when he killed it all its blood went through the lake and coloured it red, and it keeps its name to this day.

"And Oisin said, 'I will not go with you there, for I would get nothing but bread and water, and that wouldn't serve an old man.' And St. Patrick said, 'If you will come, I will try could I get you a sight of the treasury of Heaven.'

"It was not long after that, St. Patrick got him converted, and as soon as he converted him, he was in such a hurry not to lose a minute but to baptize him at once, that he struck down his spear on his foot without seeing it, and pinned him by the instep to the ground. And when he saw a stream of blood coming from the instep he said, 'Why did you make no sign when the spear struck you?' And Oisin said, 'I thought it was a part of the rite of baptism, and I wouldn't begrudge

Digitized by Google

a little drop of blood to God Almighty.' He died soon after that and was saved, because he showed such patience. But all his friends are in hell; but when they lived angels used to come sometimes to see them and to talk with them, they were so nice and so respectable."

An old wood-cutter told me something the same story, adding, "Oisin said he'd send cartloads of apples into Heaven if he knew they were so scarce. He must have been a man with a very strong mind to be saying things like that, just to be vexing St. Patrick, but St. Patrick got the better of him in the end. The young chaps have no stories like that now, like the old people had, they have got so crafty and so enlightened."

Another story of Oisin's bravery says: "There was a cloak that would cover no man if he had any sin at all, but would leave a part of him bare. And when it was put on Oisin, his small toe was left bare. And he told St. Patrick to cut it off, and then he called for a saw and he cut it off himself. But if he did, with respects to you, there was a bit of his flesh left bare yet, so he cut no more off, but went out."

A farmer, himself very tall, winds up the story of Oisin's heroism under the rite of baptism with, "It's an old saying that every generation of men in Ireland would get smaller and more liary, more apt to be telling lies. And that is true, for what man is there now in the country that could hold a bow unless it is your own brothers? And as to people telling more lies than they did, well, it's my opinion that they do."

I am also told, "It was Oisin used to be breaking all the commandments—that's what made it so hard to humanise him; there was no one but St. Patrick could do the job." But a Slieve Echtge man says, "Did St. Patrick have much trouble to convert him? Not at all; he was as blind as that floor."

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, in an article on "Gods and Fighting Men," says:

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Beyond the practice of magic, the ancient Irish had nothing that can be called religion. There is neither worship among them, nor ritual, nor any form of prayer or sacrifice. It is hardly possible that they can have regarded the Sidhe really as gods, or have believed in anything in the nature of a Supreme Spirit.

I have heard that it is one of the doctrines of magic that every man contains in himself a part of the Supreme Spirit, and, according to the people, the strong men had something of this belief. "They had no religion; every one of them made a god of himself"; or, "If one of us has a field of oats or of barley ripening in the sun we'll say, 'Thanks be to God.'" But if they had a field of oats or of barley ripening, they'd be thankful to one another or to themselves, for they thought themselves to be as much as God.

And an old woman with whom I shared the shelter of a shed during a heavy shower told me, "Oisin was talking one day, and a man said, 'What sort of a year is it?' And Oisin said, 'A hot summer and a rough autumn and a fine winter and a dry spring.' And the man said, 'God is good.' But Oisin said, 'As long as men are good to one another, that is enough.'"

Conan has the same sharp tongue in the memory of the people as in the old writings, but is swift and brave as well. A man living by the sea tells me, "There was an old man near this had a song that gave the coats-of-arms of all the Fianna, and Conan's was a briar. That was because he was always drawing troubles and quarrels between them. That cairn you see beyond, on the big mountain to the west of Burren is said by the Connacht men to be where Conan was buried. They say there was a stone found there one time that had on it this writing, 'Conan the swiftfooted, the barefooted.' He was not so strong as Goll Mac Morna, that would break down a gate with a stone, but he was a good runner, he would come up with a deer.' 'He was not so nice as the others, he was someway cross,' or 'Conan was the strongest of them all, but someway the others used to be humbugging him.'"

There was one adventure, however, in which he saved all the

Google

rest of the Fianna, that of "The Danish Wedding." It is a very favourite story, and I have heard versions in English and Irish. This is a prelude to it, I heard from an old poet in Oughterard workhouse: "It was a giant came with one eye; and a deer came, one side as white as lime, and the other side as black as coal, and it was as joyful as the leaves of a tree in summer time. Dearg Mor, the giant, was from Spain, and Goll wounded him, and he was killed, and they buried him. Then the King of Lochlann's son came, and his men and the Fianna fought for eleven days, and the son was killed."

The rest is partly his, and was partly told to me by others:

"And, after some time, the King of the Danes sent a messenger to Finn, and bade him come there and marry his daughter. But it was to make a trap for him he did that, the way he would kill him in revenge for his son. But when the messenger came in, he stood for a while and said nothing, and Conan, that was son of a mermaid, hit him with his fist when he didn't speak after coming in. And Finn said, 'You are teaching manners to another, and you have no manners yourself.' They were all vexed with Conan because he was so cross and so contrary and they couldn't teach him manners, and they said he should not come with them to Lochlann. Conan was angry then, and he went to Finn, and said he should go. And Finn said, 'Can I have no quiet at all with you always fighting? And I will not bring you with us,' he said. And it is what Conan said, 'That you may be seven hundred times worse this time next year, if you are the king, and if you did get your knowledge from a blind salmon. And that you may never be cross till you meet with your death,' he said. That was a great curse that he put upon him.

"Then Oisin gave Conan a place in his boat, but Osgar drove him out of it again. Conan gave them great abuse then, and reproached Oisin with his mother being a deer, for Conan always had a stone in his pocket. And then he went and cut the sails and the masts of the other ships that were ready for the Fianna. Some of them set on him then, to make an end of

Google

him, but he ran from them. Finn called to him to come back, for his brothers would not let him be harmed, but Conan said, 'There's no use in having brothers if you haven't got a good pair of feet to run with as well.'

"So Finn and his men set out for the Danes' country, eaving Conan after them. Then Conan went to Mannanan, son of Lir, that had all sorts of enchantments, and asked for his help to follow them over the sea. 'And I will make a little boat for myself,' he said, 'and I will twist it in and out with wicker work.' 'You need not go to that trouble,' said Mannanan, 'for I will lend you my own boat. And you will be in Lochlann two days before them,' he said. It was for the sake of the Fianna Mannanan that was king of fairies did that, for the fairies were very friendly to the Fianna at that time. All the boats had fairy music with them, and they going over to Lochlann.

"So Conan set out, and Mannanan brought him to the other side before the others, and when they got there, Conan took the clothes of the King of Denmark's son that he had brought with him, and put them on; and when the king came out he passed himself off as his son that had come back to him from Ireland. Mannanan put enchantment on him, the way he could do that. So the king gave him a great welcome, and he brought him in to where his great grandmother was, and he said, 'Here is your grandson come back again'; and she said, 'I'll rock the cradle no longer now he has a sword.' But after that she said, 'I know his clothes, but I don't know his face or his voice.' And on that Conan gave her a clout that knocked her down dead. 'Oh, why did you do that?' said the king. 'It is a fashion I learned in Ireland,' said Conan; 'if any old woman interrupts the talk of kings, to give her a clout that will kill her.'

"He made every sort of sport when he had not the old woman to put him down, and after a while the king sent him down into a cave where his youngest son was kept and was fed on bird's marrow the way he would be a giant. And he

Google

gave Conan a great welcome, and they sat down to play cards, and what they used to play for at that time was whatever you would wish for. So the king's son won the first time, and he asked nothing of Conan. And Conan won the next, and he said, 'This is what you must do. I want to know are you a good soldier; so put down your head on a block of wood, and I will hold my sword over you, and if you do not stir at that I will say you are a good soldier.' So the king's son did that, thinking it was his own brother asked him, and then Conan struck his head off him with his sword. It was very treacherous of him to do that; he ought not to have done such a thing as that to a dog.

"Then he went out of the cave and he found the Fianna just landed and shaking hands with the king. And they were brought in to a feast, and a very big ugly man came in, that had no invitation, and Conan was vexed to see so ugly a man come in where kings and princes were without being asked; and indeed it was a very unmannerly thing to do. And he took him by the nostrils and dragged him out to where there was a cliff, and threw him over it and made an end of him. And there was great laughing at the table; there was never such great laughter in Denmark as when they saw Conan bringing out the ugly man by the nostril.

"Then they sat down, and every man with a Dane beside him, and Conan took notice that they had their arms, and he knew it was their intention to kill Finn and his men, for they had told him of that before. So he pulled out his dagger and he said, 'I will cut the first of the meat,' and he struck it into the man beside him that he fell dead, and the rest of the Fianna killed every one his man, and then they drew their swords and went down to the sea, and there was a great army before them, but they cut their way through it; and Mannanan, by his enchantments, made the wild birds drive their beaks into the mouths of the Danes to kill them as they came up. So they went safe back to Ireland. Conan did well for them that time, anyhow.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"The King of Denmark's daughter? It is only to trap them he sent the message to Finn about her. How do I know if he had one at all?"

Goll is usually boasted of by Connacht men as the strongest, but one says, "I think myself Osgar was the best, because it was in fair fight he won. But the time Goll had the fight with Dearg Mor, that lasted through three days, Dearg Mor used to be brought away by the women every night, and there was music and dancing, and he got no rest, but Goll used to have his sound sleep. And I don't think that was very fair dealing."

As to Finn, the head and leader of all, he always seems to me more impersonal than the rest; he is spoken of with less intimacy and sympathy. It is the same in the old writings, his memory and his life seem alike a little lonely, he was beyond and outside his comrades and his friends. I think sometimes his sin was that of Prometheus, he stole the sacred flame, the wisdom that the gods had not intended for him. They were more friendly to his followers than to him; Angus takes Diarmuid's part and helps Grania in her flight; Mannanan helps Conan just after he has put a curse on Finn; it is a daughter of the immortals who lures him to the bottom of a lake and sends him back to earth grey and withered. He is never long happy in love or in marriage, and if he refuses love his hounds are brought away to an unseen dwelling, or madness falls upon himself. And now, after all the centuries, his great name has the most grotesque of the folk stories hung about it. It is more natural they should belong to him than to bitter-tongued Conan who has left successors, or to Oisin who argued like a heretic of to-day. But though his strength is sometimes made less of by his being given a giant's body, his good looks cling to him, for personal beauty was almost an essential of leadership, and the Fianna, like their high kinsmen the Tuatha de Danaan, would not have followed a maimed king, maimed even in battle. "He was a very nice man, with fair hair hanging down his back like a woman—a grand man he was."

Google

Here is one of the commonest of the giant stories, in which he is the ordinary folk giant, outwitted by a woman's wit:

"He came to a house one day, and the mother saw him coming, and her son that was a grown man was sitting by the fire, and she bid him get into the cradle and hide there. Then she began to make a cake of bread, and she baked the griddle within in it. And when Finn came in he said, 'What sort of things would the men of this house be doing to be amusing themselves?' And the woman said, 'When the wind blows one way they'll turn the house round the other way,' for there was but one door to the house. So he put his thumb in his mouth, and he turned the house round as she said. Then he asked again what other sort of thing could they do. And there were two little hills outside the door, and she looked out and she said, 'They'll take one of those hills, and they'll put it on the top of the other.' So he put his thumb in his mouth, and he did that too. Then he took up the cake to eat a bit of it, and when he found it so hard, having the griddle inside, he went over to the cradle and he said, 'Wait till I see what sort of teeth have they got here,' and he put his thumb in the boy's mouth. And when he felt the thumb he bit it off. And when it was gone, that one had no power at all to do anything more."

As to his birth-place, it is claimed in many places. Here one says, "He was brought up at Coole, and his mother was an O'Shaughnessy and lived at Kiltartan Cross;" another, "It was here they used to live, that's why it got the name of Coole (Cumhal), but he got his learning in Kildare;" and another, "Finn used to live some place within Coole demesne, and when his mother would go out for the day she'd put him in a field, and a hare along with him, and the job she'd give him to do would be to keep the hare within in the field. And it would go running around, and every now and again it would make a leap to the top of the wall, and Finn would make a leap after it, and catch it with his two hands like this."

Here is another story of his young days: "He went to

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Kerry after his father had been beaten by his enemies, and he had no means left, but to be a king's son. And in Kerry there was a queen, the handsomest in the world, and her parents said they'd give her to no one but the man that would leap a cleft there, for they wanted to keep the family smart. And a great many young men, kings' sons, had tried to leap it, and had got their death there. But when Finn came he leaped it easy, and not only that, but back again. But the parents didn't want to give him their daughter then, because of him not having any means. But the daughter wanted him because he was so handsome, and so was she herself. So Finn said, 'Leave it to herself;' so then she took him after that, and he overcame his father's enemies, and became king of all Ireland. An honourable man he was, and very strong; and it is often said in Irish, 'If you were as strong as Finn Mac Cumhal, you couldn't do that.'"

He was very wise. An old woman in Galway workhouse says "he had more wisdom than all the rest of the men of the world. He could do as much, and understand as much, as a child of a twelvemonth old, and no other man had that much knowledge.

"What can a child of a twelvemonth do that we cannot do? Did you never see a child the way it is busy about the house, and doing little things, and no one knowing why it does them. The mother herself can't understand what the child is doing, and that is the time she takes the most pride in him."

"When he would chew his little finger he would know all things; and he understood enchantments as well. Grania was training up her three sons to kill Finn, and he was told that, and so he coaxed her to marry him. It was with enchantment he coaxed her, and with enchantment he killed Diarmuid too."

An old miller tells me how he got his wisdom: "The way he got it, he was driven away by the natives, and he took service with a great king. And there was a prophecy that there would be a very big salmon caught some day in the river, and so there

Google

was, and it was given to Finn to cook, but he was to be beheaded if he let any spot come on it. And he saw a bulge in the skin, and he put his finger on it to put it down. And from that time, whenever he would put his finger to his mouth, knowledge would come to him. So he was made the captain of all the bullies, and he was a good leader to them because he was so witty."

"Finn hadn't much luck himself? Well, that's true, he didn't, or much good out of his life. That's the way with people that set their minds on fighting and on taking other people's goods. Look, now, though I don't like to be saying it, look at the English, the way they went against those poor Boers to take their living from them, and their land, and they with plenty of their own before. Covetousness led them to it, and curiosity. They thought to go shooting them just as if they were snipe or woodcocks. And it wasn't long before they were stretched in the field, and the royalty of England along with them, and not a knocker in London town without a bit of crape on it."

I have never been able to hear an account of Finn's death, or been told where his grave is. One says, "I never heard what way Finn died. By a fisherman? That's not likely for a man like him; it's more likely he was drowned, or maybe he didn't die at all." And an old woman in Gort workhouse says, "The end of Finn, is it? Ah, that is a story that has no end. A thousand times I heard that story begun, but I have never yet heard an end to it."

It seems as if his death, like Parnell's death, is not yet fully believed in by the people of Ireland.

AUGUSTA GREGORY.

Google

WHAT IS AN ELEMENT?[1]

IT was for long held that things around us, animals, vegetables, stones, or liquids, partook of the properties of one or more of the elements—Fire, Air, Earth, or Water. The doctrine was a very ancient one; it probably originated in India; it reached our forefathers though the Greeks. Fire was supposed to be "hot and dry"; air, "hot and moist"; water, "cold and moist"; and earth, "cold and dry." And substances which partook of such qualities were supposed to contain appropriate amounts of the elements, which conferred on them these properties.

But in the reign of Charles II. of England, about the year 1660, Robert Boyle, an English philosopher and chemist, restored to the word element the meaning which its derivation implies. "Element," or *elemens* in Latin, is supposed to be derived from the three letters L M N; and to denote that, as a word is composed of letters, so a compound is composed of elements. Boyle, in his celebrated work "The Sceptical Chymist," restricted the use of the word element to the *constituent* of a compound; and that is the meaning which is still attached to the term.

It has often been asked: Does a compound *contain* an element? Are the elements actually *in* the compound? If this means, for example, that iron is present as iron in iron-

[1] Copyright, 1905, by the Perry Mason Company, in the United States of America.

Google

rust, the answer must be: No. The properties of rust are wholly different from those of iron; no iron particle can be detected in the rust by any tests which are suitable for the recognition of the metal as such. But if it is meant that iron if exposed to damp air changes into rust, and that by suitable treatment metallic iron can be extracted from rust, then the answer must be in the affirmative.

The fact that an element, when it combines with other elements, entirely loses its original properties, led to the not unnatural supposition that it should be possible to change an element into another, or to transmute it. Long before the notion of "element" was formulated by Boyle, innumerable attempts had been made to convert one metal into another; and, indeed, it would appear on the face of it to be much easier to transmute lead into silver or gold than to convert it into the yellow earthy powder which it becomes when heated in air. For on the old doctrines, the properties of gold—its lustre, its ductility, its melting in the fire—were much more similar to those of lead than the properties of litharge, or oxide of lead, produced by heating lead to redness in air. After Boyle's day, however, it gradually came to be seen that certain substances resisted all such attempts to change them into others *without increasing their weight.* For example, all changes in nature not of a temporary and evanescent character which iron can be made to undergo, are accompanied by an increase in the weight of the iron; they are produced by the combination of iron with other elements, and the addition of another element to iron invariably increases the weight, for the weight of the combining element is added to that of the iron, and the result is a compound differing in properties from iron. It was slowly discovered that about seventy substances must be classed as elements—the minimum number of the present day is seventy-four—and of these ten are gases, two are liquids, eight elements are usually classed as non-metals, since they do not possess the lustre and some of the other properties of metals; and the remainder are metals. These substances are classified as

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

elements solely because no attempts to convert one into another have up till now been successful; not because such change is in the nature of things impossible. But inasmuch as the properties of these elements, and the changes which they undergo on being brought together with other elements or compounds, have been the subject of an enormous number of experiments, and because no hint of transmutation has been found, the conclusion as regards the immutability of elements has been arrived at. Hence the "transmutation of elements" has generally been regarded as impossible, and as unattainable as perpetual motion, or as the "quadrature of the circle."

Speculation, however, has a deep fascination for many minds; and it has been often held that it is not impossible that all elements may consist of a primal substance—"protyle," as it has been called—in different states of condensation. It will be worth while to spend a few minutes in considering the reasons for this opinion.

About the beginning of last century, John Dalton revived the old Greek hypothesis that all matter, elements included, consists of atoms or minute invisible particles; these, of course, like the matter which is formed of them, possess weight. Although they are so minute that any attempt to determine their individual weight would be out of the question, Dalton conceived the idea that at least their relative weights could be determined, by ascertaining the proportions by weight in which they are present in their compounds. The compound of hydrogen and chlorine, for example, commonly known as muriatic or hydrochloric acid, consists of one part by weight of hydrogen combined with 35½ parts by weight of chlorine; and, as it is believed to contain one atom of each element, it follows that an atom of chlorine is 35½ times as heavy as an atom of hydrogen. On the same principle, the relative weights of the atoms of other elements were determined. And so, taking the weight of the lightest atom, hydrogen, as unity, the atom of nitrogen weighs 14 times as much, of oxygen 16, of iron 56, of lead 207, and so on.

Google

Attempts to classify elements according to their properties soon followed; and at first the divisions were somewhat arbitrary. The non-metals were distinguished from the metals by their lack of lustre, their feeble power of conducting heat, and the fact that their oxides when mixed with water generally formed acid substances, while those of the metals were earthy insoluble powders. Certain of the metals, which either do not unite with or are difficult to unite with oxygen at a red heat, were called "noble" metals; others, which are at once attacked by water, such as sodium and potassium, and which give soapy liquids with a harsh taste, were named "metals of the alkalies," and so with the rest. In 1863, however, Mr. John Newlands, a London analyst, was successful in arranging the elements in groups, so that each element in a horizontal column showed analogy with others in the same column. He found that by writing the names of the elements in horizontal rows, beginning with the one of lowest atomic weight, each eighth element possessed properties similar to those of the elements which preceded or followed it in the vertical columns. And in general the composition of the compounds of such similar elements was similar. The first two lines of such a table are reproduced here, so as to show what is meant:

Name.	Lithium.	Beryllium.	Boron.	Carbon.	Nitrogen.	Oxygen.	Fluorine.
Atomic Weight	7	9·1	11	12	14	16	19

Name.	Sodium.	Magnesium.	Aluminium.	Silicon.	Phosphorus.	Sulphur.	Chlorine.
Atomic Weight	23	24·4	27·1	28·4	31	32	35·5

If one were to proceed further in the same manner, we should find five elements in the first vertical column—namely, lithium, sodium, potassium, rubidium and cæsium. All of these are soft metals, easily cut with a knife, white in colour like silver, rapidly tarnishing in air, attacked violently by water so that they either catch fire or run about on the surface of the water and rapidly disappear. Their compounds with chlorine each consist of one atom of each element: for

Google

example, using Na (natrium) as the symbol for one atom of sodium, and Cl for one atom of chlorine, the composition of the compound of chlorine with sodium (common salt) is expressed by the formula NaCl, implying that the compound is formed of one atom of each element. So with the others: the chloride of lithium is LiCl, of potassium KCl, of rubidium RbCl, and of cæsium CsCl. They all resemble common salt; the taste is similar in all cases, the salts dissolve in water, they are all white in colour, they all crystallise in cubes, and possess many other properties in common. The oxides, too, are all white powders, which dissolve in water and give liquids with a soapy feel and a burning taste. For these and other similar reasons, all these elements are believed to belong to the one class.

Let us take an example, too, from the other end of the table. Fluorine, the first of the column, is a pale yellow gas, with a suffocating odour. It combines instantly with hydrogen, yielding a colourless gas, soluble in water, and giving an acid liquid, which corrodes many metals. Chlorine, the second member, is a greenish yellow gas, very similar in properties to fluorine. The third member, bromine, is a dark red liquid, but below the temperature of boiling water it changes into a red gas, with a smell similar to that of chlorine; iodine, though a black solid at the ordinary temperature, becomes, when heated, a violet gas. Like fluorine, they all form compounds with hydrogen, of the formulæ HF, HCl, HBr, and HI; these are colourless gases, soluble in water.

Enough has been said to show that Newland's method of classifying the elements brings together in vertical columns those that have similar properties. This method was developed by a German chemist named Lothar Meyer, and by a Russian named Mendeleeff, and it is now universally acknowledged to be the only rational way of classifying the elements.

If we consider one of the horizontal rows, we shall also discover a peculiarity. The number of atoms of the elements

Google

which combine with an atom of oxygen gradually alters; and, if they form compounds with hydrogen, the same kind of regularity can be observed. For instance, the elements of the first horizontal row given above form the following compounds with oxygen and hydrogen:

Name.	Lithium.	Beryllium.	Boron.	Carbon.	Nitrogen.	Oxygen.	Fluorine.
Formula of Oxide	Li_2O	BeO	B_2O_3	CO_2	N_2O_5	—	—
Formula of Hydride. .	LiH	unknown	BH_3	CH_4	NH_3	OH_2	FH

The elements of the subsequent rows show similar regularity.

Up till recently, no elements were known which refused to combine with other elements. In 1894, however, Lord Rayleigh and Sir William Ramsay discovered that ordinary air contained such a gas, and they named it "argon," a Greek word which signifies inactive or lazy. This gas had been overlooked because of its resemblance to another constituent of the atmosphere, present in nearly one hundred times greater amount—nitrogen. Argon cannot be made to combine, and hence it is left behind when the nitrogen and oxygen have been removed from the atmosphere.

Shortly after the discovery of argon, Ramsay found that certain minerals, when heated, give off a gas similar to argon, inasmuch as it forms no compounds, but with a much lower atomic weight; for while argon possesses the atomic weight forty, the atomic weight of helium (the name given to this new gas) is only four. Now, these elements evidently belong to one series, for they are both colourless gases, incapable of combining with other elements. And it appeared almost certain that other gases, similar in properties to these two, should be capable of existence. And Ramsay, in conjunction with Travers, spent several years in a hunt for the missing elements. They heated upwards of a hundred minerals, to see whether they evolved gas, and, if so, whether the gas obtained was new; but, although they discovered that many minerals give off helium when heated, no new gas was found. Mineral waters

Google

were boiled, so as to expel dissolved gases; again, only argon and helium were obtained. Even meteorites, or "falling stars," were heated; only one was found to give off gas incapable of combination, and that gas consisted of a mixture of the two which were already known.

As a last attempt, Ramsay and Travers prepared a large quantity of argon, by removing the oxygen and the nitrogen from air, and then forced the gas into a bulb, dipping in a vessel immersed in a tube full of liquid air, which is so cold that the argon changed to liquid. It forms a colourless mobile liquid, just like water. When the liquid air is removed, the argon begins to boil.

It was hoped that the distillation of crude liquid argon might separate from it other gases boiling at a lower or a higher temperature; that if it contained any other liquids of lower boiling-point, these would distil over first, and could be collected separately; while any "heavier" gases would be the last to distil over. The hope was not disappointed—at all events as regards the first expectation; for the first part of the gas which evaporated was considerably lighter than argon, and had a much lower boiling-point. After a few redistillations, however, it was found that liquid air was not sufficiently cold to condense this light gas to liquid. But Dr. Travers was equal to the emergency. He constructed an apparatus by help of which hydrogen gas was condensed to liquid; and the boiling-point of liquid hydrogen is much lower than that of liquid air; it is $-252{\cdot}5^{\circ}$ C. On cooling the mixture of gases which had been separated from the argon, a portion only condensed, while about one-third still remained as a gas; the gaseous portion was helium, and the liquid (or solid) portion evaporated into a gas which was named "neon," the Greek word for "new."

It was also found that two other gases could be separated from air by allowing a large quantity of liquid air to boil away. These gases have a much higher boiling-point than oxygen, nitrogen, or argon, and therefore they remain mixed with the

Google

last drops of liquid after most of the air has evaporated. They were separated from each other by "fractionation"; one was named "krypton," the Greek for "hidden"; and the other "xenon," or "strange."

Five new gases were thus obtained; they are given with their atomic weight in the following line:

Helium, 4; Neon, 20; Argon, 40; Krypton, 81·6; Xenon, 128.

Their position among other elements is well seen from the following extract from the whole table of the elements:

Hydrogen, 1	Helium, 4	Lithium, 7	Beryllium, 9·1, &c.
Fluorine, 10	Neon, 20	Sodium, 23	Magnesium, 24·3, &c.
Chlorine, 35·5	Argon, 40	Potassium, 39·1	Calcium, 40, &c.
Bromine, 80	Krypton, 81	Rubidium, 85·4	Strontium, 87·6, &c.
Iodine, 127	Xenon, 128	Cæsium, 133	Barium, 137·4, &c.

It will be noticed that their atomic weights lie between those of the elements in the vertical rows; and that they separate the active elements of the fluorine group from the equally active elements of the sodium group.

The discovery of these elements, however, has added little to our knowledge as regards the nature of elements in general, except in so far as to show that elements which form no compounds can exist. It might be supposed that the same agencies which are successful in splitting up compounds into the elements of which they consist might decompose elements into some still simpler substances; of course the elements thus decomposed could no longer be called elements. And it appeared not impossible that in a series of elements closely resembling each other, like those of the sodium column, or the chlorine column, it might be possible to decompose those of higher atomic weight into those of lower atomic weight, and perhaps something else. Such agencies are: a high temperature or an electric current. Water, for instance, can be decomposed into hydrogen and oxygen either by heating steam to whiteness or by passing an electric current through water. But it is need-

Google

less to say that the elements have been repeatedly exposed to the highest temperature and to the strongest electric currents and yet have remained elements. There are, indeed, reasons for supposing that at the enormously high temperatures of the sun and of the fixed stars some of our elements are decomposed; but it has hitherto been impossible to reproduce such extreme conditions on the earth.

The element carbon is characterised by the enormous number of compounds which it forms, chiefly with hydrogen and oxygen, although many other elements can be induced to combine with it. And one instructive fact is to be noticed as regards such compounds: the greater the number of atoms they contain the more easily they are decomposed by heat. Indeed, some compounds are so unstable that they decompose at the ordinary temperature, not into their elements, it is true, but into other compounds of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Such compounds are stable only at a low temperature, and the higher the temperature the more readily they decompose. Judging by analogy, we should expect elements of high atomic weight to show tendency to decomposition, granting, of course, that any element at all is capable of decomposing. Now among the three elements of highest atomic weight known is radium, an element belonging to the barium column, of which the atomic weight is 225. This remarkable substance exists in a mineral named pitchblende, an oxide of uranium; its recent discovery by Madame Curie, of Paris, is one of the most remarkable of recent events in chemical history.

The second element of high atomic weight is thorium (232·5). It was discovered by Professor Rutherford, of Montreal, that if air was passed over a salt of thorium, or bubbled through its solution, it carried with it an "emanation" which possessed for a short time the power of discharging an electroscope. Radium salts also give off such an emanation, or gas, which, however, retains its properties for more days than the thorium gas does for minutes. Uranium, the chief constituent of pitchblende, too, has also the power of discharging an

Google

electroscope, but it gives off no emanation. Its atomic weight is 239·5; it is the highest known.

The gases evolved from compounds of thorium and radium can be condensed to solid or liquid by passing them through a tube cooled with liquid air. But they are present in such excessively minute quantity that they have never been seen, even as a minute drop. They are as inert as argon, and they are members of that group of elements; and the radium gas shines in the dark, so that a tube containing it gives off a whitish phosphorescent light, like that given off by stale fish, or like the luminosity of the sea on calm summer evenings, or like the head of a lucifer match if it is gently rubbed in the dark. If the gas from radium is mixed with air, it is possible to see it passing through a tube in the dark, and to recognise it by its faint shining when it is transferred from one glass tube to another.

It is very easy to remove oxygen from a mixture of gases; if a piece of the element phosphorus be heated in oxygen, a solid compound of the two is formed, and all oxygen can then be got rid of; or oxygen may be absorbed by passing the mixed gases over red-hot copper. Hence it is convenient to allow the emanation from radium salts to mix with oxygen rather than with air; for nitrogen, the other constituent of air, is more difficult to remove. And it is then possible to collect the radium emanation, mixed with oxygen, in a glass tube, and then to absorb the oxygen, leaving only the emanation present.

Now, as has been said, the emanation gradually loses its power of discharging an electroscope. After four days it requires twice as much emanation to produce the same discharging effect as would be required if the emanation were freshly prepared from radium salts. And the question suggested itself to Mr. Soddy and Sir William Ramsay: What becomes of the emanation? Does it merely lose its luminosity and discharging power, or is it changed into something else?

Google

Chemists have long had at their disposal a means of recognising almost inconceivably minute quantities of matter. All substances, when made into a gas by intense heat, give out light; and that light, if passed through a prism, is seen not often to be all of one kind. For example, the light given out by sodium gas at a red heat is yellow; and if passed through a slit, and then through a prism, two yellow lines are seen—the spectrum of sodium. Similarly, potassium salts, in a spirit-lamp flame, gives out a violet light; and the prism shows us that the light consists of two kinds—one red and one violet. And so for other elements. If the spectra of gases have to be examined, they can be made to glow by passing an electric discharge through a very narrow tube containing a minute trace of the gas. Helium, for example, if examined in this way, gives out light consisting of many colours: red, yellow—the most intense—green, green-blue, blue and violet. Hence it is easy to recognise the presence of helium in such a capillary tube, by passing an electric discharge through it, for the exact position of the lines in its spectrum is easily recognised.

Now Ramsay and Soddy found that the emanation from radium salts, though it gave out a special light of its own when made luminous by an electric discharge, showed none of the lines characteristic of helium. But after standing for three days the yellow line of helium began to be visible, and that is the one most easily seen. As time went on, and as the emanation lost its self-luminosity, the other lines denoting the presence of helium became distinctly visible. The conclusion was forced upon them, therefore, that, as the emanation disappears, helium is formed, or, in other words, the emanation is changing slowly into helium.

Professor J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge, has of recent years been investigating the motion of particles which are shot off from the negative pole when an electric discharge is passed through gases; and he has succeeded in showing that some of the particles move with enormous rapidity, and that they

Google

possess a weight which cannot be much more than one-seven-hundredth of that of a hydrogen atom. It is almost certain that radium salts continually emit such rapidly moving particles, and it is known that while doing so the temperature of the radium salt is some degrees higher than that of the surrounding atmosphere; radium, therefore, is continually giving off heat. We are wholly unacquainted with any similar change; these properties are new. But we do know of compound substances which decompose with slight provocation, give off a great amount of heat in doing so, and at the same time are wholly converted into a large quantity of gases; perhaps the most familiar example is gun-cotton, of which most of the high explosives used for blasting and in the manufacture of modern gunpowder are made. The differences between the two phenomena, moreover, are sufficiently pronounced: gun-cotton decomposes almost instantaneously, with explosive violence; radium salts slowly; gun-cotton requires to be started by the explosion of a percussion-cap; radium salts decompose spontaneously, and the rate of decomposition, so far as is known, appears to be independent of temperature; the amount of heat evolved when gun-cotton explodes, though great in itself, is small in comparison with that evolved during the decomposition of an equal weight of radium salt; and it is not known that any electrical phenomena accompany the decomposition of gun-cotton. Still, it appears reasonable to suspect that the two kinds of change may, after all, be similar, and that the heavy atom of radium is decomposing into the lighter helium atom. It is pretty certain that helium is not the only substance produced when the emanation from radium decomposes; and it is not known whether radium, when it gives off its emanation, produces at the same time any other decomposition product. Much has yet to be discovered. Yet it must be acknowledged that a distinct advance has been made, and that at least one so-called element can no longer be regarded as ultimate matter, but is itself undergoing change into a simpler form of matter.

Google

The young student, when he learns what is known, is too apt to think that little is left to be discovered; yet all our progress since the time of Sir Isaac Newton has not falsified the saying of that great man—that we are but children picking up here and there a pebble from the shore of knowledge, while a whole unknown ocean stretches before our eyes. Nothing can be more certain than this: that we are just beginning to learn something of the wonders of the world on which we live and move and have our being.

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, K.C.B., F.R.S.

Google

THE WARDSHIP OF EMPIRE

THE NEW SCHEME OF NAVAL ORGANISATION

THE new scheme of naval organisation, which was given to the public on December 12 last, and which is already in operation, falls into two chief divisions. The first deals with the strategical distribution of naval forces over the waters of the globe; the second, with the Reserve of those forces. The subsidiary provisions deal with the efficiency of ships and of men.

Before explaining the new system of strategical distribution, the principle of all strategical distribution of forces must be considered. The first essential is to decide quite definitely for what purpose such forces exist. They exist for purposes of defence against aggression. Now, it is an old and a true maxim that the best defence is offence. The words, in fact, are interchangeable. We might combine the vital significance of both terms in the ancient word, wardship. To the Navy is committed the wardship of the Empire: to the Navy first, rather than to the Army; because the Empire consists of detached pieces of territory, islands or bits of continent, scattered all over the world; so that the Imperial frontiers are fluid, and must be guarded by ships; instead of solid, to be guarded by men marching a-foot or mounted. So much is clear to all.

What, then, is the principle upon which the wardship of so vast and far-flung an Empire may most effectually be main-

Google

tained? There are two theories. One theory asserts that the best method of defence is to fortify the islands and provinces, to drill and to arm their inhabitants, and to keep in being a set of naval squadrons to cruise about their coasts. This may be described as the passive theory of wardship.

The other theory abandons static defence altogether; affirms that the business of the fleet is wholly comprehended in a short formula: seek out the enemy's fleet wherever it may be, and destroy it. The principle is, of course, that if you destroy your foe or ever he approaches, all static, or passive, defence is thereby rendered unnecessary. It presupposes, however, the existence of a navy whose strength shall be more than equal to the strength of the navies of any two Powers combined.

With regard to the first theory, which I have called the theory of passive defence, it may suffice to remember that the whole testimony of history goes to prove its falsity. The last evidence extant is furnished by the case of Port Arthur. All strategy is but the result of the application of what is called common sense to a particular situation. The main principles are perfectly simple; they are the details of adaptation, as applied to individual cases, that are complicated. And it is obvious that, if you have a number of isolated places distributed over the world, each one fortified and self-contained, the aggressor has only to concentrate his forces on each one in turn, and the reduction of the whole will only be a question of time.

Are we, then, to build no fortifications, to mount no big guns, to drill and to arm no militia? The answer to that question depends upon the extent to which our second theory answers to the requirements of the whole situation. If it covers them wholly, we require, indeed, no forts or guns or militia whatsoever. In other words, if each foreign Power possessed one ship only, and to the ships of two such Powers we could oppose three or four ships, all passive defence would be unnecessary.

Google

Now for the second theory—the theory that the essential principle of naval wardship is expressed in the formula as aforesaid: seek out the enemy's fleet wherever it may be, and destroy it. This, of course, was Nelson's theory. In the wars of his day it was never the French theory. The French principle was to harass the enemy up to the point when the existence of the particular French squadron in question became gravely endangered, and then to haul off, so saving the ships to fight another day. It is a perfectly logical theory, but in practice it was found to be defective. The French sometimes saved their ships, but they often lost the battle; and what then was the use of the ships?

The verdict of history, then, is in favour of our second theory, which—discarding such delusive catch-titles as "Blue-Water School" and the like—we may call the theory of active defence. And again, the Russo-Japanese War affords the last evidence on record. It was Admiral Togo, with his swift and terrible blows, that flung the Russians from the seas, so that the islands of Japan were immediately secured from all invasion, and her sea-frontiers made a safe passage. But supposing Admiral Togo had hung about Nagasaki and Tokio, waiting?

So far, then, we are justified in assuming that active defence is the right principle of wardship. But, as we have seen, its perfect application must necessarily depend upon the existence of a navy numerous enough and strong enough to overwhelm any two foreign navies combined. Here is the point about which discussion becomes confused and contradictory. For, it is very difficult rightly to estimate relative strength, if only by reason of the fact that the personal equation is always an unknown quantity. But, of late years, the Admiralty has provided ships and men upon the assumption that we shall only be called upon to deal with two Powers at once. Such an assumption was reasonably adequate, upon the evidence. In any case, we could not afford to build and to equip upon a higher standard. And it may be affirmed at

Google

once that the two-power standard has been attained. But, at this moment, Germany is building fast, the United States faster; and Japan has arisen in the East, to what destinies none may predict. And meanwhile, the naval expenditure of the United Kingdom has touched its limits. We can spend no more; we cannot, indeed, spend as much—indefinitely. It is suggested that the Colonies should contribute the necessary balance. But, whether they will or will not, they are contributing very little at this moment; and it is with the moment that we have to deal.

We are, then, confronted with the plain fact that a higher standard is beyond our means; and that the two-power standard will very soon be beyond our means also. What, under these circumstances, becomes of the theory of active defence? If we have not the force sufficient to execute it effectually, does it therefore fall to the ground? Certainly not. The principle remains eternally true; but, instead of the result of its application being a practical certainty, such result becomes highly uncertain, and the margin of risk to the islands and provinces of the Empire is increased, in exact proportion as the fleet decreases in comparison with the forces of two, or three, or more, combined Powers.

Are we, therefore, to provide against such a margin of risk? Or are we to ignore it, in the traditional British way? And if we are to provide against it, in what manner are we to do so? To do us justice, we are awake to the emergency, though in no very clear mind concerning it. And as to providing against aggression, it is at once evident that, with a strong and mobile fleet ranging the seas, we have not to prepare for a concentration of forces on the part of the aggressor, but for a lesser invasion. Having exhausted the possibilities of active defence, we are, then, to supplement its defects by such static defence as we may contrive. And, in static defence, the first necessity is to provide fortified bases where our ships may coal and refit; and the second is to drill and to arm the inhabitants of our islands and provinces. In so doing—and here is a vital point—we

Google

shall incidentally strengthen our active defence by setting it free to leave the coasts and to seek out the enemy. For, all considerations of strategy notwithstanding, in the event of war, the mass of the people, which has not enjoyed the advantage of studying strategy, would undoubtedly insist upon the ships being tied by the leg about these islands, unless they were self-secured. Demos is chiefly (and rightly) concerned about his belly; and he will assuredly be taken with a panic unless you give him a rifle and some big guns.

Such, then, would appear to be the right policy at this moment as regards the strategical distribution of forces: to keep the whole fleet at as high a strength as we can afford as a free striking force, and, at the same time, to provide bases for it, and to prepare for emergencies by a measure of passive defence.

It may be observed, at this point, that no scheme of Imperial defence can be complete or adequate unless the Navy and the Army are regarded as the two arms of one force, combined in a single aim. How far this is from being the case, we need not stop to explain: it is notorious, and will presently be disastrous. But, at present, we have only to consider the action of the Navy. The Admiralty is acting for itself; and Admiral Sir John Fisher is acting for the Admiralty. The whole Board is, of course, associated with the constitution of the new scheme; but, as Sir John Fisher is First Sea Lord, and, by virtue of his office, responsible for the distribution and efficiency of forces; and as, furthermore, every one is perfectly aware that the new scheme is of his planning, one need hardly scruple to refer by name to that powerful administrator.

The new scheme, as we have seen, falls under two heads, the first dealing with the strategical distribution of naval forces over the waters of the globe. Let us see how these were distributed up to last December. The principle upon which that distribution was arranged is as old as Nelson, its chief article being the provision of a powerful fleet in the Mediterranean. With the Mediterranean Fleet was associated the Channel Fleet;

Google

with the Channel, the Home Fleet, which cruised on the four seas of Britain. With all three was associated a Cruiser Squadron of ten fine ships. The rest of the stations, as they are called, have come into being as exigencies arose. They were: North America and West Indies, Pacific, Cape of Good Hope, China, Australia, and South Atlantic. The force on each station respectively was approximately as follows: Mediterranean, eleven battleships, nine cruisers and thirty destroyers; Channel, eight battleships and two cruisers; Home, eight battleships and three cruisers, associated with those destroyers and submarines of the home ports which are in commission; Cruiser Squadron, ten ships; North America and West Indies, four cruisers; Pacific, one cruiser; Cape of Good Hope, four cruisers; East Indies, five cruisers; China, five battleships, nine cruisers, five destroyers, together with sloops and river boats; Australia, nine cruisers; and South Atlantic, three cruisers.

Statistics bewilder. Let us simplify them by reckoning only the battleship, the ship of the line, as constituting the main fighting unit: Mediterranean, eleven; Channel, eight; Home, eight; China, five—total, thirty-two battleships in active commission. The total number of battleships on the official list is fifty-eight—the seven now building or projected may be neglected for the immediate calculation—so that, besides the thirty-two, we have twenty-six battleships. Of these, six are practically obsolete, and eleven are to be reckoned as second-class, having been superseded by a more advanced type. That leaves nine first-class battleships in the Reserve, besides the eleven second-class ships and the obsolete ships, also in the Reserve; so that we have thirty-two battleships in active commission, and nine in the Reserve, with eleven second-class and six obsolete. The rest of the forces, for the sake of simplicity, may be reckoned as attendant upon the battle fleets, or as cruising in detached units upon patrol duties in all parts of the world.

The principal changes in the distribution of forces provided by the new scheme are: that the extra ships which make the

Google

superiority of the Mediterranean Fleet are to be transferred to the Home Fleet—which is to be called the Channel Fleet—so that it will consist of twelve battleships; the Cruiser Squadron is to be increased and divided into four squadrons, the First Squadron affiliated to the Channel Fleet, the Second to the Atlantic Fleet (late Channel), the Third to the Mediterranean Fleet, the Fourth, or Particular Service Squadron, to the North America and West Indies Squadron; and that the squadrons on the stations of the Pacific, East Indies, of China and Australia are to be merged into the Eastern Fleet. The South Atlantic Station is abolished. The Cape of Good Hope and the North America and West Indies stations remain.

The main strength is thus concentrated in home waters, reaching out through the Atlantic Fleet to the Mediterranean, linked from thence to China and the Cape by the Eastern Fleet, which is linked to the Western Fleet on the North America and West Indies station by the Cape Squadron. Thus has Sir John Fisher put a girdle about the earth. It is to be supposed that the object of the strengthening of the squadrons in home waters is to provide a safeguard against German naval power. Probably no one desires to make war upon Germany; we have no such thing as a war party in this country—quite the contrary, in fact; but, since in Germany there is a belligerent faction of blood and iron tenets, we can scarce do less than recognise its existence. That, perhaps, is all that need be said.

And here there falls to be made a distinction. Says the First Lord's Memorandum: "The ideals which the Board of Admiralty have always had before them have been that the peace distribution of the fleet should be also its best strategical istribution for war." The statement sounds plausibly upon the ear; but, what does it mean? "For war?" What war? It is hardly to be supposed that one strategical distribution can be "the best" for any or every possible war. But, if the Memorandum does not mean that, what does it mean? So

Google

far as we are aware, there is no particular war in immediate prospect. If that bold affirmation means anything, it must mean that, in the opinion of the Admiralty, after taking all circumstances and contingencies into consideration, the best approximate disposition has been made. Such a disposition can only be that which, upon the outbreak of war, may be most easily modified according to strategic requirements. Then we are to consider such circumstances and contingencies, and to inquire if the disposition in question seems to cover the essential strategic requirements of immediate and swift concentration of forces. But, as it stands, the statement of the First Lord is highly misleading and therefore mischievous. The public mind is by no means so clear on such a vital matter as that of national defence that a Minister can afford to talk thus loosely.

The second part of the new scheme deals with the Reserve forces. As the Reserve is at present constituted, the ships in the A Division (with which we are alone concerned) are kept in readiness for sea at twenty-four hours' notice. Upon the issuing of the order for mobilisation, the crews are drawn from the depôts, the coastguard, the gunnery and torpedo schools, and the Royal Naval Reserve. We have never, in fact, had enough active service ratings in the depôts to man the Reserve without drawing upon the men under training, the coastguard, and the Royal Naval Reserve. The plain fact is, we cannot afford them. There are two chief disadvantages incident to the present system. One is, that the Reserves required to make up wastage in war are largely depleted; the other—as experience has shown—is that numerous breakdowns are inevitable, for the simple reason that the crews are necessarily unacquainted with the idiosyncrasies of their ships.

Under the new scheme, all ships in the Reserve will be kept in actual commission; and to this end they will be manned by crews numbering two-fifths of the full complement; such "nucleus crews" consisting of active-service ratings, who are highly trained men—engineers, gunners, torpedo-men,

Google

signalmen and their officers. The brain of the ship is thus provided out of existing material. Such a system will remove the cause which results in breakdowns; will keep the men in active training, while providing them with what is practically a shore billet; and will—and here is the essential point—hold the entire fleet instantly prepared for war.

The brains, we say, are provided. But what of the muscle? Where are the other three-fifths to come from? It is arranged that certain ships in the Reserve should be provided with a full complement—but, what of the rest? On this vital point the Memorandum is wholly silent. Unless the coastguard and the Royal Naval Reserve and the men under training were all withdrawn, thus depleting the Reserve supplying wastage, where are the men to come from? If a suggestion were permitted it would be—what two or three writers upon naval matters have long been advocating—that they should be drawn from the Army. And here, we touch the link of the chain, which, when completely forged, will, we hope, bind the two Services in one. For each is essentially the complement of the other; the wardship of the British Empire will never be effectual until the two are indissolubly one. The working together of the two Services in war-time—which is inevitable—will never be perfectly accomplished, until the men are trained together, and until combined manœuvres are practised in peace-time. Here, then, is the opportunity to begin—the completing of the nucleus crew; such complement to be trained afloat in time of peace.

The next link of the chain will be the organisation of passive defence. The Admiralty are doing their part: they are building the naval base of Gibraltar, which is to be the headquarters of the Atlantic (late Channel) Fleet; Malta, which is to be the base of the Mediterranean Fleet, is being extended; so is Hong-Kong for the Eastern Fleet, and Cape Town for the squadron on that station. At home, Devonport and Chatham are being extended; and Rosyth, as a naval base for the North Sea, is—if official pronouncement may

Google

be credited—in course of preparation. But, all these are provided solely for the purposes of victualling, coaling, and refitting, and of building; they are sufficiently armed to protect the ships thus temporarily within them; and there the use of fortified ports begins and ends. A fortified port is not to be used as a harbour of refuge for ships awaiting attack. Nor will it serve to protect the country behind. That protection must be given by the Army, whose business it will be, not only to invade foreign territory but, to act as a complement to the striking force of the Navy.

The subsidiary points of the new scheme deal with the methods by which the fleet in commission is to be kept efficient, both as regards the ships in being, and to be built, and the men to be trained. Thus, "not more than two battleships are to be absent at any one time from the Channel (late Home) Fleet for the purpose of refit or of visiting their home port for leave, and only one battleship at a time from the Atlantic (late Channel) and Mediterranean Fleets," and only one cruiser at a time is to be detached from a squadron for these purposes. And, in order to maintain a continuous policy with regard to the design of new ships, a Committee of Design is to appointed. The need for such a committee is incidentally illustrated by another provision of the new scheme, which withdraws from the Service a large number of ineffective ships —probably about a hundred. There must, of course, be experiments, but the proportion of resultant ineffectives seems excessive.

With regard to the training of the seamen, the scheme provides for the transference of the cadets, boys and youths from the detached vessels in which their sea-time is done, to the comparatively modern cruisers of the Particular Service Squadron, which is to cruise on the healthy zone of the North America and West Indies station. And all ships are to be commissioned for two years instead of three, such commission to be a continuous service; so that the old practice of treating the Channel and Home Fleets as training squadrons, which

Google

withdrew twenty-five per cent. of their men after six months for foreign service—a practice both unfair to the officers and detrimental to efficiency—has by this means been abolished.

Upon the details by means of which these changes are to be brought about, there is no need to dwell, since they have been fully treated in the newspapers. Enough has been said, one hopes, to convey the import of these reforms, and to indicate the larger problem of which they are a part.

One word more. The new scheme, whose provisions are so thorough and so conducive—so far as a lay student may be competent to judge—to the real purpose of a fighting navy, is, as we all know, largely the work of Admiral Sir John Fisher. He took up his duties as First Sea Lord on October 21; and by December 12 he had completely reorganised the Navy. So much can one man do, if you get the right man. When we have an administrator of like intellect and vigour and fearlessness at the War Office, we shall be in view of that completeness and unity of Imperial Wardship of which we spoke anon. But, not until then.

L. Cope Cornford.

Google

COUNTER-REFORMATION PLOTS AND PLOTTERS

THE name of Dr. Thomas Graves Law, though probably unknown to the majority of our readers, is familiar to all who have studied the history of the sixteenth century, and in particular to all who have devoted attention to the Counter-Reformation and to the doings of Mary Stewart and Queen Elizabeth, during the last five and twenty years. As "custodier" of the Signet Library in Edinburgh, he was helpful to a generation of students; as honorary secretary of the Scottish Historical Society, perhaps the most prolific and the most flourishing historical society in this country, he conferred unforgettable benefits on all lovers of Scottish history. During the seventeen years of his secretaryship, no less than forty-four volumes of Scottish records, books, documents, memoirs, were published by the society; and all these passed through his hands, revised and perfected by his studious care. Beyond this, some fifteen or sixteen volumes, bearing mainly on later Reformation history, and numerous essays on this and cognate subjects, attest his indefatigable energy and the sureness of his research. His death, in March 1904, after a long and painful illness, uncomplainingly borne, removed from the scene of his beneficent labours one whom those who knew him will not soon forget, a true scholar, a generous, wise, and large-hearted man.

The more important of his contributions to periodical

Google

literature have now been re-published in a volume of "Collected Essays and Reviews" (University Press, Edinburgh), to which his friend Professor Hume Brown has prefixed an affectionate and appreciative but restrained and judicious memoir. Dr. Law's earlier career eminently fitted him for the special studies to which he devoted the latter part of his life. Born a Protestant, of a distinguished family—his grandfather on one side was the first Lord Ellenborough, on the other the first Baron Graves—he was carried over, at the age of fourteen, by his father's conversion to the Church of Rome. Educated at Stonyhurst, he at first prepared to enter the army, but subsequently determined for the church, and under the influence of Faber and Newman, joined the Oratorians. "A scholar by instinct, he found in that community both the opportunity and the means of pursuing his natural bent." Applying himself first to Biblical criticism, he produced a dissertation on the Vulgate, which was prefixed to the 1877 edition of the Douay Bible, and "which he continued to regard as his most important contribution to scholarship." "An accident, however, turned his attention to the subject which was to be the absorbing interest of his life." The canonisation of Roman Catholics who had suffered martyrdom from the reign of Henry VIII. onwards was under discussion; and Law became a member of a commission appointed to consider the various claims. A Calendar of English Martyrs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was the result. But these studies had an unforeseen effect.

> Gradually, as he pursued them, the conviction was forced upon him that the beliefs he had so ardently accepted did not rest on satisfactory evidence. . . . In 1878 he took the step which he could no longer conscientiously postpone: he quitted the Oratory and severed his connection with the Church of Rome.

Fortunately he was not left stranded by thus resigning, at the age of forty, a connection in which his energy and talents must have secured him promotion. "In Mr. Gladstone he found a powerful friend"; and it was principally through his

Google

recommendation that Law became "custodier" of the Signet Library. In this post, and through his subsequent connection with the Scottish Historical Society, he found the opportunity of doing the historical work for which his previous researches had fitted him, and which his heart desired. During the twenty-five years of life that still remained to him, the leisure which the duties of his onerous post, most conscientiously and efficiently discharged, allowed was spent upon his historical studies, some of the finest fruits of which took shape in the essays that lie before us.

Two or three of these deal with the culture of the Middle Ages. In one he describes the whole system of the book-trade in fifteenth-century Paris. The Scots of those days, "never at home but when they were abroad," crowded to Paris, in search of the academical education which was not then to be found in their own country: Dr. Law takes us on a personally conducted tour through the narrow streets of Paris, and shows us the stationers or writers who copied manuscripts, the parchment-makers, the illuminators, the binders, the *librarii* or booksellers, all engaged in the making and distribution of books. The University kept a tight hold on these gentlemen, and by right of its privileges imposed regulations on them against which they occasionally rebelled. But rebellion was useless; the University put on an academical boycott; and the stationers were starved into submission. In another article the author discusses Biblical studies in the Middle Ages:

> To a mediæval Catholic [as he says] the Bible was something more than the source of dogma. It was, in the phrase of Gregory the Great, *epistola Dei ad creaturam*. . . . Its highest end was not intellectual but moral.

If it was not the book of the people till after the Reformation, it was profusely commented on. The standard commentary was the "Glossa" of Walfrid Strabo, a Benedictine of the ninth century. But commentary succeeded commentary, as with the Hebrew Talmud. Mystic interpretations and derivations abounded.

Google

> Ludicrous trivialities appear side by side with solid matter. The name of Eva, we are rightly told, means Life. "Yet" (says Peter Comestor, "the devourer" of books) "the name was given after the curse, as if to lament the misery of man, Eva in a manner bearing an allusion to the cry of infants. For the male child, recently born, cries *A* and the female *E*. Thus all who are born of Adam cry *E vel A*." Comestor's book may be taken as a typical product of the scholastic mind.

Yet there was in the Church a progressive school of criticism; and for a short time after the Reformation "prominent Catholics taught a freer doctrine of inspiration . . . and held broader and sounder principles of textual criticism than those generally current in the opposite camp."

The only article in the volume which belongs to the period when the author was a member of the Church of Rome is the long and important essay on "The Latin Vulgate as the Authentic Version of the Church." The impartial and enlightened mind of the true scholar is shown in this learned treatise, in which Dr. Law, after discussing the grave difficulties which encumber the theory of verbal inspiration owing to the "difficulty in discovering the genuine words of the inspired writers," remarks:

> If the autographs of the inspired writers are no longer accessible, and the extant copies of the original texts differ among themselves . . . how are we to be certain . . . that we possess a faithful copy of the Divine Word, which is the source of true doctrine? This is the question which the Council of Trent set itself to answer in the year 1545.

He describes at length the determination of the Council to select, among the variety of translations, the Vulgate; the great pains taken to secure the best text; the studies, prolonged for more than forty years, which eventually issued in the publication of "the authentic Vulgate" in 1592. The value of the Vulgate, as helping to correct the oldest Greek MSS. that we possess, cannot be overestimated. St. Jerome, in editing and revising the still older Latin version that existed before his time, the "Itala," had advantages which we no longer enjoy.

by Google

There are extant no more than two or three Greek MSS. and perhaps as many Latin, which reach as far back as St. Jerome's own time. He probably had a dozen where we have only one of the oldest class, such as the Vatican codex, and many of a far earlier date, such as we can never hope to discover. Moreover, he could discriminate between these ancient forms of the text in a way no longer possible to us.

It was only gradually, and in the face of much opposition, that the work of St. Jerome made its way, but eventually it established a dominant position; and the Vulgate, in the edition of 1592, became the authoritative Bible of the Roman Church. It is, perhaps, the most lasting outcome of the Council of Trent.

The essay on John Major, one of the earliest of Scottish historians, affords a transition from these mediæval studies to the field in which Dr. Law did his most valuable work—the sixteenth century. Major, he says, "was the first man to write the chronicles of Scotland, or rather of 'Greater Britain,' in a broad and independent spirit." At a time when England was the enemy, he earnestly advocated the union of the kingdoms. But it is not as an historian that Dr. Law discusses him here; it is as "the single genuine schoolman whom Scotland can boast of." This affords an opportunity for a very lucid and interesting sketch of mediæval scholasticism, from the limitations of which Major by no means escaped. He has been called "the first Scottish radical;" but his theory of the Papacy and the Council shows that "his political liberalism—the only matter in which he was liberal at all—was essentially the liberalism of the Middle Ages." He was of the school of Aquinas and Scotus, a Realist rather than a Nominalist, but "in truth he was a thorough eclectic." He had neither originality nor culture; and his subtlety, as well as his views of natural science, may be inferred from his discussion, in regard to fasting, as to whether a beaver is a fish.

As to the beaver [he says], who always keeps his tail and hinder parts in the water and his anterior part out of the water, you may eat the posterior without breaking your fast, but not the foreparts.

Google

As most people would sooner fast than eat beaver, the question does not seem practical. More pertinently, *apropos* of relics, he considers whether the head of John the Baptist can be "in many places." This, he says, is a question of fact; and with some hesitation he decides that it is at Amiens, and nowhere else. Nevertheless, his "History," written in 1521, and first translated fourteen years ago, is one of the most important of early Scottish records.

An interesting piece of bibliographical research, on "Sham imprints in the reign of Elizabeth," enables Dr. Law to unearth many works of the Jesuits and other Roman Catholic plotters and pamphleteers who made the great Queen's head lie so uneasy. A book of "Reasons why Catholics refuse to go to Church," masquerades as written by John Howlet (or Owlet) and printed by Lyon at Douai. But no Lyon ever printed at Douai; and Howlet is no other than the notorious Parsons. The whole process by which the war of pamphlets was carried on, the subterfuges to which writers and printers were put, the astuteness with which Walsingham hunted them down, are here exposed with a masterly hand.

Another article reveals the depths of superstition which were utilised by the adherents of the old faith in their endeavours to raise the country against the Government. "Devil-hunting in Elizabethan England" describes the prodigies which were "performed in the light of day, in the neighbourhood of London, in the houses of noblemen and distinguished Catholics . . . above all, in Sir G. Peckham's house at Denham." Devils in abundance were cast out. "A young gentleman, an eye-witness, went boldly to Lord Burghley and swore he had seen the devils like fishes swimming beneath the skins of the possessed." Lord Burghley, we are told, laughed—such is the cynicism of the Cecils—but crowds believed. The proceedings in some cases remind us of the miraculous performances of Mr. Maskelyne. Pieces of rusty knives, old nails, and bags of sand were extracted by the exorcist from their patients. Dr. Horsnet, afterwards Arch-

Google

bishop of York, collected many depositions in a book which he entitled "A Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures." The book "so struck the fancy of Shakespeare, that he borrowed from it for 'King Lear' not only the names of devils and the mad fancies of the demoniacs, but even the phraseology of the writer." From one Sara Williams were expelled devils called "Frateretto, Fliberdigibet, Hoberdicat, Cocabatto, with forty assistants;" but she was subsequently "possessed by Hobberdinance, Lusty Dick, Kellico, Hob, Cornercap, Putt, Purr, Kellicocum, Wilkin, Lusty Jolly Jenkin, and many more." Some of the patients deposed that the priests had first put into them the rusty nails, &c., which they subsequently extracted; but most of them, having been forced to swallow "the holy potion"—a pint of sack, salad oil, rue, &c.—and having had their heads "held over a dish of burning brimstone, assafœtida, and other stinking gear," were hardly in a condition to observe what the priests did.

These practices were intended to impress the public mind with the conviction that the envoys of Rome possessed supernatural powers, and to prepare the way for that general conversion for which Parsons, Campion, and Cardinal Allen laboured so long and, it must be allowed, devotedly, though in vain. Of Cardinal Allen Dr. Law gives a full and very valuable account, in the course of which he successfully defends the government of Elizabeth against the charge of persecution on religious grounds. He shows that until the Bull of Deposition was issued there was no persecution at all; that even after that there was little until the concerted attack upon the Queen's power and the plots against her life began to take shape about 1580; and that it was not till after these political designs had become manifest in their full scope and danger that persecution, enforced under the Act of 1585, became really severe. In the campaign against the Reformation in England, Allen took a leading part.

It would not be easy [says Dr. Law] to name a single Englishman of the Elizabethan age whose life and writings could give a better insight into the

Google

character of the religious and political conflict between England and the Pope, than those of William, Cardinal Allen.

That the machinations of Allen and his friends were behind the rebellion of the northern earls is clear. For a time owing to the difficulty of evading the Act of 1571, the obligation on Roman Catholics to act on the Bull of Deposition was, at Campion's suggestion, suspended; but the Jesuit mission of 1580, organised by Allen, showed that the period of temporising was past. From this time forward, Allen "becomes the centre of interest"; the plot thickens; open war is practically declared. Father Knox, the editor of Allen's "Letters and Memorials," who, up to this point, seeks to minimise his share in the intrigues, remarks that he was "now at length launched upon the sea of political transactions; and his great gifts, moral and intellectual, soon placed him in the first rank among his compeers." He cannot escape the blame of organising the plots to kill the Queen, whose escape from the fate that overtook William the Silent and Henry IV. is little short of miraculous. Father Knox approves these murderous attempts; he surmises that the Pope approved them—they were indeed the only logical outcome of the Bull; and he defends them on the ground that it is legitimate to kill "a chief of banditti who seizes an unoffending traveller (Mary, Queen of Scots) . . . and demands an impossible ransom." What so good a Catholic as Lord Acton thought of such doings, and of the stigma they fix on the Papacy, we know. We knew, too, in a general way, that Cardinal Allen had a large share in them; but it was not accurately known till the publication of his "Letters and Memorials," the outcome of which Dr. Law has so admirably summed up in this essay.

It was in unravelling the intricacies of the subterranean struggle between Rome and the Reformation in this country that Dr. Law took special delight; but, while his previous studies and experiences in the Roman Church gave him rare advantages in this kind of research, he never displays that bitterness with which converts are apt to assail the religious

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

community from which they have departed. While condemning their methods and their aims, he can sympathise with the energy and devotion of these champions of a lost cause. He tracks their steps and exposes their policy with the ingenuity of a detective and the judgment of a trained historian. Various episodes of this desperate campaign pass before us in a long sequence, and are regarded from different points of view. In one article Dr. Law describes the intrigues of English Jesuits in Scotland in the critical years 1581-2; the adoption by Parsons and Campion of political measures instead of a merely religious propaganda; their influence on the Catholic Lords of the Highlands; their intention to convert James VI. or, if he would not be converted, to depose him with a view to Mary's restoration; the zeal of Creighton and Hay (Catholic envoys to Scotland), which outran their discretion and endangered Mary's life; the seizure of their agents and the failure of their plot. Connected with its discovery is a curious tale. Father Creighton, being captured on board ship, thought to destroy incriminating letters by tearing them up and throwing the pieces overboard; but a puff of wind carried back some of the fragments, whence the sense of the whole was discovered. It sounds an improbable story; but it turns out to be true. That the plotters were not without some reasonable hopes of converting King James is shown by an article on the famous "Spanish Blanks" and the intrigues which were carried on after the defeat of the Armada.

> James [says Dr. Law] would at any moment have welcomed the alliance of Spain against England if only he could have been sure that circumstances would not force him in self-defence to become a Catholic, or that Philip would not snatch Elizabeth's crown for himself.

He had no leanings to Romanism; nevertheless, in 1592,

> when the Jesuits and the earls were in the thick of their intrigues, he had actually drawn up, not indeed a plan for a Spanish invasion of England, but a memorial carefully weighing the pros and cons of such a project in his own interest.

This curious document, still preserved at Hatfield and printed

Google

in full by Dr. Law, must have come into Lord Burghley's hands, and goes far to justify Elizabeth's reluctance to acknowledge the shifty Stewart as her successor.

Did space not fail us, we should willingly dwell on Dr. Law's interesting sketches of those adventurous Scots, soldiers of fortune like Colonel William Sempill, the betrayer of Lierre and founder of the Scots College at Madrid; of Robert Bruce, not the great king of that name, but "conspirator and spy," known under various aliases to his fellow intriguers at Douai and elsewhere; of Sir William Stewart of Houston, who after fighting in the Low Countries with William of Orange, returned to take a high position at the Court of James, acted as Scottish ambassador to various countries, and having a grudge against the Dutch who (he asserted) owed him money, obtained letters of marque from his obliging sovereign, and, making private war on Dutch commerce, forced the tenacious Hollanders to repay him his debt. "The spacious times of great Elizabeth" certainly offered unequalled opportunities to eccentric character and individual activity. With real gusto Dr. Law recounts the true story of "Archangel" Leslie, one of the many ardent spirits who undertook to re-convert their native country to the ancient faith—a story which, expanded and embroidered like a mediæval legend, has "recently taken a new lease of life" and found its way, as historic fact, into "The Annals of the Franciscans," published so lately as 1881.

Romance and adventure were, however, by no means confined to these heroes of the Romanist league. John Craig, the author of "A Shorte Summe of the whole Catechisme," was born in the old faith, was converted by reading the "Institutes" of Calvin, was seized in Rome by the Inquisition, and was only rescued from the faggots by the opportune death of Pope Paul IV. on the eve of the day fixed for his execution. This "brand saved from the burning," released by a riotous mob, was making his escape, in a penniless condition, through a town in Austria, when, as Row relates, a dog came and fawned upon him.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Mr. Craig [says this veracious historian] did boast the dog from him fearing that he should be challenged for stealing so pretty a dog; but the dog would not be boasted from him, but followed him a space out of the toune. . . . At last Mr. Craig began to make of the dog and was content, seing he wold not goe back, to take him to beare him companie in his travells; and so the dog followed him for some dayes, and waited carefullie on him as his master.

Overcome with heat and fatigue, Craig one day betakes himself to prayer, when

his dog, his kynd fellow-traveller, comes to him, and with his foot skreapes upon his shoulder. After he had skreaped once again and the thrid tyme, Mr. Craig lookes up and sies in the dog's mouth a full purse. The dog shakes the purse upon Mr. Craig, offering it to him. He was astonied, and feared to touch the purse; but, the dog looking kyndlie in his face . . . Mr. Craig took the purse out of the dog's mouth, and, opening it fynds it ane purse full of gold . . . and, being then well provided, he travels on, and, after some stay in France, he comes home to Scotland, and brought with him to Edinburgh the dog, the purse, and some of the gold.

No wonder that Dr. John Hamilton, who was on the other side in religion, opined that the dog was black, and that, in fact, he was no other than the devil, like Faust's poodle, in disguise. We commend the story to the attention of our contemporary, the *Spectator*, which shows so praiseworthy an interest in the marvellous actions of dumb animals. What John Craig did after his return to Edinburgh—how he (in this respect resembling his opponents) upheld the right of subjects to depose iniquitous princes; how he refused to solemnise Mary's marriage with Bothwell; how "at Aberdeen he passed six years of incessant activity on a stipend of £16 13*s.* 4*d.*"; how he rose to be Moderator of the Assembly, and how he eventually died in 1600, at the age of eighty-nine, honoured at last even by his anti-presbyterian sovereign—all this is related by Dr. Law with the same delightful combination of vivacity, learning, and historical insight which marks the whole book.

G. W. P.

Google

COAL FOR RUSSIA

IT is to be regretted that the discussion of the supply of coal to the Russian Fleet by British shippers must hinge on the decision of a somewhat obscure legal point. A matter of high policy, which at first sight is a fit subject for public discussion, is reduced to an affair of legal quibbling. The interpretation of statutes, indeed, is acknowledged to be the department of law in which our courts shine most dimly. It is this fact that makes lawyers distrustful of all projects for the codification of the law. They know that the code would be treated by the courts simply as a huge statute. They are also aware that the interpretation of statutes, and their incrustation by precedent, in the tribunals of England is unsatisfactory to a degree. The interpretation of the common law is always controlled by common sense. But, as Viscount Esher was accustomed to remark, "You need not look for common sense in a statute."

Particularly unsatisfactory is the application of the ordinary jejune methods of interpretation to statutes dealing with the law of nations and the customs of the sea.

It is true that an Imperial statute can neither abrogate nor be nullified by the law of nations; but its meaning may be entirely altered when it is read in the light of that law. If it has any bearing at all on international relations it must be so read; for "international law is part of the law of England."

A decision on patent law, or on any question of natural

Google

science, is infinitely more satisfactory when the judge is well acquainted with chemistry. Let any one listen to Mr. Fletcher Moulton speaking in defence of a new invention, and it will speedily be seen how the scientific atmosphere illuminates the legal argument. It is not that the scientific counsel has got up the bare scientific facts of the case in hand, but that he has a grasp of natural science as a whole, which enables him to treat the case with such lucid mastery.

A statute like the Foreign Enlistment Act is not to be construed like a measure for regulating the transfer of land or the early closing question. Its provisions are eminently material for the exercise of the Higher Criticism.

Unfortunately, the breadth of view which is required in order to free the interpretation of an Act of Parliament from pedantic narrowness has not always illuminated the discussion of the legislation in question. That legislation, we may be excused for reminding the reader, began in 1819. The occasion was the long-drawn-out revolt of the South American colonies from Spain. Jefferson had just laid down a standard of neutral strictness which marked a decided advance on the views that had previously prevailed. The limits within which foreigners might use the territory of the United States for the preparation of expeditions against their enemies had been made manifest by the disapproval with which the Federal Government treated the proceedings of the French Minister Genet. His attempts to arm and fit out privateers in America were nipped in the bud by the energetic action of the authorities, and notably by the passage, in 1794, of an Act of Congress which has been the model for the subsequent British and United States Acts. It was re-enacted, with improvements, in 1818, and in the following year the first British Act was passed.

It has been held, time and again, in the United States, that their statute is directed against the *animus belligerandi* and not against the *animus vendendi*. It prohibits the fitting-out and arming of vessels for war in considerable detail; but only when the accused was concerned in the expedition,

Google

A mere commercial transaction was not within the Act. So patent a transaction as the sale of a fully-armed ironclad by Elswick to Japan would be quite untouched by its terms. It is tolerably plain from the case of the *Alexandra*, before Lord Chief Baron Pollock and his puisnes, that the British Act was, no more than the United States one, directed against the mere commercial sale of ammunition and ships.

The *Alabama* case resulted in the certainty of the liability of Britain being established for the escape of that celebrated vessel. The immediate result was to create a demand for fresh and more drastic legislation. It was hardly called for, in reality. The old Act of 1819 was sufficient. The defect was not in its provisions, but in its administration. The powers of the executive were ample, but they were not used with vigour. Nevertheless, a new statute was passed—the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870. It may have been thought that it was better to terrify shipbuilders by more and more Draconian law, than to secure the vigilant performance of their duties by the local representatives of the executive.

The Foreign Enlistment Act cast its net wide. It made the *animus belligerandi* immaterial, enacting that reasonable cause to believe the ship destined for warlike purposes should be sufficient to render the building, commissioning, equipment, or despatch of a vessel illegal. It made action easy for the Government, by granting wide powers of detaining vessels and by personal indemnities to the local authorities and the Secretary of State. And it entered into minute details of what should be included in the meaning of certain cardinal words. Old statutes look clumsy, with their reiterations and tautology. But it is certain that, for all their uncouthness, they are a great deal easier to understand than the modern Act of Parliament which balances itself uneasily on an interpretation clause. The "crux" of the topic under discussion is an awkward piece of drafting of this latter kind.

But before we look at it we should consider how the law of nations stands. Succinctly stated, it is simply thus: A

Google

neutral nation may not allow a belligerent to use the safe shelter of its ports and waters as a base for the conduct of warlike operations. It is not clear how far it must prevent the belligerent warships from resorting thither—(certainly it is not bound to thrust them out in twenty-four hours, or any definite period; nor to intern them if they refuse to leave)—but one thing is clear, that it must not let the belligerent State organise and create a force within its territory, nor must it let the belligerent ships increase their fighting efficiency there; though it may properly allow them to improve their navigability. After all, one's friend does not cease to be one's friend because he has quarrelled with another friend. And his ships are entitled to the hospitality of friendly harbours, just as they were before, saving the interdiction of deadly weapons.

These two parts of a nation's duty—to suppress the organisation of naval force within its limits, and to prevent the augmentation, in a lethal sense, of force already organised and coming within them—have been clearly recognised and provided for from the outset. The American Act of 1818 deals with them in different sections. Sections 3 and 4 deal with "the fitting out and arming," and with the "commissioning" of vessels "with the intent that they shall be employed in belligerent service"; that is, it treats of the preparation of a hostile expedition. Section 5 deals with the augmentation of the force of vessels which are *already* ships of war. So, in the British Act of 1819, the two things are kept distinct. There is a great difference between organising an expedition under neutral protection and merely obtaining warlike stores for one's ships in neutral ports. To allow the former is to permit a belligerent to carry on the functions of government in one's territory. It is to permit war to be waged from one's own shores. To allow the other is merely to give greater facilities for obtaining contraband than are legitimate. When the Portuguese adherents of Donna Maria were followed from England by H.M.S. *Walpole*, and stopped at Terceira in the Azores, Great Britain

Google

was fulfilling her duty of preventing an expedition, which had originated under her protection, from coming to a successful issue. When the Confederate *Shenandoah* was supplied with coal at Melbourne, there was no such organisation of any expedition. Even had she been supplied with powder, instead of coals, there could have been no allegation of the kind. It would have been clear, instead of doubtful, that she had violated our neutrality. But it would have been violated in quite a different way from that in which the Terceira expedition infringed it.

Does the Act of 1870 preserve the distinction? Undoubtedly. Amongst all the elaborate paraphernalia of verbiage which obscures its meaning, it is clear that it treats the augmentation of a force already existing as a thing entirely by itself. Section 8 deals with the matter of sections 3 and 4 of the U.S. Act of 1818. Section 10 deals with the matter of section 5. Let us look at its language.

> 10. If any person within the dominions of Her Majesty, and without the licence of Her Majesty . . .
>
> By adding to the number of guns, or by changing those on board for other guns, or by the addition of any equipment for war, increases or augments, or procures to be increased or augmented, or is knowingly concerned in increasing or augmenting the warlike force of any ship which at the time of her being within the dominions of Her Majesty was a ship in the military or naval service of any foreign State at war with any friendly State—such person shall be guilty of an offence, &c.

It will be noticed that this is entirely limited to acts done within the British dominions. This must mean that the physical acts of equipment must be done there in order to be illegal. It would be ridiculous to contend that a ship is supplied with guns or coal in England simply because the order was given there. There can be no pretence that English or German shipowners equip the Russian fleet in England, when they send it coal from here. And is coal within the section at all? "Equipment," according to the interpretation clause, may mean almost anything useful in navigation, from a handspike to a potato; but is coal an equipment "for war"? The words "for war" must have some special meaning, because

Google

the section is professedly dealing with warships; and if everything used on board a warship is an equipment "for war," the words would be useless. Their meaning is quite obvious to the international lawyer. They are directed to prohibit the putting on board belligerent warships of those lethal articles which a neutral may not allow them to have. Among these coal has never been formally reckoned.

If section 8 means or includes the same thing, section 10 is mere surplusage. But it means something quite different. It is an expansion, in precise terms, of the old enactment against "fitting out and arming, or commissioning." It strikes at four things—building, commissioning, equipping, and despatching. It speaks of each in virtually the same terms. We need only quote the third sub-section:

> [8. If any person, within Her Majesty's dominions, without the licence of Her Majesty, does any of the following acts, that is to say—] (3) equips any ship with intent or knowledge, or having reasonable cause to believe that the same shall or will be employed in the military or naval service of any foreign State at war with any friendly State— [such person shall be deemed to have committed an offence against this Act. . . .].

Now, of course, a person who supplies anything whatever to a foreign belligerent warship has not only cause to believe, but knows perfectly well that she will be occupied in the belligerent's naval service. So that section 10 of the Act is useless and meaningless if the section just quoted is meant to apply to the supply of goods to ships already in the hostile fleet. Such a nugatory result is too absurd. Nor has it ever been thought, during thirty-four years, that it meant hard labour to supply provisions or water in a British port to a belligerent vessel without the licence of the Crown under the sign manual. If coal is an "equipment" so are these articles. The contention is absurd beyond belief, that a foreign warship entering a British harbour in time of war cannot take in the commonest necessities of existence at sea (which are all, equally with coal, comprised in the term "equipment") without a personal application to the sovereign, and the fortification of a licence under the King's own hand.

Digitized by Google

Such a startling construction is not necessitated by the words of the clause; nor is it even their natural meaning when the section is read as a whole and in the light of International Law. "To employ" is an ambiguous word. It may mean to take a person or thing into one's employment. Or it may mean to occupy them in it. In this section it means "to take into employment." Stress must be laid on the expression "shall or will." It is a vessel which "*will*" be employed by the belligerent State—not including one which "*is and will*" be so employed—that is hit by the section. Equipment, for the purposes of sub-section (8) is something like in nature to building, commissioning, or despatching. It means something *ejusdem generis* with these acts. It is the participation in an original expedition.

This is a reading of the statute in accordance with common sense, the experience of thirty-five years, and the most rigid principles of construction. But it does not entirely acquit the neutral collier. He is said to have despatched or equipped his vessel in the "naval service" of Russia.

Most people would say that the "naval service" of Russia was the Russian Navy. They would be considerably surprised to be told that it means a service done to Russia at sea. That is, broadly speaking, the contention of those who think, with the Foreign Office, that to send coal to follow the Russian Fleet in its course is to despatch a vessel to be employed in the naval service of Russia. The Act is quite wide enough, and drastic enough, to dispense with such strained interpretations. Before a vessel can be said to be in the naval service of Russia it must be established that she is for the time being in Russian hands and under complete Russian control. True, the Act specially mentions "user as a store-ship" as one aspect of "naval service." But it is only as an aspect of naval service that it is mentioned at all. If a vessel is navigated under Russian control, it does not matter that it is not a fighting-ship. That is all the Act means by including service of a store-ship in the obnoxious employments. But it is not putting a ship under Russian control to send a collier, or seven colliers, once

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

or twenty times to the Russian Fleet The supply of contraband to a fleet is a well-known operation, and a perfectly legitimate one. It is one of the great tests of the contraband nature of a cargo to know whether it is going to a belligerent fleet or not. Moreover, as all contraband is destined for naval or military use, every single ship carrying contraband is employed in the naval or military service of the belligerent, and is doing a highly penal act, if to perform a sea service to a State is to be "employed in its naval service."

This of itself is enough to explode the contention that the mere carriage of coal to a belligerent fleet can be against the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act. There are one or two cases which at first sight appear to militate against the doctrine that the mere performance of a commercial service at sea to a belligerent cannot be penal. But they are really illustrations of it.

The *Gauntlet* was a case decided during the Franco-Prussian war. A German prize, bearing the characteristically Teutonic name of the *Lord Brougham*, was brought by the French into the Downs. The British authorities, with "twenty-four-hour" rules ringing through their minds, insisted on her removal from territorial waters. After much trouble, the French prize-master secured the services of the *Gauntlet*. The Commissioner of Customs, unfortunately *not* "under the sign manual," told the Frenchman and the tug-owner that it was "all right"; and the tug towed the *Lord Brougham* away. She did more; she took her safely into Dunkirk. For permitting this, her owners had to forfeit her to the Crown. Sir R. Phillimore, the one international lawyer of outstanding reputation produced by England in the mid-Victorian period, was overruled by two eminent Chancery lawyers, a retired Indian judge, and Sir Montague Smith, who held that the tug had been employed in the naval service of France. So she had; for she was, throughout the voyage, entirely subject in every detail of her navigation to the belligerent prize-master of the *Lord Brougham*. It is a well-known principle of shipping law that tug and tow are identified. For the time being the

Google

tug is a mere piece of the tow's machinery. The master of the towed vessel gives the orders, and the tug's duty is simply to carry them out. It was an extreme case. But it fell fairly within the rule.

Why the Crown prosecuted it to forfeiture, and were content simply to claim a penalty in the case of the *International*, it is difficult to say. The *International* was actually engaged by the French Government to carry telegraph material to France and to lay cables, which might have been of considerable (though only accidental) military service. The claim failed. In a previous case of "Burton *v.* Pinkerton," the question arose incidentally. A British ship, the *Thames*, had accompanied Peruvian vessels as a store-ship during the war with Spain, and her captain and part owner admitted that she was navigated throughout under the entire control of a Peruvian agent on board.

This is very different from the simple export of coal to a fleet in a vessel under neutral control from first to last. It may be said that there is no practical difference between allowing Russia to use one's ship as a collier and sending one's ship to her fleet with coals. It is sufficient to reply that in the one case Russia gets a collier over which she has control and in the other she does not.

It is of the utmost importance to Japan that Great Britain should be preserved as a market where warlike munitions are to be had. For the moment the advantage appears to be in favour of Russia in the particular matter of coal. But it may not be a bad thing, from Japan's point of view, to provide the Baltic Fleet with the means of pursuing its remote and risky peregrinations; whilst it is of vital moment to her to be able to obtain from her ally the *matériel* which she, far less than Russia, can produce at home or import overland. It will be greatly to be lamented if we allow our commerce to be tied up so strictly as to cripple the forces of our friends, whilst neighbouring nations remain perfectly willing to supply our enemies.

T. Baty.

Google

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS

THE subject of the religious instruction to be given to the children attending our elementary schools has been more frequently debated than discussed, and there are not wanting indications that the controversial protagonists on this side and on that not infrequently fail to understand one another's position. Weary as we may be of the strife of tongues, it is certain that the last word in this *vexata quæstio* has not been uttered; and a plain statement of the case, as it presents itself to the minds of at least a considerable minority of those most deeply interested in education, may have its value.

It is important at the outset to be quite clear as to our fundamental conception of education. By education we understand not the infusion of knowledge, but the development of capacity; the promotion of the growth of the child —physical, mental, moral, and spiritual—to the highest attainable perfection. Educational systems and methods fall short of the ideal, and result in practical failure, if their aim and scope be less wide than this.

It is evident that the overwhelming majority of parents in Great Britain are of one mind as to the importance of including religious instruction in the curriculum of the school which their children attend. There does not appear to be any considerable body of opinion in favour of the evasion of difficulties by confining primary education to secular subjects. Indeed, it is probable that many who might have preferred, in the

Digitized by Google

abstract, a purely secular system of State education, are deterred from advocating it by consideration of the long tradition and existing sentiment to which it would be opposed. To their minds the case is not unlike that of Church "Establishment." They would be glad if the Church had never entered into a compromising union with the State, and, if it were a case of *tabula rasa*, would vote against "Establishment"; but under existing circumstances, they shrink from the upheaval of disestablishment, as from the secularisation of the schools, for the same reason: namely, that either policy would wear the semblance of an act of national apostasy.

But if the overwhelming majority of the parents desire that the education provided in public elementary schools shall include instruction in the Christian religion, it must be conceded that they are largely indifferent to the conditions and methods under which it shall be imparted. Probably they would be quite content that the religious teaching given to their children should be the same as they themselves received, say, fifty years ago. The varying presentations of Christian doctrine by the different religious bodies appear to them as variations, little more than sources of irritating perplexity. In general, they incline to favour the plausible notion that, inasmuch as the main body of revealed truth is held in common by all Christians, an "undenominational" residuum may be arrived at by the elimination of "sectarian" differentia and sufficiently supply the subject-matter of the religious instruction in public elementary schools.

On the other hand, the more closely the undenominational theory is studied, the more impossible is it to look to it to supply the solution of the problem which confronts us. The overwhelming objections to it have been stated with admirable force and clearness by the late Canon Moberly, in a pamphlet which has recently been reprinted.[1]

[1] "Problems and Principles," by the late A. C. Moberly, D.D. (John Murray, 1904.) Part II., No. 9, "Undenominationalism as a Principle of Primary Education."

Google

We must dismiss somewhat briefly the question of the injustice involved in using money supplied exclusively from the nation at large for the purpose of imparting religious instruction which probably few or none regard as adequate and satisfactory, and which certainly many believe to be equivalent to the dissemination of false and erroneous ideas on subjects of the highest importance. Is it justifiable that the State should use rates and taxes, contributed by Agnostics, Atheists, and Positivists, and other non-Christians—to say nothing of the Unitarian, Socinian, Roman Catholic, or Anglican Churchman—to teach a religion which is regarded as false by one and all? The attempt to discover a colourless residuum of religious truth to which no one will object is logically absurd, and must result practically in a constant tendency to reduce the "religion" in the teaching to a vanishing quantity. Again, the question may well be asked: Whether the teaching described as undenominational be regarded as true or as false, by what right does the State, or its representative organ—the School Board or Educational Committee—select the form of religion to be taught, to the exclusion of any other, in the public elementary schools? Are the convictions and wishes of parents as to the religious education of their own children to be ignored simply because they belong to the poorer classes? Is the system morally defensible by which the image of undenominationalism is erected by the State in the schools which the children are compelled to attend? It is true that the children, though in a sense invited to partake of the spiritual "skilly" provided, are not compelled to do so. It is open to the parent to plead conscientious objection and withdraw his child from the religious instruction. But in that case the child gets *no* religious instruction, and meanwhile the ratepayer—perhaps the objecting parent—pays the cost of whatever teaching is given. From the point of view of a Christian believer the religious education of children should begin as early as possible. From the first, that education should be directed by the parents, in accordance with the injunction, "Parents"—"bring up (your children) in

Google

the nurture and admonition of the Lord." The child's earliest school of religion is ideally at its mother's knee. To ignore, or needlessly defer, religious instruction must of necessity involve the atrophy of faculties and aptitudes belonging to the original spiritual outfit of those who by their baptism were made members of Christ and children of God. It is no matter of surprise to the Christian teacher to find that the child's opening mind reveals singular affinities with Divine truth. It welcomes and embraces Christian ideas with remarkable facility and—so to say—naturalness, an observed fact which demonstrates the wisdom of the Church's counsel that religious instruction should be provided for the child "so soon as he shall be able to learn."

Again, it must not be forgottten that religious education means much more than merely intellectual instruction in facts of history and statements of doctrine or moral truth contained in the Bible. Its more important part is moral and spiritual training, the "nurture and admonition of the Lord"; regarding each child as a disciple or pupil in the school of Christ, and "teaching him to observe all things" whatsoever Christ commanded. In other words, Christian instruction means the training of a soul in the worship of Christ; development of faith by the exercises of faith, and formation of devotional habits; teaching the child to pray, and to love and fear and worship God, and to read the Bible, not as a lesson-book, but *faithfully*.

It will be objected, however, that even admitting the correctness of this view of religious instruction, such teaching cannot be given in a public elementary school. And we should be prepared to admit that there is a measure of truth in that contention. What is essential, however, is that such religious teaching as is given should be imparted with reverent faith by those who are themselves Christian believers. A system under which there is, and can be, no guarantee that the teacher of Christian truths is in any sense a Christian, is nothing less than an outrage upon conscience and an insult to common sense. Yet, under the School Board, the

Google

secretary of an atheistic society, well known for his propagandist activity, gave religious instruction regularly in a large school in South London; while another teacher in the North of London succeeded in implanting an utter contempt for Holy Scripture as an authority upon the subject of religion in the minds of those he taught. It is nothing to the purpose to urge that such cases are exceptional. Such an assumption cannot be verified; and, even if true, the system which admits one such case may admit any number, and cannot be too strongly condemned. Yet it still exists.

Another aspect in which the system of religious education known as "undenominational" appears seriously defective, is in its inevitable failure to do justice to the social idea of the Christian religion. The notion of the Church, the corporate body of the believers, is of the *essence* of the Christian system. It is of necessity ignored and left out of account in the undenominational scheme of instruction. And among other fatal consequences is the very serious falling away from all religious practice, which has been observed as a general rule in the case of the children on leaving the Board Schools. Undenominational instruction on the subject of the Christian religion must be almost consciously directed to holding the children aloof from any existing organisation or society of believers. In any case, such is, in general, its practical effect. From the point of view of historic Christianity, religious instruction which leaves the child who has received it unattached to any visible society of Christians is inconsistent with the teaching alike of Scripture and of the universal Church.

Once more; a scheme of religious instruction which deliberately fences off certain departments of Christian doctrine and doctrines of set purpose and declines to teach them, does, in effect, teach that they are of comparatively slight importance; and this amounts to discrediting them. To the Churchman, at all events, Christian instruction which ignores Christ's teaching concerning the Church and the Sacraments disseminates falsehood by implication.

Digitized by Google

In the opinion of some teachers in our "provided" schools, the religious instruction given therein is, and must be, a practical failure. If it diffuses knowledge of facts about religion it is none the less ineffective in forming religious habits, or developing religious instincts and spiritual capacity. The undenominational theory has been given a sufficient trial. The fallacy which underlies it has been demonstrated by logical arguments that have never been answered, and are, indeed, unanswerable. But the "moral monster" remains the fetish of an unreasoning multitude, and exercises the most pernicious influence upon the religious life of the nation. It is a stream of tendency making for agnosticism and irreligion. How long will this process continue before men's eyes are opened to recognise the wisdom of the views expressed by such men as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour; and to recognise clearly that while the State does well to encourage religious instruction as an element in the education of the young, that instruction must be given to the children in full accordance with the religious beliefs of their parents, by teachers commanding their confidence, and specially qualified for that most important work?

Recently gathered statistics afford too much reason to fear that the tide of Christian faith and life here in London is on the ebb. There has been of late years a marked falling off in the matter of religious observance. The Lord's Day, as such, is but slightly regarded, and, for the great majority of the population, has almost entirely lost its religious character and associations. Public worship, though regarded by Christians as an essential duty, is generally neglected by both rich and poor. Bishops deplore the fewness of those presented for confirmation. Whether or not there is an increase of explicit and articulate unbelief is very doubtful. But Christian belief and practice will not long survive the abandonment of all formal worship, and "confession" of faith "before men" in public assemblies of the faithful, and such facts as we have referred to are ominous as to the future of religion

Google

among Londoners. Among other explanations which have been offered with regard to the causes of these unsatisfactory phenomena, not the least reasonable would seem the ineffective character of the religious instruction in many of the elementary schools. For ineffective and futile undenominational teaching must of necessity prove in the long run. So far as it is logically consistent, its only possible outcome, its only legitimate offspring, is the spirit of critical indifference and agnosticism.

We shall no doubt be told, on the other hand, of good teaching by good men in many "Board" (or "Provided") Schools; and we gladly admit the fact. But the better the teaching, the more surely is it open to the charge of inconsistency and disloyalty in relation to the undenominational principle. And it is difficult indeed to conceive that a system of religious instruction, to which (according to some of its staunchest supporters) the Apostles' Creed is abhorrent, can produce results satisfactory to a Christian parent, otherwise than by felicitous deviation from its own fundamental principle. If the religious teaching in a provided school has real religious value, it is merely *per accidens*, and in defiance of the system.

Many, we hope and believe, will be found to agree with our criticisms of the specious but delusive system which originated with the Cowper Temple clause—that system which has become an instrument of coercion and tyranny, and to which the greatest Liberal statesman of our age referred as "the popular imposture of undenominational instruction."

But it will be asked: Is any alternative system, under all the circumstances, within the range of practical attainment? To which question we would reply by another. Why should it be thought impossible to devise a scheme which should secure, on behalf of the overwhelming majority of the children in our public elementary schools, religious instruction corresponding to the professed belief of their parents? Why should not the local managers of each school, with all the facts and

Google

figures before them, and taking into consideration the percentage of children of each "denomination" represented in their school, be authorised to consult with the various ministers of religion in the area served by the school, with a view to providing, so far as might be possible, for the instruction of each child in his parents' creed? To a large extent such teaching might be given by the ordinary staff; but the services of accredited teachers, whether ministers or laymen, belonging to the same respective denominations as the children in the school, might well be welcomed, even if they could be offered only on two or three mornings of the five working days of the school week. The system should be conceived and administered with absolute impartiality as between the various denominations; as regards method and instrumentality, it should be as elastic and adaptable as possible. In many cases, it might be convenient and desirable for the religious instruction to be given off the premises; and with due security for registration of attendance during the "religious hour," there could be no reasonable objection to such an arrangement. Occasional attendance of the children at the places of worship of their denomination should moreover be gladly encouraged, the value of a hearty children's service as a means of "religious education" being far greater than that of any class in school.

The policy of wisdom, justice, and liberality is to encourage to the uttermost denominational teaching of religion in our public schools, especially with a view to the attachment of the children to the religious bodies to which their parents belong. Thence would come the best hope of drawing the children to Sunday School and public worship on the Lord's Day, as well as of saving them from drifting away from all religious influences when they leave school for good.

One weakness of the present system must be scrupulously avoided in the future. No teacher in any school should be set to the task of teaching a religion which is not his own. It is an insult and an outrage to ask a man to teach what he does

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF M[illegible]

not himself believe. Whatever be the religion taught to children, for God's sake let it be taught *believingly*.

In the foregoing brief outline of a possible solution of a thorny question, we have of necessity passed by many important details. And, on the other hand, we have purposely ignored the kindred problems connected with the religious instruction in the voluntary or non-provided schools. With reference to the latter, we would merely register our conviction that the interests of religious education demand that denominational distinctions should be observed with scrupulous impartiality in "non-provided" as in "provided" schools in all arrangements for the religious instruction; and every child, as far as possible, educated in his parents' creed by a teacher who holds it.

EDWARD BICKERSTETH OTTLEY.

Google

THE HYPOCRITE

THE Golden Valley was flooded with the light of a cloudless summer morning. In the river-meadows the ripe grass lay in long, irregular swathes, but of the needed harvesters there was neither sight nor sound. Even over the village street the stillness of a Sabbath seemed to brood; the little shops were closed, and the cottage blinds were drawn, in mute indication of the presence of death. The silence was oppressive; the children, instead of playing with boisterous mirth their favourite game of fox-and-hounds among the lanes, were gathered in groups on doorstep or in garden, happy, as always, but somehow doubtful of their right to make the day alive with laughter and with the quick sounds of scurrying feet. Presently one, then another, and yet another cottage door were opened and shut, and everywhere men and women were seen wending their way towards the bridge, and thence through the sunlit fields towards a large house hidden in a grove of tall Scotch firs almost directly opposite the middle of the village.

From far and near came the country folk, on horseback, in dog-carts, and in waggons, to pay a general, though, perhaps, reluctant tribute to the memory of the woman whose charity and austere religious zeal had for thirty years made her famous in the west. She had not been regarded with affection; somehow her good deeds had never been gratefully recognised; her life had been a stranger to that sweet sympathy uniting

Google

heart to heart, and tightening imperceptibly the bonds of a mutual attachment, in which the giver is thankful for the privilege of being able to show loving-kindness, and the recipient is ever glad and ready to acknowledge it. Nevertheless, her gifts to the poor, and to the religious interests of the neighbourhood, and her position as a wealthy landowner, entitled her to some show of respect from her neighbours; and it was fitting that they should assemble for the final farewell, and in mournful procession walk by the unclosed coffin, to look with apparent reverence on the well-known face, now for ever passionless and calm.

The last rite of the sin-eater had been performed, as he consumed the symbolic wafer from the platter on the coffin-lid; and the village minister had read part of the meditation of the Hebrew sage on the failing of desire, the loosening of the silver cord, and the breaking of the golden bowl, and had prayed to "Hollalluog (the Lord of Lords), in whose hands are the issues of life, and from whom no secret can be hid." The great funeral hymn of the Cymry, floating from the riverside mansion on the morning air, sounded through the village street, and echoed from the neighbouring hills, with a deep, harmonious undertone eloquent of the suddenness of death, of the loneliness of the grave, of the dread mystery of the long hereafter.

Soon, with slow and measured movement, the mourners crossed the village bridge above the rapids, turned upward through the hillside street, and wended their way to the little moorland cemetery. There, among the shadowing pines, that sighed and murmured in the gentle summer wind, they laid the dead to rest, while the white-haired minister stood on the slope by the grave, and recited the deeds of her whose days had passed beyond recall. For thirty years his "departed sister" had been the mainstay of the congregation, foremost among the chosen few who, by rigorous self-examination and self-denial, had followed the path of the just.

Google

Appointing the minister her executor, she had endowed the "sect" with nearly all her property. The will, read by a solicitor when the relatives and friends returned to the mansion from the funeral, brought disappointment to many of the mourners, as well as surprise to all but the minister and the solicitor; it became the subject of eager conversation in the village, and ultimately the cause of angry dispute among the minister's flock, whose members were divided in opinion as to the merits of the fund to be benefited by the first of the unexpected legacies.

As may readily be inferred from the character of rustic gossip, every trifling incident was generally discussed. Back beyond the thirty years, however, in which the prim, unloved old lady had gradually built up a reputation for religious zeal and large charity, lay the blurred records of another life that had passed through the fires of affliction and had come forth purged, it might be, of its thousand sins, but alas! with the loss most certainly of the faith, the aspiration, and the love of youth.

As the afternoon wore on the villagers, laying aside the garb of mourning, resumed their wonted tasks, the shops were opened, the labourers went forth into the fields, and carts and waggons rumbled down the dusty road. All was silent in the immediate neighbourhood of the mansion that now, amid the beauty of the calm eventide, stood lonely and desolate.

In the wide belt of trees beyond the fringe of the valley estate two woodmen were stacking bark from the felled oaks lying here and there among the whinberry bushes. When the last song of the robin was hushed in the glade, the men relinquished their labour and resorted to the kindly shelter of a hut by the nearest gateway, there to enjoy a frugal meal and prepare for needed rest. Presently the smoke from their camp fire curled up towards the sky, and the only sounds that mingled with the crackling of the wood were the bark of a sheep dog in some distant meadow and the doleful note of a brown owl from the deep recesses of the hillside copse.

One of the foresters, an old white-haired man who had

Google

"seen better days," sat strangely still, musing on the recent events. He seemed to take but little interest in his surroundings; with almost mechanical precision he ate the food which the younger man placed before him, and, when the flames flickered out and the embers glowed on the rude hearth of the blackened stones, with stolid indifference he smoked his short clay pipe, while not a single word or movement betrayed the drift of his thoughts.

The younger man did not attempt to disturb his companion's reverie till everything within the hut was made ready for the night's repose. Then, lying on the grass between the hut and the fire, he suddenly asked, in the Cymraeg, "Father, why didn't you go to the funeral?"

The old man said nothing for a few moments, then he slowly replied, "Come nearer to me, Ieuan, and I'll tell you my story. Now that the woman is dead I needn't keep it secret—not from you, at any rate, and none of the family will come to the village again. I couldn't be at all sorry for her they put in the ground to-day, but my heart is always sorry for him we buried in the churchyard away in the moonlight yonder, just thirty years ago. He was a good Master to me, better than I deserved, except that I'd have died for him, if only I could have saved him from himself."

The old man paused a moment while his companion moved closer to his side, then he continued, in his expressive native tongue, which can hardly be translated, "Ieuan, I remember him as if he, not she, had been buried to-day. It may be blasphemy, almost, to breathe such a thought, but I can't help it; though some folks always talk about God bringing them to their husbands and wives in Heaven, I hope, this time, that God'll make a sort of mistake, or, leastwise, arrange things a little different by giving him the girl he broke his heart for, and, if there be animals in Heaven, by letting him have back his setter dog to follow him in the green fields by the great River of Life.

"I've just been thinking about Heaven, and what the

Google

Squire could do there. God knows best, and we must leave it to Him to find us all employment, but if there be fields and rivers in the Happy Land, surely there'll be partridges and trout. Then, if it could somehow be managed that fish shouldn't suffer and die, however they might be caught, and that birds shouldn't feel pain when shot, or if God threw a kind of make-believe over everybody and everything, so that every pleasure in this life could be had again in the next, without fear and grief and hurt, I'd like to go a-fishing and shooting with my old Master once more. I'd like to see the old dog ranging the stubbles in the early winter afternoon, and then I'd like to hear the girl that broke the Squire's heart greeting him in the hall when we came home, and while I stood outside the door, pretending, innocent-like, to sort and count the bag. As for his wife, the woman they buried to-day, I hope she'd pass from our minds for ever.

"I knew pretty well everything about the Squire—I studied him so close. I heard all the talk, day after day, from the servants in the kitchen, but that was only in the first years after he got married, when the place was as busy as a beershop in a fair. Long after, when the great strong man seemed to be always lonely, and always carrying a big load on his shoulders, when only he and me and old Betty the housekeeper lived in the mansion—well, of course, I knew most all his secrets; I was with him every minute of the day."

"But tell me the story from the beginning, father," pleaded the young forester.

"Well, boy, I can't help wandering like this; my mind will go off anyhow when I speak of these things. But I'll try not to forget that you don't know what I do. 'Twas fifty-two years ago, come August, when I entered the Squire's service, and I was with him for just twenty years. Once, however, he went abroad for a twelvemonth, and then I was left behind; and so I don't quite know the run of things joining the old life with the strange life after his coming back to the valley yonder. But that, I fancy, is about all I don't know.

Google

"He and me'd played many a time together when we were boys. He'd meet me by a big sycamore beyond the lodge, close to where we're sitting now. I was just a bit younger than him, but I was up to any mischief, and often, when he was supposed to be fast asleep, we were over the bank above the village, and at our larks, slinging dust-shot from our catapults at lighted windows when the old folks were going to bed, opening the doors of the pig-styes and sending off a whole drove of pigs helter-skelter into the fields, pulling a ladder away from the loft where the farm servants were courting, digging up new-sown potatoes and planting artichokes instead —anything, so long as it was mischief, and we could make the farm-people think that miracles were happening, or that the end of the world was nigh at hand. Soon he left for school; and by-and-by he went to college. I was sent, off and on for a few years, to a little school on the moor, four miles there and four miles back, and after that I was apprenticed to a carpenter. When the young Squire came home from finishing his education by a trip round the world, he wouldn't let his father rest till I was made a sort of handy-man about the big house, ready to do any odd job that might come my way, and, specially, to go shooting and fishing with my old playmate.

"Things began to go wrong with the estate. The interest of the mortgage fell behind, and it seemed as if parts of the land would have to be sold. The man who had the money on the estate was a tradesman retired from a big business, a low-bred fellow whose riches made him think himself the equal of a duke. Beforetimes he never darkened the doors of the mansion, but now he came when he liked, as bold as brass; and sometimes he brought his whole tribe with him. It was his daughter that the young Squire married.

"There was something in the wind: what it was I never could find out; but it was more than simply debts and mortgages, I'm certain. The wedding was put off again and again; and when at last the day came round, the whole family in the big house seemed to be going to a funeral. I couldn't bear

Google

the business. Almost every evening after dinner, for months, the Master was talking and talking to his father and mother, and whenever I saw the old lady she seemed to've been crying. One morning the young Squire came up to me in the home fields behind the house, and, putting his hand on my shoulder, said, 'God knows, Gwilym, what I'm going to do. I don't. Put my head in a halter, I think.' And I answered, 'Master, let us go away to foreign parts.' With that he shook his head, muttered something about the devil and the deep sea, and went quickly back into the house.

"After the young Squire's wedding the old people moved to a seaside place, and lived there quietly, never mixing with their equals, but pretending to take a great interest in a little boat and half an acre of garden.

"And now a queer state of affairs commenced at the mansion. The wife's friends were there nearly every day of the year; her father took out a game licence, fancied he could hit a partridge flying, peppered the keeper instead, and then, frightened a bit, did nothing but prowl alone with the gun, and bowl over a rabbit or two sitting to feed in the clover by the hedges. I will say this, however: the wife wasn't a bad sort of woman just then, though there were some queer tales to be heard of her carryings-on with some relative, a lanky, good-for-nothing fellow of the same age as herself, who spent most of his time at the house. Had the woman been poor I believe the Squire could have loved her with all her faults, but she would throw her money in his teeth if he only ventured to frame his lips for a word of reason; and she'd do it even when the servants were tending them at table. Not that the place was terribly mortgaged, for there was enough in it to support the Squire and his family comfortably in a small way.

"But things went on from bad to worse. No youngster came to brighten the old place; maybe, if there'd been a little one the wife's temper would have grown sweeter. Then the Squire and she seemed to drift further and further apart. At

Google

first he used to try his best to consider her in every way, treating her as if she was, like himself, a victim of fate. But my lady was much too free. I caught her kissing that relative of hers one evening in the shrubbery, and told the rascal straight what I'd seen. There was an awful row after that; the woman tried to treat me like a dog; the fellow started to thrash me, but found he'd tackled the wrong man; and it ended in the woman and her tribe clearing out of the house for nearly a year. A few of the servants were discharged, and the Master and me spent a jolly time in the stubbles and by the river. Then she came back, saying she'd have her rights—she'd claim them through the Courts, if necessary.

"Well, there was nothing left for the Squire but to go—it was either that or I must be dismissed. He and me travelled about the country together, sometimes staying with his friends, sometimes fishing in Ireland or Scotland, sometimes lodging in private rooms near London. He varied his name to suit his purposes—that was the first sign of the great change gradually passing over his soul.

"Six years came and went. The only letters he received from his wife told him that 'she never wished to see his face again; he should walk his own path; she would go hers.' But something that came to his ears roused him to action, and he threatened her with divorce. A lot of correspondence passed between their lawyers, and the upshot was that an arrangement was come to by which the mortgage was cleared through the sale of the greater part of the estate, and he kept the house and a few of the nearest farms, while she and her relations left the district. The old Squire and the old lady came to the valley once more, but both died in a few months, and the Master's roving diposition was such that he could not settle at home just then.

"In his travels he met, by accident, with the girl I spoke of at the beginning of my story. Almost as soon as he set eyes on her I knew, somehow, he'd found his fate. They tried honestly to avoid each other, but a sort of spell seemed

Google

to draw them together in spite of themselves, till the magic in her eyes held him against all reason, and a wonderful sympathy, almost like the yearning of a mother for a sick child, chained her, heart and soul, to him. He fought with himself; she tried to help him, and, poor little thing! only made matters worse. I saw her one evening under the apple trees in the garden, sobbing her eyes away, while he sat at the end of a log near by, with his head on his hands, looking down at the grass. She actually came to him once, when he'd shut himself up in the old mansion trying to forget her. How I wish he'd divorced his wife!

"The poor girl went away quietly, after a long talk with him outside the study window, and by the sad, brave look on his face and hers I thought they'd settled to do without the joys of love. That night he said to me, as though he meant nothing, 'Gwilym, what do you think of life?' and I answered him, 'Master, the way is very dark.'

"Six months passed before he saw her after that; then he went off one morning suddenly, leaving me to take care of the place. I knew nothing of his whereabouts till I received a letter telling me to prepare the house for some one he was bringing home. He came, and she was with him. It puzzled me; I felt I ought to leave him, not liking it at all, but the old text, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged' was continually running through my mind, and so I stayed on.

"How different everything soon became! At first, she was pale and tired-looking, and seemed afraid of her shadow; then—why, the roses came all red and beautiful to her cheeks, and she went about the house singing like a bird that's found his mate in spring. And they were happy, so happy that I think, Ieuan, boy, there was never a happier couple in the whole wide world.

"He worshipped her, and she worshipped him. Wherever he went, she went, following him as if she wanted his protection every minute. She was as pretty as a flower after rain. Said I to myself: 'It's too good to go on.' One day I asked him

Google

quietly, 'Master, are you happy at last? Will it be always like this?' And I can see, as plain as if 'twas before me now, the haggard, careworn look that crept over his face as he replied: 'Gwilym, pray God it may be always so.'

"As often as my mind wanders back to the time of idleness and peace which began with the coming of that sweet-faced woman to the old mansion, I think that no winter gale, no flood, no snowstorm could have happened then, but that all was sunshine and moonlight in the valley. However, she died—just like everything beautiful dies—after she and the Master had lived together for only four short years, and the little one, he died also, and by that, it seems to me, God showed how He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. We laid her and the baby to rest in the churchyard across the river; and then the Master broke down beneath his punishment. I thought he'd have gone mad. He hadn't strength to throw off the hand of torture gripping him. Some folks laugh at the idea of a broken heart; well, I myself don't believe it's so common a complaint as story-tellers make it out to be; but if the Master's heart wasn't broken, I'm sure nobody's could be. Day after day he hardly spoke; he walked in a dream, with his head bowed on his chest, and his thumbs twitching and twirling behind his back. It was a sight different from ordinary grief—it was like the beginning of a curse.

"From what I've said, my boy, you might fancy the Master a bit weak or queer, or something like those men we meet in life who'd be better for a horse-whipping occasionally to bring them to their senses. He wasn't that sort in any way. He stood six feet tall, a broad, strong man, with a spirit like a lion when he was roused. But he wasn't easily roused—worse luck. Anybody knowing him only a little would say that his nature could never be disturbed; it seemed like the deep, calm pool of the river yonder by the bend, with the moonlight sleeping on its breast. The truth was this: when the Squire was happy he seemed twice as happy as any ordinary mortal, and when trouble came he

Google

seemed twice as sorrowful—he was just built that way. Four people on all the earth had gained his love; for anybody besides he hadn't cared a rap. His mother and father he revered—else he wouldn't have married even with the idea of saving the estate, or whatever it was he married for. He loved me—else I couldn't be telling you this story. In a way I could never understand he idolised that gentle girl—else he would never have stood out against the world for her sake.

"For something besides, he also cared—his setter dog. In the days when the young Squire and I played together, the old Squire, his father, always owned two or three brace of red Irish setters. A special breed had been in the family for generations—a breed of beautiful, upstanding dogs, fast in the field, with keen scent, and as sweet-tempered as kittens. Their pedigree was as long as your arm, and the gun-room had any number of cups and show-cards to prove how well they'd done on the 'bench.' After the old man went from the valley, the son, during the time of his trouble, took no pains to preserve the 'strain'; and, besides, he was too poor to keep a large kennel. When the little mistress came to the mansion only one of these thoroughbred setters was left, as good a dog as ever ranged a stubble, and of him she made a great pet; he understood almost every word she said, and would sit before her, with his big paw on her lap, looking up into her eyes as if he wanted to tell her some great secret. She would feed him with some nice scraps from the kitchen and brush his shiny coat with the horse-whisk that the old Squire had always used for his dogs; and then he'd lie at her feet as she sat in the garden, and often in his sleep he'd growl and whimper as if he dreamed of somebody daring to do her harm.

"After her death the dog couldn't be managed for months. He was very fond of the young Squire; but he missed the gentle stroking, and the little half-whispered speeches, and the soft bed of clean straw that was fresh every day. As I've

Google

told you, the Squire nearly went out of his mind when his sweetheart was laid in yon churchyard. It was pitiful to see him, and it was pitiful to see old Roy. We lived by ourselves —we three, and a housekeeper that had been the Squire's nurse before he went to school. There was nothing doing; every little joy and comfort had gone from life.

"About eighteen months or so had gone when at last I contrived to coax the Squire to bring out the dog and have a shot at the partridges again. He took to it kindly, more because of the setter than himself, I think. Roy had been as good at his work as any setter I can remember, but now he was as stupid as a sheep; he was broken-hearted, like the Master, nothing more or less, and blundered over the fields, pointing at where the wild pigeons had been, or where a lark was feeding, as if he didn't know the smell of a partridge. It was late in the season, and, when we did happen to come on a covey, the birds were as wild as hawks. At last Roy pointed near a ditch, and, from the way he stood, I could tell he was on game. We walked up; nothing rose. I went into the ditch and beat the bramble clumps—still, there was nothing. The dog wouldn't budge, though I searched high and low in front of his nose. But, Ieuan, I can't really tell you all that happened then. I'll say only this: the Master wasn't himself, he lost his temper, and he shot his dear old dog-companion, the creature that had worshipped his mistress, and had been loved by her. Directly the cruel deed was done, a big cock-pheasant rose from a clump of grass close by, where he'd lain as still as a stone, though I'd nearly trod on him."

The grey-haired forester lifted his head, and with his torn, smoke-stained neck-cloth wiped away a tear that was trickling down his cheek. The last ember of the fire had blackened into dust and the night was lit with twinkling stars. Not even the hoot of an owl broke the stillness. Nothing was heard save the ceaseless murmur of the river over the stones at the ford. The tower of the church loomed on the horizon beyond the orchard-meadows.

Google

The speaker could faintly discern the form of his companion against the background of the woodlands opposite as he continued, "Ieuan, boy, the shadows that fell on my poor Master's soul were every bit as strange as those around us now. I'm not a superstitious man, but I can't, for the life of me, decide whether it was his great troubles that altogether unhinged the Squire, or whether in truth the faithful dog had come back from the land of the hereafter to haunt him day and night. Anyhow, till his broken heart ceased to beat, and we carried him to his long home, the Squire seemed always to feel near him the presence of the dog. If we happened to be a-fishing, he'd make a cast in such a way that I couldn't help believe he was trying not to hook something behind him in the field. When we were shooting, I've known him stop, and walk up to a place right away from the line, and raise his arm, and call out gently, 'To-ho! to-ho!' just as if a dog was pointing game before his eyes. Sure enough, when he would get to the spot, a strong covey would jump up with a whirr, and fly over the nearest hedge. That was in the middle of a hot September day, but I felt cold and clammy at the sight, and begged him to come home; I couldn't endure any more of that kind of shooting. Sometimes, when we were walking along the lane beyond the gate of the orchard, the Squire would say, quietly, 'Good Roy! good Roy!' and lower his hand to pat the dog he felt was at his heel. Then, again, if we were out of doors at night, he would lift his hand quickly, and say, 'Gwilym, old Roy licked my finger, and his tongue was cold as ice!'

"As years went on the Master grew more contented with his lot, and almost glad of the ghost-dog's companionship. Not only was Roy with him in the fields—his presence haunted the house as well. I used to pick up bits of meat from the floor where the Master, while he ate his food, had dropped them for his favourite. When the Master rose from his chair after a smoke, ten chances to one he'd step over some part of

Google

the hearthrug where the dog was lying before the fire. I got used to it all in time, though to be told that the shadow of the setter was passing along the wall was strange, and I'm afraid got on my nerves, specially if I thought the dog was coming near my legs. I, too, had loved old Roy; poor as I was, I'd have given a year's wages to save his life that November day when he struggled for his last breath, his great beautiful head on my arm, while I knelt on the prickly stubble and cried like a child. But I felt I could do without his ghost.

"The trouble could come only to one sad end. The Maste got soaking wet one bitter winter day in wading a flooded brook to put a wounded partridge out of pain. I was at the other end of the field just then. I hurried him home, however, and got him to bed. But it was too late. His constitution, weakened by his loneliness, and by the wearing of a constant sorrow, couldn't bear the strain. He sickened and died, and we buried him beside his sweetheart and their child. I think he was glad to join them.

"I could never see the dog—my sight was different from the master's—till on the evening when the Squire passed away. Then, as I entered the bedroom to say good-bye, my heart suddenly stood still. As sure as I'm speaking to you, Ieuan, the dear young mistress sat beside the bed, one hand clasped in the Master's, the other holding that of a boy who seemed to be about six years old, while Roy, the setter, his muzzle grey with age, stood looking into the master's face. I rubbed my eyes, and in that moment the picture vanished. All that I afterwards saw was the Squire, a smile on his pale countenance, lying motionless in death.

"Four years passed, and then the wife returned to the valley. She had sinned more deeply than the Squire. But, hypocrite that she was, she talked of her 'poor, erring husband,' of misunderstandings she couldn't help, of preachers she had entertained, of what she would like done for the needy among the chapel people, of the wickedness of fashionable life, and I don't know what altogether; and people began to take her for

Digitized by Google

a saint. My own opinion is that God punished her in letting her body live, while little by little he killed her soul by the memories of her shame."

The tale was ended, and for a while there was silence between the forester and his son. Then the old man rose slowly to his feet.

"Ieuan," he said, "what is the wages of sin?" And Ieuan answered, "Death."

Around the lonely hut the dew lay thick on the grass as the dawn lightened the east, and the gold-flushed globe of the moon sank below the copse near the farm on the hill above the grey church tower.

ALFRED W. REES.

Google

ON THE LINE

THE appearance of another work, **The History of the Boer War**, vol. ii., by F. H. E. Cunliffe (Methuen, 15*s*.), on the South African War inevitably invites comparison between that campaign and the one now raging in the East. Further consideration of the subject makes it abundantly clear that the Russo-Japanese War has completely overshadowed the South African, dwarfed generally its proportions, and rendered its tale of losses insignificant. It has even done more. It has shown that some of the South African lessons had been too hastily drawn, at any rate in our own case; and that, owing to the peculiar circumstances which then prevailed, the experience acquired does not universally apply to all the conditions of modern warfare. As regards the work itself, we have nothing but praise. The author is not a professional, or even an unprofessional, soldier. Yet by dint of the most careful study, he has managed to write a book in the true military spirit; whilst the trouble he must have taken to acquire familiarity with the use of technical military expressions must have been enormous. Fault might, perhaps, be found with one feature of the work. As a result of his extreme carefulness, he has possibly erred in narrating the details of the smaller engagements with almost the same minuteness which he has brought to bear on the great battles; and this tendency has had the effect of obscuring to some extent the general thread of the whole story.

Google

Mr. Cunliffe issued his first volume, which dealt with the opening stages of the struggle, and with Buller's and Methuen's early operations, four years ago ; and the present volume begins with the siege of Ladysmith. The history now presented of this phase of the campaign is certainly the most authoritative which has hitherto appeared ; whilst the extreme fairness and impartiality with which the highly controversial subject of Sir Redvers Buller and Sir George White has been treated is a noteworthy feature. Unlike most other writers, the present author is by no means inclined to glorify the latter at the expense of the former, and he is one of the few who, since that time, has done justice to the difficulties which confronted Sir Redvers Buller. It has often been said that the relief of Ladysmith was materially affected by the capture of Cronje ; but this legend Mr. Cunliffe has been successful in dissipating, although it is true that some of the burghers who had served in Natal were subsequently opposed to Lord Roberts in the Free State.

Great trouble has evidently been taken to arrive at the real history of the investment of Ladysmith from the regimental as well as from the purely official sources, and this subject has been presented in very much detail. Turning to Lord Roberts's opening campaign, he treads upon more familiar ground, this episode having been exhaustively discussed in the official account prepared by the German General Staff. The relative advantages of the direct route through Norval's Pont, and the route actually undertaken, with the subsidiary operation of the relief of Kimberley added, are once again discussed by Mr. Cunliffe, and the arguments on both sides are very fairly brought out. As a result, the author has come to the conclusion that, considering the vitally important effect of the capture of Cronje, and the reversal of the positions previously occupied by the belligerents, in that the initiative then passed from the Boer to the British side, a comparison of the advantages of the direct route and the one adopted is of too problematical a character to be in any way convincing.

Google

Honoré de Balzac: His Life and Writings. This clear, connected, and unassuming biography, by Mary F. Sanders (Murray, 12*s.* net), forms a timely complement of a real gap in our literary biography. Since the letters "à l'Étrangère" were published five years ago, no one, strangely enough, has attempted to render a living picture of the greatest novelist who ever revolutionised romance, and one of the most romantic natures that ever created character. The authoress of this volume has studied her theme. She has had access to the original documents, collected with zeal and affection by the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul. She has consulted Biré and the Memoir by Balzac's favourite sister, Madame de Surville, as well as the critical studies by Brandes. She does not, however, mention Champfleury among her authorities, although in Balzac bibliography Champfleury holds a place of importance.

Balzac's personality presents the contradictions that epoch-making genius so often displays. At once proud and vain, irritable and patient, gentle and violent, humble yet arrogant, he seems to reconcile opposites by the central and unvarying force of his imagination. It is as a great imaginative psychologist that he fails and triumphs, attains and strays, misses and achieves. His intensity was all flame; his volatility was but the flicker around it. And he was encyclopædic. The French Revolution had been preceded and attended by a burst of unimaginative, "reasonable" encyclopædism. Then followed Napoleon, who was a practical incarnation of encyclopædism in action, daring everything, annexing all Europe as his province, opening out limitless vistas of opportunities and possibilities. Balzac was part of the Napoleonic influence in life and literature. The fatalism alike and the opportunism of existence ruled his ideas and pervaded his course. His own and most characteristic words, written to the Duchesse d'Abrantés in 1828, cited in this volume, will bear repetition here:

> I have the most singular character I know. I study myself as I might

Google

study another person, and I possess, shut up in my five feet eight inches, all the incoherences, all the contrasts possible; and those who think me vain, extravagant, obstinate, high-minded,[1] without connection in my ideas—a fop, negligent, idle, without application, without reflection, without any constancy; a chatterbox, without tact, badly brought up, impolite, whimsical, unequal in temper—are quite as right as those who perhaps say that I am economical, modest, courageous, stingy, energetic, a worker, constant, silent, full of delicacy, polite, always gay. Those who consider that I am a coward will not be more wrong than those who say that I am extremely brave: in short, learned or ignorant, full of talent or absurd, nothing astonishes me more than myself. *I end by believing that I am only an instrument played on by circumstances. Does this kaleidoscope exist, because in the soul of those who claim to paint all the affections of the human heart, chance throws all these affections themselves, so that they may be able, by the force of their imagination, to feel what they paint?* And is observation a sort of memory suited to aid this lively imagination? I begin to think so.

This outlook was certainly realised in the adventures both of action and feeling that accompanied his extraordinary life. Born of Languedoc stock, and with something of the Gascon about him, he rejoiced, like the sun of his province, to run his course; nothing was hid from the heat thereof; nor had heredity small play in his amalgam. His father, who had laid out his little fortune in annuities, hoping that he would remain a bachelor, was always boasting of the wealth he would bequeath to his offspring through the valetudinarianism which might enable him to survive his co-annuitants and profit by the tontine. He was at once calculating and careless, cautious and sanguine. The mother, who lavished affection on two of her children, never understood the unpractical genius that was always trying in vain to turn stones into gold. Under her many trials she became alike contriving and inconsiderate. To Balzac in boyhood she was most unsympathetic, abandoning him for years to the chill severities of the Oratorian Fathers, and leaving him unvisited at school; yet she was the sole watcher, forty years afterwards, by that strange and desolate deathbed amid the sloven splendour of its surroundings, when Victor Hugo gazed for the last time on his expiring friend. Like Bolingbroke, Byron, Heine, Mendelssohn,

[1] This surely should have been rendered "high-handed"; the translations are among the few weak points of this work.

Google

Macaulay, Disraeli, he loved his sister to distraction; like the first three of these, Balzac was consoled and inspired by the affection of extraordinary women. In all these characteristics there was nothing very "French" as it is usually understood. His restless violence of mood and action, his combative awkwardness, his withdrawal into a secret circle of an inner world, and intimate companionship with the creatures of his own brain, his defiant irregularities were alien alike to the romantics and to the stylists of Parisian elegance; and it was with justice that Sainte-Beuve said of the Academy's petty refusal to elect him among the "immortals:" "He is too big for our chairs." His spasmodic *tours de force* were equally repugnant to the French spirit, just as his manuscripts, dashed with concentric confusions, were the despair and irritation of publishers and printers.

In August 1835 he thus describes his routine:

> Work, always work! Heated nights succeed heated nights, days of meditation, days of meditation; from execution to conception, from conception to execution! Little money compared with what I want, much money compared with production . . . I received 8000 francs for the "Lys"; half of this came from the publisher, half from the *Revue de Paris*. The article in the *Conservateur* will pay me 3000 francs. I shall have finished "Séraphita," begun "Les Mémoires de deux Jeunes Mariées," and finished Madame Béchet's edition. I do not know whether a brain, pen, and hand will ever before have accomplished such a *tour de force* with the help of a bottle of ink.

Even in his early days (when his novels bore no likeness to the Balzac of fame), between 1821 to 1824, he wrote no less than thirty-one volumes, and in the last year he added an argumentative pamphlet, "Du Droit d'Ainesse," to the number.

The "little money compared with what I want" is a life-long refrain. He was always raising the wind for grandiose schemes which ruined him and his friends, and which yet, oddly enough, often succeeded when they passed into less extravagant and more businesslike hands; now it was type-founding, now home-grown pineapples to undersell the market. Like Defoe, he was a born projector. But, apart from his native contrariety and obstinacy of optimism, his financial escapades

Google

alone sufficed to raise a pestilent crop of enemies. Within a brief space, even after his death, his house was besieged with creditors. There was a strain also of megalomania about him. He was ever dreaming of princely luxuries and magnificence, and his abnormal energy was as voracious of these as of less material enjoyments. He had, too, a most brief spell of dandyism, of the cane topped with ivory studded with turquoises, and the after-opera banquets, with whose fame all Paris resounded.

It is well said in this book that his early struggles as the founder of his hapless printing concern inaugurated an enlargement of his mind. He sympathised with, observed, and threw himself into the little lives of all the toilers with whom he was brought into contact,

> Believing nought is commonplace
> Whereat a man has wept or smiled.

A great gulf is fixed between the author of "La Dernière Fée" and the author of "La Peau de Chagrin," between him of "L'Héritière" and him of "Eugénie Grandet," still more of "Cousin Pons," "Père Goriot," and "Cousine Bette."

One of Balzac's lasting illusions—from the youthful days when he found all his family asleep over his reading of "Cromwell," to the failure of "L'Ecole des Ménages"—was that he could indite a signal drama. His powerlessness to do so arose, we think, from his inability of putting many characters into proportionate relations; with two he was always successful.

The book has much to tell us of his affairs and mystifications of the heart, of his relations to the Carrauds and to Delphine de Girardin, but above all of his association both with Madame de Hanska, his future wife, and Madame Berny, his muse and guardian angel, whose death desolated him. It is a pity that portraits of these guiding faces were not obtainable for this book.

Balzac has indeed made his world. It remains for our world, so to speak, to make him; and towards this consummation the work before us is a real help.

Google

BEAUJEU

CHAPTER V

SIR MATTHEW DANE GOES WALKING

THAT night Squire Silas, lean and grim, sat over the embers of a dying fire alone. To him came Sir Matthew, crying, "My dear brother——!" and in tender affliction could say no more. Impulsively he flung out both hands. Silas Dane looked up.

"You are kind, Matthew," he said quietly, and held one hand a moment. So Matthew sat down and wiped his mouth.

"You have heard, then?" he said in the tone of relief, then became lachrymose again: "I heard but an hour ago. I ordered my horse on the instant. Dear brother, a sore blow!" Silas stared at the fire.

"Would that it had been I!" he answered, and Sir Matthew started at an aspiration so marvellous. "Better the old tree. But I am proud of my son."

"Proud?" Sir Matthew echoed and gaped. "Proud—oh—ay—I take you. Sure I can never hold the boy guilty of treason, neither." Pale blue eyes turned upon him glittering, eloquent of scorn.

"Treason? Treason to slay this whore-master, this man of blood, this——"

"Silas! Silas!" Sir Matthew cried in horror. "Bethink you—'tis your King!"

Google

"I have no King but God. I am earnest in prayer that the man Charles Stuart may not go down to his grave in peace. I give thanks that my boy hath sought to be his Ehud."

"But they say it was murder he planned," Sir Matthew suggested, who had excellent knowledge of what they said. Silas laughed.

"Murder? Did Jehu murder who smote Jehoram in his chariot? Did——" A cry at the door happily cut off the catalogue.

"Master Tom have a bubbled of he! Ho, ho! Master Tom have a bubbled of he!" and Mr. Smithers waddled cursing into the room while the old butler chuckled behind him. Sir Matthew started up, became pale yellow, and stammered:

"Sirrah—sirrah——" But Mr. Smithers scowled.

"I demands for to search this house and tenements in the King's name!" he cried.

"Ay, ay. Ye may seerch he up and seerch he down, and seerch he cross and athurt and find pig's leavings for all, Bandylegs," the butler chuckled. Silas Dane turned, made a sign for silence, and glowered upon Mr. Smithers.

"You have searched once, fellow."

"And fine and naughty treasonous writings we did find laid by, stick me. Now, Mr. Jack Presbyter, your rogue of a son be turned bolter, and I be here to smoke un out of his hole."

"Mr. Dane escaped you, sirrah!" cried Sir Matthew.

"The prigster scoured with our horses."

"Then, fellow, let me tell you that——" Sir Matthew suddenly restrained his wrath and told him nothing. Whereat Mr. Smithers laughed.

"Ods bones, I knew as one man would be mighty gay at hearing of it. Odso, come on, boys!"

The damp tipstaffs surged in, and with oaths and violence to the wainscot began to hunt. But since Mr. Dane was somewhere else they did not find him there. While they

Google

rummaged, even when they were gone, Silas Dane sat still in his big chair and rested his head on his hand. Sir Matthew fidgeted, watching Mr. Smithers furtively, who shrugged his shoulders and grinned when he caught Sir Matthew's eye. Mr. Smithers went out last. And then, "Brother, I am heartily glad," said Sir Matthew, having taken time to mature that feeling. A ghostly chuckle came from behind the door, where Mr. Smithers listened. Silas did not look up.

"I would have chosen that he should die," he said slowly.

"Lud, brother!" Sir Matthew was shocked by the callous sire.

"Not without blood will the deliverance come. Not without blood. The Beast is with power. I would have had my boy of the martyrs. God forgive me if that be frowardness. Many must be killed before the idolater, seed of that old serpent, Charles Stuart——"

"Brother! brother!" Sir Matthew cried, catching a rustle at the door. "Have a care!" Silas Dane looked up and Sir Matthew pointed to the keyhole. Silas laughed.

"Ay, it were grievous that you should be taken listening to treason. You had best flee speedily, Matthew."

"Brother, you are unjust," cried Sir Matthew indignant. Silas laughed again.

"Nay, go, go!" And that was Sir Matthew's desire so.

"Not in anger, then!" he said, and held out his hand. "Sure, we are brothers always." He looked into his brother's cold eyes.

According to his expectation, he found Mr. Smithers without, and from him heard the lamentable history of the dive and the hat and the horses. At the end of which he was constrained to call Mr. Smithers an ass. "So I be, or I would not be what I be," said Mr. Smithers philosophically. "But what I asks 'e Sir Matthew be this: not what be I, but where be he?" To which Sir Matthew, being exceeding angry, replied by calling him fool again. So Mr. Smithers wished him pleasant dreams and went off to hunt in the barns.

Google

The white mist hid the ground and condensed in chill drops on Sir Matthew's nose. On the park of Bourne lay the dead silence of a winter's night. When his own horse whinnied Sir Matthew started in the saddle and peered round. He saw nothing but the wet white cloud, heard nothing, and so passed out of the park, and on by the track through the heather. Here and there a fir loomed gaunt above him or a clump of gorse rose dark out of the mist; but still the only sound was of his own riding, the splash of a hoof in a stagnant pool. He had come over the brow of the little hill to the corner where four tracks met when first he heard a thud behind him. He reined up, listened, could hear nothing. He rode on again. Again came the sound of hoofs.

"Who comes?" he cried, reining round. On the word came the scurry of a canter, a horseman broke through the mist to his side.

"Dear uncle, should I leave you without thanks?" cried Mr. Dane, and caught his uncle's bridle. "Ride on, brave knight!" he jerked the horse round, and they trotted on shoulder to shoulder.

"Tom—my dear boy—this roughness—let me give you joy."

"Dear uncle—my wetness—you shall give me your cloak." Mr. Dane, spurring on, disrobed his amazed uncle. "Also your hat. Dear uncle, thank heaven that I had no wig to lose. Else had you gone home bald as you were born. And now, dear uncle, your purse!"

"Dear lad, this is folly!" Sir Matthew cried. "O, stop and consider——"

"Nay, trot and deliver!" Sir Matthew tried to rein up. "Dear uncle——" Mr. Dane slipped his own reins under his leg, caught Sir Matthew's in his left hand, and so freeing his right, delivered a lusty buffet—"you outrage the ties of kinship," he said plaintively, as his uncle retired backward over the tail of his steed. His uncle had no more than sat up and pushed the wig out of his eyes when Mr. Dane was standing

by Google

over him. "You grieve me. Nay, you pain me. Do you rub yourself? Think of me who rub my affections, my bruised illusions. Now, dear uncle, that purse." Sir Matthew, sitting in a puddle, groaned.

"Thomas—this violence—these wild words. You forget yourself. Do you doubt me, do——"

"Nay, uncle, not I."

"Can you think that I should betray you?"

"Why no—not in person. It were indecent. But, uncle, that purse!" he pounced upon his uncle and swiftly extracted the black pouch of calf's skin. Then, with his foot in the stirrup, laughing: "Dear uncle, salute for me your noble allies —Mr. Smithers—Mistress Charlbury—my very good Lord Sunderland."

"Thomas, you think me a traitor?" cried his outraged uncle.

"Dear uncle, devil a bit! Without a horse!" Mr. Dane galloped off with the two steeds and was swiftly hidden in the mist.

So Sir Matthew must needs trudge three muddy miles in his riding boots. That was doubtless of service to his invaluable health, for the mist had been cold on an uncloaked rider, and walking brought him heat.

Two days after, a horse-coper of Dorking came with an offer to sell him his own cob for one hundred pounds.

Sir Matthew was deeply moved. He stormed mightily, and swore that the horse-coper should smell the smell of Guildford gaol. At which the horse-coper grinned largely. Sir Matthew raved anew, and the horse-coper remarked that he were a very fine talker.

The gentleman, he added, had advised him to take the cob to my Lord Sunderland, and state that this was Sir Matthew Dane's beast lent to his nephew for escape. "But bless 'e, I ben't minded to be hard on gentry," quoth the amiable horse-coper, and grinned again.

Sir Matthew gaped and gasped and paid the money in a

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hurry. The horse-coper went radiant away, and Sir Matthew strove to console himself with the reflection that at least he would not have to pay my Lord Sunderland for sparing his nephew's life. The world, nevertheless, appeared to Sir Matthew deceitful and desperately wicked.

Mr. Smithers had discovered his steeds tethered tidily in the village gravel-pit. For all else his portion was, according to the word of the prophetic butler, pig's leavings.

CHAPTER VI

A FRENCHMAN DRINKS OCTOBER

Now my Lord Sunderland timed admirably well his conversion to the cause of divine hereditary right. He was (my Lord Halifax said it) "a little before the mobile, a little behind the wits." The apt place this for statesmen who must ever seem to lead, yet never make men fear that they be wise. The Papists came out of hiding. The Whigs went into their places. Whig plots became the fashion in Westminster Hall, Whig legs on Temple Bar. And my Lord Sunderland found them profitable as the staler kind of old. Those that had set the mobile howling for Papistical blood heard it yell for their own, and, to be just, died decently. Their devil of bloodthirst was not easily laid or soon. The Whigs paid their murders treble-tale. Church and King forgot no debts. The lawyers raved in a long debauch of slaughter, and King Charles laughing found (he said) peace at last.

In four years Whig-killing lost its flavour. The Whig leaders were in quarters or exile. Then King Charles died more gentlemanly than he had lived, and James his brother was King in his stead. James II. was marvellously acclaimed —King by divine ordinance and three votes in the House of Lords. He was indeed a Papist, but for that "we have the word of a King for our faith," cried a parson to my Lord Halifax, "of a King who was never worse than his word."

Google

My Lord Halifax took snuff: "This is treason, doctor," said he.

But the kingdom reeked of loyalty. The few Whigs who found themselves in the House of Commons (Mr. Wharton compared them privately to the household of Lot in the town of Sodom) gave up their party name and wisely attempted nothing. The King was dominant as never his brother had been, and found a most admirable tool of autocracy in my Lord Sunderland.

It is recorded that King James in those months of domination looked happy. But his bastard nephew, James, Duke of Monmouth, speedily unfurled in Devon the blue flag of Protestant revolt, and proclaimed that the King was his mortal and bloody enemy, a tyrant, and a usurper. This eloquence brought to him a throng of west-country peasants, and King James began to be afraid. My Lord Sunderland also began to be afraid. The scandalous Court whispered that my Lord Sunderland was playing double.

But the Whiggish shires—the Midlands, the Fens—were quiet as the grave. What Whig leaders were left whole, my Lord Devonshire, Mr. Russell, Mr. Wharton, gave no sign. To Mr. Wharton came in anguish a veteran of plots, Colonel John Wildman, and begged him in the name of things human and divine declare for Monmouth. "The Lord is on our side, Mr. Wharton!" he cried. "Te-hee," says Mr. Wharton, "the Lord loves fools no more than I, Jack Wildman." Nor then nor after had Mr. Wharton a mind to be hanged or help his friends to a hanging. So he winked to the Midland shires and they lay still.

Monmouth's army grew and multiplied in the west, and my Lord Sunderland fluttered and fidgeted at Whitehall. At last Churchill and the Guards met his Grace of Monmouth in the Somersetshire marshes. The silly rustic army stayed to fight it out, and were slain in their ranks. The Duke of Monmouth ran away, and was thereafter caught in a ditch.

So he was brought to the Tower. He begged (not very

Google

bravely) to see the King. The King granted his petition. The unkind at Court whispered that his Grace would surely blab of my Lord Sunderland's treason. But they were put to confusion. His Grace of Monmouth did but beg humbly for his life. He was incontinently beheaded. My Lord Sunderland's honour was shown spotless to a wondering world.

Then began a new great slaughter. My Lord Jeffreys made holiday. Not only those that had fought for Monmouth, not only those that had given his hunted soldiers shelter, any man whom the King or a courtier deemed dangerous, any man by whose death some rogue might gain—all must fear a hanging. Gibbets lined the high roads in the west and the south. The King knew nothing of mercy. What pardons came were bought with good guineas. The Queen and her women filled their jewel-boxes with the price of lives. And my Lord Sunderland prospered vastly. It was a great and profitable massacre. But faintly through the glee of the Court was heard a murmur of distaste. A lord, a *Tory* lord, dare tell the King that the air stank with his traitors. To requite him, my Lord Jeffreys, a man of delicate humour, hanged a man in chains at his park gates. And yet, to the King's surprise, the murmur grew.

On a bright November afternoon of this happy year two guests came to the "White Lion" in Guildford.

"Stop is it?" says one as the first dismounted. "Sure I am heartily with you, Beaujeu. But I would be glad to know what we'll be doing here."

"I also, Healy." Mr. Healy shrugged his shoulders and looked at M. de Beaujeu. They were a pair more than common tall and long-limbed, with no burden of flesh, and in holsters and belts they bore each two pair of pistols.

"You are troublous with your riddles," said Mr. Healy as the ostler came running. "Now this is a mighty fine town of yours." The ostler grinned and pulled his forelock as at a tribute to himself. "I'll wager you'll have been here before, Beaujeu?"

Google

"Guildford, is it not?" says Beaujeu to the ostler, who gaped at the ignorance. Mr. Healy chuckled. M. de Beaujeu made a gesture at the inn. "A house for gentlemen—yes?"

"Oons, we has none but the gentry."

"It is ver' well; there!" M. de Beaujeu bestowed silver with a lordly gesture and swaggered away, bearing his pistols. Mr. Healy followed, to find him saluting graciously the landlord, and demanding

"The good wine, the good supper, the good beds?"

"'Tis a desperate trinity to ask of one inn," says Mr. Healy.

"Why, sir, yes, sir. But the 'White Lion' has 'em all in his belly," quoth the plump landlord. M. de Beaujeu clapped him on the shoulder and laughed merrily.

"Good, good! He is a wit, our host. My friend, let us enter the amiable belly of the 'White Lion.'"

"'Tis surpassing the late Daniel," says Mr. Healy, and followed into the oak parlour.

There, on the black wainscot, the sunlight flamed in many colours split by the rough glass of the casements; there, gorgeous also in crimson and purple broadcloth, with faces to match, stood two lusty squires. They appeared to disagree, for

"Oons, Sir Richard, I swear it is a dirty trick, and a dirty trick it is!" cries one.

"And, damme, Zouch, I say he is a vile Whig; and if you take his part you be no better!"

"Whig, sir?"

"Damme, Whig. Swallow that, Zouch!" Hands had come to sword-hilts when M. de Beaujeu said blandly:

"Monsieur, servant—servant, monsieur," and gave a magnificent pair of bows. Breathing hard, they turned and stared at him, and he smiled and looked vastly amiable. "Messieurs—an honour—may I beg? But to drink a cup of wine." Sir Richard bowed stiffly and clapped on his hat.

"Servant, mossoo. I have other work. Zouch!"

"Curse me, I wait for you!" Zouch growled.

Google

"Oh, messieurs; I am desolated. But I challenge you then——"

"You?" the two roared together.

"Ah, messieurs, but in kindness—in kindness. To drink to your King. An Englishman, he refuses that challenge never—*hein?*" M. de Beaujeu smiled archly.

"Not I, damme!" says Sir Richard; and

"Have with you, mossoo;" Mr. Zouch, anxious for his loyal repute.

"I am honoured of you, messieurs. But wine, then, wine!"

M. de Beaujeu lifted up his voice, and the drawer appeared.

"Odso, mossoo, but my stomach 'll not stomach your claret," says Sir Richard hastily.

"*Hélas,* monsieur, what you lose! But me, I shall drink the ale, then, the ale of Old England. Yes?"

"And a damned good liquor, mossoo." Mr. Zouch felt it due to himself to be truculent. M. de Beaujeu laughed and tossed back his black curls, revealing thereby a scar from his ear to his big chin.

"Too good for dirty Whigs, Ned Zouch! And there is for you!" cried Sir Richard; but the pacific Mr. Healy, clapping each on the shoulder, struck in laughing:

"But for jolly Tories a liquor to drown in, eh, gentlemen?" and

"*Allons, allons,* drown us!" said M. de Beaujeu hastily to the drawer, who vanished at once. The two honest squires glared at each other. In a moment the tankards were brought. They drank deep to King James, and the squires, gasping, glared again.

"Now, here's hell to you Whigs, Ned Zouch!" cried Sir Richard, and drank again once more.

"Hell to all Whigs—and all liars, Sir Richard!" roared Mr. Zouch; which sent Sir Richard's liquor awry, and, dropping his tankard, he sprang forward spluttering.

Mr. Healy intervened. "Sure, you are very tumultuous, gentlemen," says he.

Google

"Ods blood, sir, he called me liar!" roared Sir Richard.

"Begad, you called me Whig," says Mr. Zouch. "Now, mossoo, and you, sir, be you judges——"

"Aha; it is a point of honour? Good! I love them." M. de Beaujeu kissed his hands to points of honour.

"You must know, mossoo, we have devilish few Whigs here in Surrey——"

"I felicit you," says M. de Beaujeu.

"But there was one, a sour old saint, Squire Silas Dane——"

"What a name of horror!" says monsieur.

"Begad, mossoo, he was as horrid as his name. Had a conventicle in his stable and preached to his servants, the ranting, canting Jack Presbyter!"

"But your eloquence!" monsieur murmured.

"Oons, no honest gentleman has a good word for him. Nor have I, damme. Mark ye that, mossoo."

"I mark it," says monsieur, "with impressment."

"His son, now, I wunnot say as I had no liking for his son——"

"How? He had a son? A vile Whig to have a son? Impudent! But you liked him, monsieur? Ah! what condescensions. Pardon. Continue then."

"Yes, he had a son Tom. Well, Tom Dane, he fled the country——"

"Damme, with the tipstaffs after him, Ned Zouch, mind ye that," growled Sir Richard.

"The miserable! Another vile Whig—*hein?*"

"Why, mossoo, I do have doubts. He'd an eye for a lass and a mouth for a bottle, and your Whigs be surly saints for such. But Tom hath no more to do here than this—when he was fled and attainted the heir to Squire Silas was his brother Sir Matthew of Send Place." Mr. Zouch paused for breath and a drink. M. de Beaujeu played with his mug, and murmured:

"Continue. Continue always, monsieur."

"Well, mossoo, a long tale and a dry tale I do make. But

Google

I had to tell you this or you would be no judge of the rest—you would be at sixes and sevens with it." Mr. Zouch took another drink.

"But you are to me ver' delightful," says monsieur.

"Now belike you have heard tell of the bastard Monmouth's damned rebellion?"

"Ah, a crime foul, unnatural!"

"And a fool crime, too," Mr. Healy put in.

"Oons, gentlemen, I am with you there. Well, now some of his runaways (blast their bones!) came running to Squire Silas and he hid them in his loft. Now mark ye, mossoo, 'twas a damnable disloyal trick, and I do say I am as hot against that as any man."

"Your adorable loyalty!" M. de Beaujeu murmured, and, leaning back in the shadow, put his mug to his lips.

"But, damme, I do hold to it that for his own brother to smoke him and bear tales to the tipstaffs was a damnable——" M. de Beaujeu put down his ale in a hurry, and leant forward breathing hard. Mr. Healy stepped swiftly between him and the light.

"Here, mossoo, what ails you?" cried Sir Richard, for the Frenchman's face even in the shadow showed white, and the line of his scar was livid. M. de Beaujeu laughed:

"*Hélas*, messieurs, this old October—it is ver' strong—I think—I think it has waked my gout." He rose and limped away down the room. "But continue, continue always," he gasped over his shoulder.

"An old wound—the gout strikes it—'tis a damned thing, gout, gentlemen," says Mr. Healy sympathetically.

"Begad, so it is," quoth Sir Richard with fervour.

"But continue, monsieur," cried M. de Beaujeu sharply.

"Ods blood, mossoo, I am done. I say for brother to hang brother for the sake of his acres is a damnable dirty trick, and I do hold that."

"And I say, damme," Sir Richard cried, "a loyal gentleman could do no less than hang the dirty Whig."

Google

"Sure 'twas Roman virtue," says Mr. Healy. "And to know he would be gaining by it must have made it mighty hard for the dear Sir Matthew. 'Tis a gentleman I would like to be meeting."

"Bah," says Mr. Zouch. "Well, mossoo?"

M. de Beaujeu turned and smiled upon him. "Ah, messieurs it grieves me that two brave gentlemen quarrel over one nasty Whig. *Mordieu*, he is hanged soon. What imports how? In a week his quarters, they will feed the crows."

"Damme in a day," says Sir Richard, chuckling.

"So? Reason the more to forget. Eh, drown his memory in another cup. Mr. Zouch—to all loyal gentlemen—nay, drink, Sir Richard—to all loyal hearts. Good, good! So you have drunk to yourselves, each to the other:" he laughed and rubbed his hands. "Also to the brave Sir Matthew Dane." Mr. Zouch gaped. Sir Richard scratched his wig.

"Nor I would not drink to him neither," Sir Richard muttered, and looked round for an explanation of his own mingled puzzling sympathies. Mr. Healy supplied it.

"Sure, gentlemen, you are both of a mind. You both hate Whigs and you both hate rogues, and one hates t'other more than t'other hates one. And 'tis mighty honourable in both of you." On which lucid statement Sir Richard gave a hoarse chuckle and cried:

"Damme, so it is! Here, Ned Zouch," and he flung out his hand. Mr. Zouch met it. "Oons, mossoo, we be your debtors. This is better than sticking each other, what, Ned? Curse me, I would have hated to stick ye."

"Begad, so would I. Mossoo——"

"Messieurs, the pleasure is mine, quite mine." M. de Beaujeu made them a bow of such magnificence that the two honest squires were abashed and shuffled. They begged him come to Ripley, to Horsley, and they would show him a partridge worth shooting and an ale worth drinking, and departed.

Mr. Healy, having watched them out, turned to the pale

Google

face and the gleaming eyes of M. de Beaujeu. "Now I would be glad to know where you have gout, Beaujeu," says he with a grin. M. de Beaujeu was not amused.

"This squire—Silas Dane—I knew him," he said slowly.

"Now I wondered what we would be doing here," says Mr. Healy.

"My God, do you think I guessed this?" cried Beaujeu. Mr. Healy stared. Then monsieur laughed. "Bah, the more fool I!" and sat down and cuddled his chin.

CHAPTER VII

THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS

GUILDFORD town was dark and silent. It was past nine o'clock, and even the naughtier taverns were going to bed. Round to the slippery kidney stones of Quarry Street clattered M. de Beaujeu and Mr. Healy, Mr. Healy leading a third horse which objected to turning on the greasy hill. "Do you not like it?" Mr. Healy mutters, "Begad no more do I. Come on!"

Where the Castle keep towered above them in the gloom they halted, and Beaujeu sprang down and thundered on a door in the wall. Mr. Healy knotted three bridles to a spike. A red face appeared at a grating. "Who be you? Want a lodging?"

"In the King's name! An order from my Lord Sunderland," says Beaujeu, and held up before the grating a paper with a big red seal. The bolts groaned and the door fell open.

"Who be you?" says the gaoler, holding his lantern to Beaujeu's face.

"Apparitors to the High Court—Jeremy Marsh and Vincent Nicholl."

"Humph. Well, and the devil has a plenty fine names too. And what be your business, Mr. Jerry?"

Google

"Order for an interrogatory," says Beaujeu.

"And what like fowl be he? Well, come your ways in, my nabs. Ap—paritors, be 'e? Lord love me! Have ye heerd now as the devil be christening hisself Beelzebub? He, he. Come your ways." Mr. Healy coughed and nudged Beaujeu as the door was shut behind them. Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. They went after the gaoler down a small rough passage, while before them his lantern quivered like a will-o'-the-wisp in the gloom. "Mind your feet, my nabs. The beetles be slippy when you squash them. Yes, I thought as ye 'ld hit your heads theer. He, he. And theer again, my nabs. Now here we be, and let me see your order." They were in a little square room used by master gaoler for all the needs of life, to judge by its furniture, infrequently cleansed to judge by its smell. Mr. Healy pressed with both hands a kerchief to his delicate nose. "Lord love ye, and this stink be mild beside the prison, too," says the gaoler, holding out his hand for the order. Beaujeu gave it and put his hands inside his cloak to ease his sash. Mr. Healy, still holding his kerchief, moved to open the window, and so came close behind master gaoler. Master gaoler was examining the seal when Beaujeu's hands flashed out of his cloak: he flung a noose over the gaoler's head, pinioned his arms and knotted it while Mr. Healy clapped the kerchief over his mouth and jammed a wedge hard between his jaws. Pouncing swift as a hawk, Beaujeu had another cord round his ankles before he thought of kicking, and made all fast. Healy lowered him like a log to the ground, and Beaujeu snatched the keys and went swiftly out. They were clearly gentlemen of experience.

Master gaoler stared with swelling eyes at Mr. Healy, who passed to the door and stood there on guard. The gaoler made a noise like to snoring and groaned faintly. "Indeed, my dear, I am not enjoying myself neither," says Mr. Healy. "And I would like to know what we are doing as much as yourself."

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

M. de Beaujeu was seeking the treason cell. A dull medley of oaths and ribaldry told him where the common prison lay, and beyond he found a stair, stumbled up and hit a door with his face. At last he found the key. As the door swung groaning a faint glimmer of light shot out across the darkness. On the dirty uncovered wooden table one candle flared and sputtered and smoked and stank. From the bed Silas Dane raised himself and peered with bloodshot eyes at the visitor. His face was haggard and yellow.

"Father!" M. de Beaujeu cried, springing to him and grasping his hand. "Father!" Silas Dane rose and moved unsteadily to the light. He held it aloft in the foul thick air and his hand shook.

"You? You?" he said quietly.

"Yes, sir, I thank God, in time. Let us go hastily."

"Go?"

"I have the gaoler bound and gagged and a horse for you at the gate. Come, sir, quickly. Each minute is perilous." He tried to drag his father to the door, but the old man withstood him.

"I thank you, I thank you. You did esteem it duty I doubt not."

"Ay, sir. Come quickly. We dare not tarry." The old man smiled.

"Nay, go you. I am earnest in prayer to thank my God that I am here."

"Here, sir? To die on the morrow? Dear sir, 'tis madness this! Pray you, come."

"Boy, I would not ask for mercy. Am I like to flee the penalty?"

"My God, must I force you?" cried Beaujeu. The old man drew himself up.

"Dare you?" he cried.

"Father, can I let you die?" Beaujeu groaned.

"Ay, boy, ay, for the cause of our God. Not without blood will the deliverance come. My heart rejoices that I

Google

am of the elect. The blood of the martyrs shall cry from the ground for vengeance on James Stuart and wake the dead spirit of this people. To them that suffer, a crown in the city of God." His eyes gleamed strangely. "Worthy, worthy is the Lamb. I do choose the better part." His voice was high and clear, and he smiled. Beaujeu stood staring, dazed. "Boy, boy, shall a man fear to follow in the path that women have trod? Nay, go you. You are young. For you God keeps other work. I shall be zealous in prayer for you this last night. Farewell."

"Father, for God's sake——" Beaujeu flung out his hands in despair.

"For God's sake I stay. May He have you in His keeping." And Beaujeu fell on his knees, muttering:

"Father—father——" The old man raised him.

"Nay, rejoice rather even as I rejoice. What better end for worn-out body than to die in the cause of God?"

"Then I stay. I stay," said Beaujeu, through his teeth.

"Nay, not that. Not that." Beaujeu faced him stubbornly. "I bid you go, boy."

"God! Do not make me a coward, sir!"

"Coward?" the old man laughed. "Would a coward be here? Nay, go you. Still the Beast is with power. There needs who shall fight him. Fight! Fight! Go, boy. And now farewell—I thank you, I thank you. Go. You are—truly—mine own son." With gentle force he drew Beaujeu to the door, who caught his hand and kissed it and groaned. His father shut him out in the dark.

Beaujeu stumbled on through the darkness, falling, rising again, careless as a madman. Speedily he came upon Mr. Healy, and Mr. Healy, amazed at his reeling gait, his wild eyes, caught his arm, and muttered:

"Man, where is he?"

"He would stay," said Beaujeu.

"To be hanged. Sure, 'tis an original taste," says Mr. Healy. Beaujeu broke away from him and staggered on

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Mr. Healy jumped to the gaoler, whose eyes were now like to come out of his head. "Now, my dear, consider," says Mr. Healy, wagging a finger at him. "There is no poor soul that we will be taking from you. We have done, do you see, just nothing at all. In two minutes you shall, if you please, be raising alarms, but we will be gone, and you would but tell your friends that you have let yourself be bubbled. Do you perceive? If you do, wink for me, my dear," The gaoler laboriously winked. "Sure, 'tis worth a guinea to see your agility," says Mr. Healy, put a guinea on the table, stooped and sliced the bonds on master gaoler's ankles and lifted him. "On your left front—march! 'Twill be healing to your stiffness. Oh, sure, you will see your guests to the door"—as the gaoler resisted, Mr. Healy wrapped him in a mighty arm and bore him along. "Sure, 'tis narrow for two. I'm grazing you? Begad, I am flaying myself." They came to the open door, the keys were still in the lock, Beaujeu was in the saddle waiting. Mr. Healy cut free the arms of the gaoler, who jerked the gag from his mouth at once and fell a-coughing.

"No thanks now, my dear," says Mr. Healy, pushing him in: "'tis polite, but superfluous," and he shut the door and sprang to his saddle. "And where is it now, Beaujeu?"

"Back to the inn," Beaujeu muttered. Back they went and roused the landlord, to whom, since amazement loomed behind his politeness, Mr. Healy courteously explained that M. de Beaujeu had had a fall, and was too shaken to go further on his journey. The landlord bustled monsieur to his bedroom, and there commiserated him at length, while Beaujeu stared through him with wide unanswering eyes. When at last the two were left alone:

"Sure, Beaujeu, 'tis all very dramatic, but a trifle confusing to me," says Mr. Healy. Beaujeu laughed.

"Ay," he said, "ay," and laughed again. Mr. Healy resigned the riddle and went philosophically to bed. And Beaujeu sat all night wide-eyed, torturing himself with imaginings of the morrow.

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CHAPTER VIII

A FAMILY AFFAIR

M. DE BEAUJEU, haggard, dull-eyed, made a breakfast of ale, and the landlord counselled him a surgeon.

"I shall find my own cure," said Beaujeu. The landlord hoped indeed that mossoo would do so, and was surprised by a laugh.

Beaujeu went to the window, and stood looking out on the steep street, while Mr. Healy ate heartily. He was biting his nails when Mr. Healy joined him. "Begad, is it a holiday?" cried Mr. Healy amazed, for there were scores of people hurrying up the hill, a throng wondrous in a tiny town, strapping lasses and lads sun-burnt and ruddy, in rough grey frieze, and their clogs clattered for their haste, and all were mightily gay with knots of red ribands and shrill in laugh and chatter. "Is it a holiday, my lass?" says Mr. Healy to the waiting maid.

"Aw no, sir, 'tis a hanging." Mr. Healy took out his pipe.

"The devil!" said he. "And you would be giving your eyes to see it, eh?"

"Aw, sir, I be going, I be going," she cried, and scurried off. Beaujeu's eyes gleamed as he watched.

"Well, will you follow the lady?" says Healy, with a chuckle and a wave of his pipe.

"I?" Beaujeu laughed.

"Sure, and I have no taste for cold meat neither," said Healy, and fell to sucking his pipe. Beaujeu stared at him.

Then there rose on the air a dull roar. The folks in the street began to run. Beaujeu shook and caught at the sill, and his knuckles grew white, his arm quivered with the grip. The roar endured a while and was hushed, while they heard only the noise of those who ran to be in time for the death. Mr. Healy was gazing in wonder on emotion visible in his friend.

Digitized by Google

The noise in the street grew fainter: the last comers had come and there was silence.

Then rose a louder roar, and grew and grew, broke into volleys of cheers and yells and still endured. Beaujeu's broad chest was heaving and his lips were white. Healy heard him groan. A little boy came running down the street, then others close upon him. A woman screamed from a window:

"Be they have hanged he, Willyum?"

"Naw—did cut off he's head."

"Might so well have bided at home, then. Come in, ye little houn'."

Beaujeu's hand let go its grasp, and he reeled against the wall gasping. Mr. Healy arose, and—

"Why, what is ailing you now?" he said. "The poor devil is out of his pains."

"He—he was my father," Beaujeu gasped. Mr. Healy dropped his pipe and came to put his hand on the quivering shoulder. Beaujeu flung it off and turned with eyes ablaze in his haggard face. "My father, you understand? My father!" Mr. Healy bowed his head. Beaujeu's face was not for a friend to see. Then Beaujeu caught his shoulder roughly. "Healy—you heard the tale yesterday—his brother—my uncle—you see? Will you come?

"Why then?"

"To hang him." Healy started back and stared at him. "Will you come?" cried Beaujeu fiercely.

"By God, I will!" said Mr. Healy slowly, looking into his eyes. Beaujeu clapped his hands and demanded the reckoning and his horses.

Down the hill, and by devious lanes shunning the sight of that bloody market-place, M. de Beaujeu went out of the town. Once he laughed: "Healy, I came to see my father and my uncle. I shall have seen them both."

"You will be proud of your father," said Mr. Healy with a keen glance. Beaujeu frowned. They came to the wider London road at last, and trotted on between the brown

Google

bracken. The blue deep-bosomed downs close above them barred their view on one side, while on the other tilth and meadow and moor lay dark and flat as far as the sky. Soon they wheeled round to a hollow lane where the dead leaves stank, then came quickly to the sunlight and clean air again and passed by a grey rubble lodge to the rolling turf of Sir Matthew's park. A horseman passed them going the other way, and Beaujeu eyed him keenly. But face and figure were hidden under a cloak and he rode at a gallop.

"'Tis not my uncle," said Beaujeu, "my dear uncle."

"Sure, and it might have been simpler if he were." Beaujeu laughed.

"No. It would have relished less. Out of my dear uncle's own room opens a secret chamber. None know the trick of it but we of the Dane blood. Better men than my dear uncle have lain there *perdus*. We will take him there. When I undo the door he may guess who I am. That should comfort him." Again Healy looked at him sharply.

"Well! 'Tis for your father," he said at last.

"What do you mean?"

"Just that," said Mr. Healy.

But when they came to the mellow-red walls of Send Place the butler told them that Sir Matthew was gone to Bourne. Beaujeu, wheeling round, muttered to Healy, "Already!" and laughed.

"Aceldama!" said Mr. Healy. Beaujeu laughed again.

"Was Judas the brother of Christ?"

They rode on a while before:

"You hold to it, Beaujeu?" said Healy.

"Does he not ask for a hanging?" cried Beaujeu.

"Sure, 'tis a very foul knave," Mr. Healy confessed. "But 'twas not a gentleman did the hanging for Judas." He looked at Beaujeu. "Still, if your father desired it——," and he shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you mean?" cried Beaujeu for the second time.

"Did he?" said Mr. Healy. Beaujeu bit his lip.

Google

They rode on silently, and Beaujeu slackened his pace, went out of the park by the river gate, and splashed through the ford into the dark grass of Woking common-mead. Then on past the grey church and up the hill to the bare dark moor, where the villagers were chopping dry furze for the winter fires. Beaujeu drank the smell of the heather while Mr. Healy conceived that he had come upon the abomination of desolation, mile upon mile of billowy barren land with a clump of firs in the west, dark and gaunt against the golden sky.

There came a cottage or two with a scrap of garden stolen from the heath, then stony brown fields, outposts of the corn-land, and then, as they dropped down the hill, the green valley meadows. With the red roofs of the village in view, and the slim church spire, they turned away to Bourne Manor, hidden behind great oaks in a dell of the park. There was no sign of life. The little casements amid the ivy were shuttered, and for long no one answered Beaujeu's rapping on the door. Came at last an old dame unknown, who told him sourly that Sir Matthew was in the orchard ordering the setting of new trees. Beaujeu laughed. Tying their horses by the door, they went round the house, and on their way met a pair of gardeners.

"Yes, sir, in the orchard he be," says one to Beaujeu's question. "Ha' just bid we go."

Behind the tall yew hedge Beaujeu checked and gazed. There was his uncle, plump, swarthy as of old, but with him a younger man taller than he, who was crying:

"I am come, sir, to learn if this damned tale be true. Will you tell me?"

"My dear lad, my dear lad," said Sir Matthew feebly, and the two voices were very like. Then as the younger man turned to face him and showed his face to the sun,

"My God!" Beaujeu muttered, and caught Healy's arm.

"'Twill be the gentleman's son?" Healy whispered, Beaujeu nodded. "Now will we be hanging his father before his face?" And Beaujeu, staring at them, muttered:

Google

"No . . . no . . . not that."

"Will you give me an answer, sir?" cried the son.

"Now wait," says Mr. Healy, "Wait!" to Beaujeu, and strode out across the grass, leaving Beaujeu lurking. "Sir Matthew Dane?" Sir Matthew started round. "Sure, your conscience is quick this morning. Sir, I am grieved to tell you that your brother has died like a gentleman. Ay, it will be most distressing to you—" as Sir Matthew became pale yellow. "But I am charged to bear to you fervent congratulations on your ingenious devices."

"F-from whom, sir?" Sir Matthew stammered.

"Sure, from the devil," says Mr. Healy.

"Sirrah — sirrah—" Sir Matthew cried. Mr. Healy approached him.

"Do you desire satisfaction of me?" he asked, and his breath beat upon Sir Matthew's cheek. "Begad, I am desirous myself." He flashed out his sword. Sir Matthew started back. Mr. Healy laughed.

"Sirrah, I am an old man, else——"

"But, begad, here is a young one!" Mr. Healy swung round upon his son. "Will you fight, sir, will you fight for the father that's Judas to his brother?"

"Sir, will you give him the lie?" Jack Dane cried to his father. "Did you betray my uncle?"

"I did my duty to my King," said Sir Matthew, not without a snuffle. "I would to God, my dear boy, this grievous burden had fallen on another." His son flung away with a laugh of contempt—then came upon Mr. Healy's steady eyes and stood a while staring.

"I cannot meet you in this cause, sir," he said in a low voice. Mr. Healy slapped his sword home and turned on Sir Matthew:

"Mr. Judas," says he, "I envy you your proud joys at this present." Sir Matthew was gasping in short breath.

"Have you shamed me enough, sir?" Jack Dane muttered flushing. Mr. Healy made him a bow.

Google

"Sir, 'tis not you that are shamed," said he. "Sure, you are true kin to the man that died."

"I do not forget it, sir," said the lad proudly.

"He would ask you no more. He nor his friends."

"You were of them?"

"I am friend to all of his, sir. James Healy, your obedient." They bowed to each other.

"May I beg—will you wait me at the Red Barn Inn, Mr. Healy?"

"'Tis a pleasure," said Mr. Healy, and with that departed.

Behind the hedge Beaujeu held out his hand and the two men gripped. Then, as they rode away: "You were right, Healy," says M. de Beaujeu. "You were right."

"Begad," the merciful Mr. Healy gave a merciless chuckle, "there's worse things than a hanging." And he jerked a nod to the orchard where the son was left to deal faithfully with his ingenious sire. "But will you tell me now where we will find the boy's Red Barn Inn?"

M. de Beaujeu flushed very dark. He appeared to attempt speech and fail. He pointed with his whip.

Mr. Healy, observant, seemed to himself a man in a fairy tale, and came to the inn with anxiety as to whom his friend would be hanging now.

(*To be continued*)

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

MARCH 1905

MAN——MAXIM GORKI 1

THE MILITARY DEADLOCK——STRATIOTES 8

EDWARD BURNE-JONES——JULIA CARTWRIGHT (MRS. ADY) 17

AN EMPIRE IN THE MAKING—II——Sir VINCENT CAILLARD 37

SOME PROBLEMS IN SALMON-FISHING——W. EARL HODGSON 65

THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON RUSSIAN PUBLIC FEELING——L. VILLARI 78

THE BLACK VENGEANCE——BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREATNESS OF JOSIAH PORLICK" 94

MUNICIPAL ASPECTS OF THE HOUSING PROBLEM——BENJAMIN TAYLOR 114

BOND STREET——ARTHUR H. ADAMS 130

ON THE LINE 138

BEAUJEU (CHAPTERS IX—XI) —H. C. BAILEY 148

Google

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (FEBRUARY).

The Siege of Port Arthur—Richard Barry

The Hungarian Crisis—Count Albert Apponyi (*Leader of Opposition in the Hungarian Parliament*)

The Hon. Whitelaw Reid—G. Monroe Royce

The Papal Medals of the Italian Renaissance (*Illustrated*)—Earl Egerton of Tatton

Nihilism—Alexei

Living Legends of the Fianna—Lady Gregory

What is an Element?—Sir William Ramsay, K.C.B., F.R.S.

The Wardship of Empire—L. Cope Cornford

Counter-Reformation Plots and Plotters—G. W. P.

Coal for Russia—T. Baty, D.C.L., LL.M.

Religious Instruction in Primary Schools—The Rev. Edward Bickersteth Ottley

The Hypocrite—Alfred W. Rees

On the Line

Beaujeu (Chapters V—VIII)—H. C. Bailey

The Editor of the Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* Editor, *"Monthly Review," 50a Albemarle Street, London, W.*

Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF M[illegible]A

MAN

I

IN the hours of spiritual weariness,—when memory raises up shadows of the past, that send a chill through the heart, —when thought resembles the cold autumn sun and lights up the formidable chaos of the present, ominously circling over one spot, impotent to rise higher or fly forwards;—in the hours of spiritual weariness, by sheer force of imagination, I call forth the majestic image of Man.

Man! The sun seems to burst forth in my breast, and in its bright light, immeasurable as the universe and tragically beautiful, slowly advances—forwards! and—even higher! Man! I see his haughty brow and fearless piercing eyes; in them—the light of dauntless, mighty Thought, Thought, that conceived the wondrous harmony of all the worlds, that mighty force, which, when o'erpowered by weariness—creates gods; when valiant—casts them down.

Lost in the deserts of the universe, alone on a stray tiny bit of earth, that whirls with monstrous speed into the depths of fathomless space, tormented by the poignant question—"What does he live for?" Man valiantly advances—forwards! and ever higher! to triumph over all the mysteries of earth and sky.

He marches on, sprinkling his lonely, tedious path with his heart's blood, turning this burning blood into immortal flowers of poetry; the weary cries of his rebellious soul he

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

deftly turns to music; from his experiences he brings forth sciences and, beautifying life by each succeeding step, he marches on—forwards! and ever higher! a guiding star on earth. . . .

Armed with the force of Thought, which is now like lightning, now as cold and calm as steel,—Man, free and proud, moves on ahead of men, and higher than life, alone amidst the mysteries of being, alone amidst the crowd of his mistakes . . . these fall a heavy burden upon his proud soul and wound that soul, they tear his brain and, by putting him to burning shame, urge him—to destroy them.

He marches on! Instincts clamour on his breast, the hateful voice of self-love whines like an impudent beggar claiming alms, love's clinging tendrils coil round his heart like ivy, suck's his heart's blood and call aloud for surrender . . . all his senses try to conquer him, all long to dominate his soul.

Meantime the trifling cares of life swarm like clogs of dirt upon his path, and hideous toads upon his way.

And as the sun is surrounded by the planets—so is Man closely encircled by the things born of his creative spirit: his ever hungry Love; behind him at a distance comes limping Friendship, in front of him moves a wearied Hope; and here is Hate; clasped in the arms of Anger, with the clanging fetters of Patience upon its wrists, while Faith looks down with deep and steady gaze on his rebellious face and calmly waits to clasp him to its breast. . . .

He knows them all, the followers in his dismal train—misshapen, imperfect, weak creations of his spirit!

Attired in tatters of old truths, polluted by the venom of prejudice, they move hostile in the train of Thought, not able to keep even with its flight, even as crows that lag behind the eagle, and rarely do they join together into one mighty and creative flame, but keep aloof and quarrel for supremacy.

While round him hovers—Man's eternal follower—dumb mysterious Death, at all times ready to paralyze his glowing heart that is thirsting for life.

Digitized by Google

He knows them all, these attendants in his immortal train, and one thing more he knows—Insanity. . . . Swift and strong as a whirlwind, it follows him with hostile eyes and, conscious of its might, lends wings to Thought, striving to involve it in its savage dance. . . .

And only Thought—Man's friend, with whom he never parts,—the flame of Thought alone lights all upon his way: the puzzle of life, the sombre mysteries of nature and the dark chaos that fills his heart.

Thought, the unfettered friend of Man, looks around with piercing, penetrating glance and ruthlessly illumines all:

Love's crafty deceits, its sole desire to gain possession of its object, its tendency to humble and be humbled; and the foul image of Lust, that follows in its wake;

Hope's timid impotence and Falsehood, its sister, attired, painted Falsehood ever ready to soothe and deceive with pleasing words;

Thought discloses to us in Friendship's withered heart crafty prudence; cruel, futile distrust; the cancerous stains of jealousy, with their scum of calumny;

Thought sees the power of blackest Hate and knows, that if its fetters are clasped—then all on earth would be doomed to destruction, not even the fruits of justice would be spared.

Thought lights up immovable Faith and shows us its malicious thirst for boundless power, its aspirations to enslave all the senses, its hidden claws of bigotry, the impotence of its heavy wings and the blindness of its vacant eyes. Thought even dares to strive with Death. That barren and often blindly malign power is hateful and hostile to Thought, free immortal Thought, that from the animal produced Man, that gave us all the gods, the systems of philosophy and sciences—the keys to all life's mysteries.

Death seems a scavenger to Thought, a scavenger that penetrates the dark slums and gathers all that is outworn, rotten, thrown away as useless, but at times dares to steal what's sound and strong.

Google

Steeped in the smell of corruption, wrapped in a pall of horror, cold, featureless, dumb, Death stares Man in the face, a black austere enigma, while Thought—creative and resplendent as the sun, filled with audacity and haughty consciousness of eternal life, studies it zealously. . . . So rebellious Man passes forward through the dread gloom and mysteries of our existence—forwards! and—higher! ever forwards and ever higher!

II

But in the end Man gets exhausted, he groans and staggers; his frightened soul seeks Faith and loudly calls to Love for sweet caresses. Weakness gives birth to three ominous birds—Weariness, Despondency, and Despair—black, monstrous birds, that hover o'er his soul and sing a doleful song: "What art thou but the frailest insect, with conscience limited and Thought impotent? thy saintly pride a thing to laugh at—and for aught thou doest, thou shalt die."

His heart, wrung by this lying cruel song, quivers within his breast; the thorns of doubt pierce his brain, and in his eyes there shine the tears of outraged humanity.

And if the pride in him does not rebel, the fear of Death drives Man into the prison of Superstition, Love smiles triumphantly and lures him to herself, veiling in specious promises of happiness the hopelessness of his thraldom and the cruel despotism of sensuality. . . .

Hope's timid voice joins Falsehood and sings about the sweets of rest, the tranquil joy of acquiescence, and with soft pleasing words lulls his dormant soul, urging him on into the mire of pleasant Idleness and the dread clutches of Weariness of Flesh and Spirit.

Obedient to the allurements of his short-sighted senses, Man quickly satiates his brain and heart with the sweet venom of cynic Falsehood, that constantly repeats: "There is no other path that Man can tread but to the mire of peaceful self-content."

Google

But Thought is proud, and Man is dear to it;—it enters into fierce strife with Falsehood, making Man's heart the battlefield.

It persecutes him like a deadly foe: it eats into his brain like a canker; it ravages his breast like summer heat without a drop of rain; and, like a torturer, it torments Man, making his heart contract with cold, the bracing cold of longing after truth, life's truth, austere and full of wisdom, that grows most slowly, but can be clearly seen, through the gloom of errors, a tiny flower of fire, born of Thought.

Alas, if Man is poisoned by Falsehood's venom, he hopelessly and steadfastly believes there is no joy on earth so great as a full stomach, no delight so surpassing as satiety, rest, and trivial worldly comforts, then Thought, a captive of triumphant sensuality, sadly lowers its wings and—slumbers, leaving Man in the power of his heart.

Like a pestilential cloud, baleful Triviality, vile daughter of Weariness, creeps up to Man from every side, covering his brain and heart and eyes with dull, pungent dust.

Then Man is doomed, degenerated through his own weakness into an animal, that has neither pride nor Thought. . . .

But if revolt bursts forth in him, it wakens Thought and—once again Man marches on, alone amidst the thorns of his mistakes, alone amidst the burning embers of his misgivings, alone amidst the ruins of old truths!

Majestic, proud and free, he bravely looks truth in the eyes and speaks thus unto his doubts:

"Ye lie in saying that I am impotent, my conscience limited! It grows! I know it, see it, feel it—it grows in me! I feel my conscience grow by the intensity of pain, and know, that if it did not grow, my sufferings would not be greater than before.

"With each succeeding step desires increase. I feel more strongly, I see far deeper into things, and this quick growth of my desires—is conscience's mighty growth! It's no more than a spark at present—what of that? Sparks grow into

Google

fires! In times to come I shall be a fire amidst the darkness of the world! I am called to light up the whole universe, to dissolve its dark mysteries, to find a harmony 'twixt man and earth, to create a harmony in mine own self and, having lighted up the whole dark chaos of life on this poor suffering earth, covered, as though smitten with leprosy, by a thick slough of pain, sorrow, grief, and wickedness,—to sweep all evil and filth into the grave of the far past!

"I am called to disentangle the knots of all mistakes and errors that drive poor frightened men together like a frantic mob of animals ready to tear the other!

"Thought has created me to overturn, destroy, and trample under foot all that is old, narrow, and foul, all evil,—and to raise all things anew on the firm foundations, forged by Thought, of freedom, beauty, and honour of mankind.

"Foe to the ignominious poverty of men's desires, I would that every body were a Man!

"Shameful, senseless, and repugnant is this life, in which the servile toil of some exists only for others to sate themselves with bread and sensual gifts!

"Let all prejudices be cursed, all the tendencies and customs, that like a clinging spider-web twine round man's brain and life. They hinder life, they outrage men;—I will destroy them!

"Thought is my only arm, and in the firm belief in Thought's full freedom, immortality and the eternal growth of its creative power—lies the endless source of all my strength! Thought is the only everlasting and true light, that I see shining through life's gloom; a fire amidst the darkness of degrading errors, that keeps on burning ever brighter and ever deeper piercing the black abysms of mysteries. And in the wake of Thought, in its immortal rays, I slowly wend my way forwards! and ever higher!

"To Thought no stronghold is invincible; there is no cherished thing on earth or sky which Thought cannot overcome.

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"All is produced by Thought, and hence its sacred, unassailable right to destroy all that hinders its free growth.

"I calmly recognise that all prejudices are fragments of old truths; the host of errors, that hover over life, are merely ashes of old truths, burnt by the flame of that same Thought, which formerly produced them.

"I recognise that those that lie upon the field of battle are the conquerors, not those that seize the palm of victory. . .

"The sense of life lies in creative power, which is self-sufficient and illimitable.

"I go to burn with a consuming fire and thereby light the gloom of life—death is my sole reward.

"But I desire no other gift; I plainly see power is a disgrace and a weariness, riches a senseless burden, while glory is a phantasm, that arose through men not knowing their own value and ever servilely degrading their own selves.

"Doubts! You are only sparks of Thought, no more. Putting its own self to the test, Thought gives you birth from the abundance of its vigour and feeds you by the same great force!

"A day will come, when in my breast all senses will join Thought, forming one mighty and creative flame; and with that flame I will extinguish all that is dark and cruel and evil. And then I will be as those gods that Thought created and creates!

"All is in Man's power, and all exists for Man!"

And once again, free and majestic, his stately head thrown back, Man slowly wends his way, firmly stepping upon the dust of old prejudices, alone amidst the dismal gloom of errors; behind him—sweeps along a heavy cloud of all that's past, in front stands calmly waiting in his way a host of mysteries.

They are as numberless as all the stars in heaven, and endless is Man's way!

So marches on rebellious Man—forwards! and higher! ever forwards! and ever higher!

MAXIM GORKI.

Google

THE MILITARY DEADLOCK

MUCH attention has recently been concentrated on army affairs, which is at least an advantage; as usually the nation disdains to consider such matters In the present case this attention is particularly necessary, although usually it is desirable that Parliament and people should allow the military authorities to carry on their work without let or hindrance. Our army is always in the unfortunate position that each incoming War Secretary is expected to produce a new scheme; and solve the army problem, which is well-nigh insoluble. Hence the army is perennially undergoing reconstruction; and no scheme is ever allowed time to mature and become systematised. Obviously such treatment does not make for efficiency. How would any great railway company fare if each new general manager brought out a new scheme for organising it? Needless to say, each War Secretary considers his plan the best; and each—to take only modern times—from Mr. Cardwell to Mr. Arnold Forster, has thought himself the saviour of the situation, with what success is shown by the numerous changes which continually take place. Still, all previous enterprises have been completely eclipsed by the changes of the last eighteen months; which have been so numerous and kaleidoscopic that public and experts are almost equally bewildered, and few realise now what is actually taking place. A brief outline of recent events may not, therefore, be out of place.

Throughout our military history, reduction and increase of

Google

numbers have fluctuated like a fever patient's temperature-chart. After the close of a great war reduction has invariably been the order of the day; whilst when once the danger is again upon us, increase is ordered at ruinous cost, with the result that millions are expended instead of thousands. So it was in the eighteenth century, at the close of the Napoleonic wars, the Crimean and Mutiny campaigns, and so it is once again at the close of the South African War. The latter experience, however, is somewhat different from the others; because, although a certain reduction has already been accomplished, and more will certainly come—for that part of the programme will survive whoever may be in power—a reduction of the estimates to the normal scale in vogue before the war will not take place.

Reduction of *personnel* is essentially a clumsy and ineffectual method of economising; because the actual cost of *personnel* is always a small proportion of the total sum expended. For instance, in the current estimates *personnel* only absorbs a third of the whole charge; and in any case the saving effected is not worth the risk, especially as the late war showed that we had not a man too many, the resources of the country being strained to the uttermost to maintain an adequate force in the field.

At the close of the war, however, the usual clamour for reduction was raised, and demand made for increased efficiency. This at last culminated in the Report of the War Commission; which contained many reflections on the then existing *régime*, but in no way proved that the old system was altogether effete. Indeed it could not have been, seeing that it fulfilled stupendously greater demands than had ever been made or expected of it. The Commission attributed blame chiefly to what had nothing to do with the system—the inadequate supply of stores which had been collected, and the unsatisfactory relations which prevailed between the Secretary of State and the Commander-in-Chief—and it in no way referred to the War Office *régime* as it existed in 1903, nor did it indeed intend to do so. But the House of Commons and the public were in no mood to discriminate. The state of affairs then was briefly this.

Google

The War Secretary, Mr. Brodrick, had started in 1900 with some advantages on his side. He knew already the "ropes" at the War Office; and, unlike most War Secretaries on their arrival, he was at once able to find his way about that puzzling document, a War Office paper. This gave him a certain fictitious advantage, of which, unfortunately, he was only too ready to avail himself; and soon the whole business of the Office became centralised in his hands. Still, in justice to him it must be said that, though unquestionably he had a passion of centralisation, the apathy and lack of grasp shown by his military colleague obliged him to take many things in hand which were not his business, or else they would not have been done at all. Likewise, in his own defence, he was obliged to look into certain details for the simple reason that, until he did so, he found that he was often placed at a disadvantage in the House of Commons.

He began his career by launching an ambititious though not, as has been said, a hastily devised scheme. The Army Corps were not of his making. In 1888 Mr. Stanhope, then War Secretary, had drawn up a plan of our military requirements, in response to the persistent representations of his military advisers, who for years had been urging on successive War Ministers the necessity for some definite mobilisation plan. This scheme laid down that two regular Army Corps might be necessary for oversea purposes, and that three, partly composed of auxiliaries, were needed for home defence. For many years subsequently, however, the military authorities emphasised the necessity of these two Army Corps being increased to three. But they were not strong enough to carry their point; though Mr. Brodrick, coming in on the ephemeral wave of a khaki craze, was enabled to do so. Thus the scheme was by no means his own idea; and its prosecution did not entail the addition of one extra man to the army, since it mainly concerned the distribution of troops and the provision of adequate stores for mobilising them.

The name of Army Corps, nevertheless, was ill chosen. It frightened the nation, which conjured up to itself all kinds of

Google

terrible ideas of continental militarism, simply because the French, German, and other armies were organised in such bodies. But all the scheme aimed at was to assimilate peace and war conditions; and group units in peace time in the same formations and under the same leaders as in war time. It in no way touched the organism, numbers, or recruiting of the army; and, even if it had been as bad as it was painted, it did not possess the same powers for good or evil as the schemes of his successor.

But, owing to a complete misapprehension of its effects, it became unpopular. Still, in spite of many defects, the military machine at that time was settling down fairly well after the strain of a great war; though the unwise plan of reducing the period of service to three years gave serious cause for alarm and anxiety.

In the autumn of 1903 Mr. Arnold Forster succeeded, and about the same time the now celebrated Committee of three was appointed to reconstitute the War Office system. This Committee, contrary to what it should have been, was by no means an expert one, even its one military member had little experience of practical army matters. He was an Engineer officer, who even amongst his brother officers had had much less real military experience than usually falls to their lot. He had been secretary to the Colonial Defence Committee, which is not, strictly speaking, military work; head of the carriage factory at Woolwich, and a Colonial Governor, and in no sense could he be called a practical soldier.

The schemes of the Committee were hastily devised, and drastic in the extreme. They carried out the ideals of the Hartington Commission by abolishing the Commandership-in-Chief, and creating an Army Council and an Inspector-General of the Forces, the first two of which were undoubtedly sound as far as they went. They distributed the work of the War Office on a new plan, and recommended the appointment of Directors in order to relieve the members of the Army

Google

Council from the necessity of entering into details, and so enable them to devote their energies to larger issues—a plan which incidentally had the effect of largely increasing the number of general officers at headquarters. A general staff was also to be created, and a permanent nucleus to the Defence Committee instituted. At the same time they recommended that new blood was necessary, and that the existing War Office chiefs should be sent about their business. Nor did they stop here. For, exceeding their terms of reference, they proposed to re-organise the whole system generally. This was mainly to be done by setting up a double set of generals, executive and administrative, when every one admitted that we had already far too many. The former were to deal with discipline, training, &c.; and the latter—who would remain behind when war began—with administration. This plan was supposed more nearly to approximate peace and war conditions. But in reality it did exactly the reverse. In war time there can be but one head; and often, as in the case of Lord Kitchener in South Africa, the general, as well as being in military and administrative charge, is also in political charge. Did war consist merely in fighting battles this plan might succeed. But battles only take up a small part of the time. There is an immense amount of administrative work to be done as well. So staffs in time of war would necessarily have to be entirely reorganised. A large number of administrative officers would have to go; and as presumably those who were employed on such work in peace time would have to be sent, the country, as in the late war, would be denuded of staff, and haphazard arrangements would once more be necessary. Indeed generally, it is difficult to conceive a plan which less resembles war conditions.

It need hardly be said that the Report, abusing roundly as it did that most unpopular of public departments, the War Office, was much applauded, and at once took the popular fancy. Its recommendations, too, as regards headquarters were at once acted upon. Commander-in-Chief and War

Google

Office chiefs were at once evicted with scant ceremony, and an Army Council and an Inspector-General appointed. But if the recommendations of the Committee had been carried out in the spirit as well as in the letter—for they aimed at giving greater prominence to expert opinion—a strong Army Council should have been created which would really have influenced the Secretary of State, although of course it was inevitable that he alone should be responsible to Parliament. It was also laid down that in case of disagreement with Government measures, the military members were expected to resign.

But a strong Army Council was not appointed. Four comparatively unknown general officers, three of them very junior major-generals, were appointed under the presidency of a Secretary of State who, whilst a journalist, had won a certain shallow reputation as a military critic, but who in his own estimation was a glorified combination of Carnot and Cardwell. In his journalistic days he had already committed himself to all kinds of wild ideas, and on the old principle that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, he was the very last man who should have been appointed to such a post. He lost no time in setting to work. He had always objected to the short service and reserve system and linked battalions, the working of which by the way he does not even now understand. Forthwith there were to be two armies—a hundred general service battalions enlisted on a nine years' engagement; and the remainder converted into home service units with a two years' engagement and no liability for foreign service except in case of war. Each of these was to be only 500 strong, and there was to be a striking force of 16,000 men at Aldershot, always kept ready, which could obviously be only of use in a very small war.

At the same time the fourteen newly raised regular and five garrison battalions were to be suppressed, and the establishments of all reduced by fifty men, whilst the Militia and the Volunteers were virtually to be improved out of existence. The linked battalion system was to go, and large

Google

depôts were to be created instead. Regiments were to be quartered in their own counties, and an elaborate new set of barracks was to be built. Every one who knew anything about the subject at once foresaw that these measures would not and could not work. But Mr. Arnold Forster, convinced of his own superior knowledge, refused to listen to his Army Council or any one else.

To begin with, recruiting with us really depends on the labour market, except—for the credit of the nation be it said—in time of war. The majority of recruits we get under any system are those who cannot find anything else to do; and to these the term of service makes little difference; and we shall not really tap another class unless the pay is increased to an altogether prohibitive amount. But if we set up two distinct periods, two years and nine, it is obvious that no man in his senses would bind himself for nine, when he could do so only for two. The two years' plan no doubt is useful for the creation of a large reserve. But it is not long enough to provide for the Indian drafts, whilst a nine years' term provides the drafts, but is too long for the creation of an adequate reserve.

In the issue what has happened is this. The War Office authorities dare not open the short term of enlistment for fear of not getting enough men for the long one. So the long term is the only one now open for line infantry; and so far it appears to be doing well, though it cannot provide an adequate reserve. The linked battalion system again is by no means an ideal one. But it has proved to be much more satisfactory than any of the various systems—depôt battalions, four company depôts, &c.—which had been tried before; and at least it is economical, which was one of the chief reasons why it was introduced. Home battalions also fulfil the double object of providing a more advanced school of training for recruits than depôts, however large, can do, and of being capable of expansion into war units by means of reservists, a plan which did not, after all, work so badly in the South African War.

Digitized by Google

The scheme for improving barrack accommodation, and many other plans also, had to be abandoned, as any junior clerk in the finance branch could have told Mr. Arnold Forster at once; though, according to the recently issued army order, depôts are shortly to be redistributed in groups. The same order also gave life in a modified form to the recommendations of the Esher Committee for reorganising the home army, which necessitates the keeping up of an establishment of sixty-nine general officers of different kinds; whilst, side by side with this costly and unnecessary plan, are the monstrous proposal to reduce the strength of the army—and this within three years of the close of the South African War—the delay in providing new guns, and, almost worst of all, the reduction of the garrison in Egypt, in the face of the recommendations of the highest Egyptian experts, who had even advocated two years ago an increase of military force. Finally, at the War Office the new Army Council has already proved a hopeless failure. The military members are not listened to, and there is more correspondence and centralisation than ever, with the addition of yet another channel, the Directors, who were supposed to relieve the members of the Council of detailed work. At any rate, in the Adjutant-General's department even more papers now go to the Chief than was formerly the case.

Meanwhile a lamentable state of uncertainty prevails; and this militates gravely against war preparations generally. Mobilisation plans in peace time should be worked out to the minutest details. But how can this be done when no one can tell what the morrow may bring forth? The effect on regiments is equally bad. The uncertainty precludes the possibility of real interest being taken, and operates generally against war efficiency. It is indeed extraordinary how the nation permits one ignoramus after another to tinker with its army; and one wonders how long it will allow such trivialities as the justification of one of its servants' previous journalistic utterances to govern its military policy. Happily some feeling does at last seem to have been aroused on this subject; and during this

Google

Session Mr. Arnold Forster seems likely to find his seat on the Treasury bench as uncomfortable as did his predecessor.

But what is of main importance is the future. It is much to be feared that popular clamour may lead to yet another new and irresponsible scheme, which will once more consign the army to the melting-pot. This is much to be deprecated. The present state of affairs is bad enough in all conscience, though the existing proposals have not yet had time to work as much mischief as, if persevered in, they infallibly will. So matters should be allowed to abide as they are at present, as the least evil which can now be conceived. No more reductions should take place, and the linked battalion and depôt system should remain as they are, whilst a mean between a nine and a two years' period of enlistment should be found. For it is abundantly clear that the two periods running concurrently cannot succeed. It would be wise, on the same principle of accepting the ills we have, to let the Army Council also, as regards its military element, remain as it is. Above all things, it is vital that no new experiments should be tried just yet.

It is now nearly ten years since the modern system really came into force with the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge, and since then the army and the War Office have gone through many changes. But is the army now more efficient for war than it was then? It is extremely doubtful; indeed it seems as if, on the contrary, it had gone down hill since that time. Officers and men were certainly as well trained and educated then as they are now; the system of selection was infinitely fairer; the estimates were much smaller; the reserve was larger, and the numbers composing the active army almost as large; preparation for war was, at any rate, as far advanced as it is to-day; and, above all, every rank in the army was contented, and everybody knew exactly how he stood.

STRATIOTES.

Google

EDWARD BURNE-JONES[1]

FORTY years ago a young English poet dedicated a book of poems and ballads to an almost unknown artist, named Edward Burne-Jones, and asked his friend in a lyric of impassioned verse to "receive in his palace of painting this revel of rhymes." To-day the same poet, true to the friends of his youth, inscribes his last poems to the memory of William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones. The interval that has elapsed between the publication of Mr. Swinburne's two volumes embraces the whole of the painter's public career. When they first appeared, in 1865, many readers were puzzled to know who this artist could be of whom they had never heard. Now Burne-Jones has been dead six years, but his name is a household word—"the seal of his glory is sure"—and no one needs to be enlightened as to the poet's meaning.

Burne-Jones himself always said that no record of an artist's life was necessary.

> A man's true home is the city which he loves best, the people whom he chooses for his friends are his real family. The facts of life are merely the hard blows and obstacles which have blocked the path and stood in his way, and it is only by studying his works that you read his true story and learn all that he wished and longed to be. There you have the man's real life, his Day of Judgment and his final doom.

But since he realised that sooner or later some biography of him would be expected, he wished his wife to write it,

[1] "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones," by G. B.-J. Macmillan. 1904.

Google

"because," he said to her one day, "you know and understand." Lady Burne-Jones has fulfilled the task thus laid upon her in a way that calls forth our most heartfelt thanks. She has drawn a true and vivid portrait of the man as we knew and loved him, and told the story of his life with perfect frankness, yet with the tenderness of one who stood very near him and was intimate with every detail. And at the same time she has given us a precious record of a group of men who will be remembered among the most remarkable figures of the Victorian age.

Professor Seeley once remarked that heredity and early influences sufficiently explained Rossetti's gifts as poet and painter, but that Burne-Jones's artistic vocation remained a mystery. Everything was against him in the beginning. He was born, on August 28, 1833, in an obscure home in the heart of Birmingham. His mother died soon after his birth, his father was a poor frame-maker, "pious and loving, but very narrow in his beliefs and ideas." The child's first recollection was that of going to bed hungry, the next that of a hunger of the soul, which was less easy to satisfy. His surroundings were unspeakably distasteful and vexatious. The streets of the great Midland city seemed to him "infinitely barren and ugly, reeking," as they did in those days, "with grime and smoke and drunkenness." There was no picture-gallery and no old churches with noble architecture and rich stained glass. Fairy-tales and poetry were rigidly banished from his nursery, and for years he had only three books—"Sandford and Merton," "Evenings at Home," and "Æsop's Fables," which last he liked best, because of the pictures. On his way to school the boy often lingered before the nearest bookseller's shop, reading the titles of the books in the window and envying the fortunate shopman within, never dreaming that he might some day be able to buy these coveted treasures. The child's romantic imagination had little enough to feed upon, but he made the most of such crumbs as fell to his share. The Bible stories which his father read to him in soft clear tones, sunk deep into

Google

his memory, and, with a strangely prophetic instinct, he built up cities and temples of stones and was reproved for calling them "Jerusalem."

I will not cease from mortal fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

At eleven Burne-Jones was sent to King Edward's School, where he had three great Bishops—Westcott, Lightfoot, and Benson—among his companions. But no master took the trouble to explain Cæsar and Virgil to him, and the shy, sensitive child pored over Greek and Latin myths in solitude, and read Ossian with his single friend, Mr. Cormell Price, in the old cemetery. A visit which he paid to Hereford, when he was fifteen or sixteen, came as a ray of light. Here he first attended a cathedral service, and "felt himself in Paradise for an hour." And here, too, he first read Newman's sermons, which made a profound and lasting impression upon his mind. One day at the Grange, more than forty years afterwards, a guest expressed some contempt at a remark which Newman had made to Martineau, "that without belief in the Church his outlook on human life would be altogether black." Upon which Burne-Jones exclaimed: "I agree with him entirely, and think him all the greater for having said so. Without a sense of the spiritual force round us, my outlook on life would be one of pure despair." After that the painter made me realise how much he owed to the great Cardinal whose name he revered to his dying day.

In an age of sofas and cushions, Newman taught me to be indifferent to comfort; and in an age of materialism he taught me to venture all on the unseen, and this so early that it was well with me when life began, and I was equipped before I went to Oxford with a real good panoply, and it has never failed me. So if this world cannot tempt me with money or luxury—and it can't—or anything it has in its trumpery treasure-house, it is most of all because he said it in a way that touched me, not scolding nor forbidding, nor much leading—walking with me a step in front. So he stands to me as a great image or symbol of a man who never stooped and who put all this world's life in one

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

splendid venture, which he knew as well as you or I might fail, but with a glorious scorn of everything that was not his dream (i. 59).

In 1853 Burne-Jones went up to Oxford and met William Morris, who, like himself, was a freshman at Exeter College. Then the hard earth cracked under his feet. The two friends walked under the old College walls in the moonlight and thought it would be heaven to live and die there. Together they rambled along the river, full of enthusiasm for all that was holy and beautiful and true, and saw processions of monks and friars, of mediæval knights and ladies in all the pageantry of the golden age pass by in their dreams. But in one respect Burne-Jones was bitterly disappointed. He found no enthusiasm for the great religious revival which had lately passed over Oxford, none of the burning love and fervour which he had expected. Newman was gone and deadly stagnation had sunk upon the place. The lonely student longed to pour out his heart to some teacher, but found no one to whom he could turn. His college tutors were dull pedants with nothing human about them, who had no sympathy with his Catholic aspirations and shut their eyes to the beauty and meaning of the Greek myths which were for him a living reality. "The weight of that terrible dead time crushed me," he said, "and sick at heart and chilled to the bone I gave up all thoughts of taking Orders and sought consolation in other hopes and dreams." The little volumes which the painter treasured in memory of these Oxford days show us the new ideals that were fast springing up in his heart. There was an "In Memoriam," given him by Morris, two or three of Fouqué's tales, Sintram and Sängerliebe, and best of all, Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" —two little books in green silk binding, with the words "Edward Burne-Jones, Oxford, 1855," in his clear handwriting. The same shelf at The Grange held Pastor Meinhold's weird romance, "Sidonia von Bork," Rossetti's first series of Poems, "from his old friend Gabriel," and the copy of Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam," which Mr. Swinburne bought for twopence on a bookstall near Leicester Square, and brought in

Google

triumph to his artist friend. Still more memorable was the day when Burne-Jones first saw Rossetti's water-colour of *Dante drawing Beatrice*, in Mr. Combe's house at Oxford. Here he felt was a man who did all that he longed to do, and who was actually living at the present time. From that moment Burne-Jones resolved to be a painter, and thought only how soon he could escape from Oxford and begin to draw. A tour which he took with Morris, in the summer of 1855, among the cities and cathedrals of Northern France, confirmed this resolution, and early in the following year he settled in town with the fixed intention of devoting his life to art. In January 1856 the first number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, a periodical which owed its existence to Morris and his set, appeared, and contained a brilliant essay on Thackeray's "Newcomes," from the pen of Burne-Jones. The writer spoke with "deepest thankfulness and reverence of such great men as Tennyson and Holman Hunt, of Ruskin and Carlyle and Kingsley, who have led on this most godly crusade against falsehood, doubts and wretched failures, against hypocrisy and mammon and lack of earnestness," and wound up his stirring appeal with an eloquent allusion to the poet-painter, Rossetti. "Why," he asked, "is his name so seldom on the lips of men? If only we could hear him oftener, live in the light of his power a little longer!" A week or two later the young enthusiast met Rossetti at the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street, and the next day paid a visit to the artist's studio in Blackfriars.

Burne-Jones always loved to recall that first meeting with the god of his adoration and to dwell on the joy and wonder of those days when he and Morris literally sat at the feet of their great leader.

> Then Rossetti came, and took me away to paint. How we worshipped him! For he was truly an inspirer of others, a finder of hidden things, a revealer of light and discoverer of beauty, who fired hundreds with the same enthusiasm and kindled the divine spark in every breast. He it was who first taught me not to be afraid of my own ideas, but always be myself and do

Digitized by Google

the thing I liked best. But in those days I never wanted to think but as he thought, and every word of his thrilled me through and through. And then how boundless was his generosity, how royal the praise with which he blessed our feeble efforts, how untiring the pains which he took to help us, not only by his teaching and encouragement, but in more direct and practical ways, by finding us patrons and employment, introducing us to his own friends—of all of which a beautiful and golden record is somewhere written. What a world it was! and he the centre and light of it all!

The genius of Rossetti was a theme of which Burne-Jones never wearied. He grew eloquent as he described those wonderful little five-inch pictures, containing a whole world of passion, *Dante and Beatrice, Paolo and Francesca, Christ at the Feast of Simon*, and told how, as he watched the painter at work, he felt that if he would only paint these on a larger scale, the whole world must stop and wonder. *We shall be carrying him in triumph upon our shoulders, and the traffic in Fleet Street will be stopped and all the people will shout for joy. But when the great pictures came, they were sadly disappointing—*

big single women with large unnatural lips and strained attitudes, and light and fresh air shut out by heavy curtains and the hot close scent of tropical flowers. All the really great work of Rossetti was crowded into ten years—O, the marvel of it all!—and then that wonderful romantic imagination, which no painter ever rivalled, which was big enough to fill the whole world, failed and fell short of greatness because it could not master technique. Then decay set in—the Olympians were unkind to him—his wife died; there was a little madness followed by a terrible period of death in life, and all the glory of that marvellous promise faded slowly away.

But to the end Burne-Jones insisted that Rossetti's true character was never properly understood, and that he was a nobler and a better man than the world ever knew. "Even those who owed him most," he complained, "spoke coldly of him and only recalled the failures and mistakes of his later years, which was merely the dust that should be blown from off his face." This profound conviction sometimes inspired Burne-Jones with the wish to write his friend's life—"make out some sort of image of him—and if it is a perfect image and

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

all overlaid with gold, it will be truer really than one that should make him halt or begrimed or sully him in the least."

Another influence which counted for much in those early days was that of Ruskin. While Burne-Jones was still at Oxford, "Modern Painters" came to him as "a message of light and joy," and to his great happiness he now saw his hero and found him "even better than his books, which are the best in the world!" "I'm not E. B.-J. any longer, I'm not Ted," he wrote in an ecstasy of delight at receiving a letter from Ruskin. "I've dropped my personality. I'm a correspondent with Ruskin and my future title is 'the man who wrote to Ruskin and got an answer by return'" (i. 127). And to relieve his feelings, he made a drawing of himself, bowed to the ground before a figure of Ruskin, crowned with a halo of light. Ruskin, on his part, was charmed with his new acquaintance, and described him to Seeley as not only a youth of genius, but as the only cultured artist whom he had ever known. The friendship between the two men was a very close one and remained unchanged in spite of frequent differences of opinion. When they travelled together in Italy, Botticelli and Carpaccio inspired them both with the same enthusiasm, but when Burne-Jones added Pollaiuolo and Signorelli to his list of favourite painters, Ruskin would have none of this and fell foul of Burne-Jones's own art. Burne-Jones, on his part, could not but regret the violence with which Ruskin denounced Michelangelo in his later works, and quarrelled with his friend's writings as much as Ruskin objected to his pictures. But this could not alter the strong personal affection and deep admiration which the painter always felt for his old friend, whose true greatness, he always said, would only be recognised by posterity. It was a great joy to him when, in 1888, Ruskin returned to Oxford as Slade Professor, and spoke of him and his art in a manner which made Mr. Swinburne say that he had never before heard Burne-Jones's work praised in really adequate terms.

Google

> I do envy Ruskin [he wrote] the authority and eloquence which give such weight and effect to his praise. It is just what I see in a glass darkly that he brings out and lights up with the very best words possible, while we others, who cannot draw, like Shakespeare, have eyes for wonder, but lack tongues to praise (ii. 132).

Another influence which made itself strongly felt in Burne-Jones's life and helped in no small measure to mould his style, was that of Watts. The great painter whom we have lately lost often recalled the July day—in 1857—when Rossetti brought his young follower to Little Holland House and told him that this shy youth, with the blue eyes and dreamy air, was the greatest genius of the age. The two painters soon became intimate, and when Burne-Jones fell seriously ill in the following summer, Mrs. Prinsep, with whom Watts was then living, took the young painter into her house and nursed him during several weeks. At Little Holland House Burne-Jones received much kindness from his hostess and her family, and first met Tennyson, who was then writing the "Idylls of the King," and many prominent artists and literary men. But the debt which he owed to Watts was greater still. It was the elder master who first made him realise his deficiencies in drawing and inspired him with courage and determination to overcome this difficulty. In a letter which he addressed a few years ago to Mr. Comyns Carr, Burne-Jones wrote: "Rossetti gave me courage to commit myself to imagination without shame—a thing both good and bad for me. It was Watts, much later, who compelled me to draw better." No one ever recognised the genius of Burne-Jones more fully than Watts. He would talk by the hour of his friend's rare sense of loveliness and marvellous invention, above all of his supreme power of transforming other men's ideas and of bearing you away into a remote and visionary world of his own, where all was real and all full of beauty. Only he always regretted that so gifted and accomplished a painter should deliberately cut himself off from contemporary thought and feeling and live altogether in the past. One day, soon after Leighton's death,

Google

I heard Watts define the art of these three painters, all of whom he had known intimately, in the following words:

> Leighton had considerable perception, some imagination, and a good deal of intellect. Millais had great perception and acuteness, but very little imagination and no poetry. Burne-Jones had great intellect, vast fancy and rare imagination, but fancy preponderated largely over all his other gifts.

"He tops us all," was the verdict which the old master pronounced only a few weeks before "poor Ned," as he affectionately called his friend, passed away.

Yet one more influence must be reckoned among the causes which helped to develop our artist's style. This was the visit which he paid to Italy in 1859, with the late Val Prinsep for his companion, and a second journey which he took with Ruskin in 1862. The first sight of Florence and Venice naturally made a deep impression upon his mind. He lingered before Giotto's *Death of St. Francis* in Santa Croce, and sought out Botticellis in desecrated convents and realised his natural affinity with the primitives of Tuscany and Umbria. "If I could travel backwards," he wrote, "I think my heart's desire would take me to Florence in the days of Botticelli." And when, after an interval of nine years, he paid another brief visit to Florence and saw Perugia and Assisi for the first time, he felt more than ever that this was his true home. "*According to facts, against which I rebel as far as possible, I was born at Birmingham in the dead times at the beginning of the nineteenth century, but you and I know that Assisi is my true birthplace and St. Francis my patron-saint—and so I muddle on somehow.*" And after his return he wrote: "I walk about here, but all the while I live in Italy." The sight of old pictures, however, only stirred the fire within and made him long to be back at work in his studio. *The Merciful Knight* was the direct outcome of his first Italian journeys. Rossetti's influence had been strongly marked in his earlier work, but this picture, which now belongs to his native city, revealed the painter's original and independent genius. He had found a method to suit his own nature and to satisfy his artistic creed.

Google

> I mean by a picture [he wrote to Mr. Comyns-Carr] a beautiful, romantic dream of something that never was, never will be—in a light that never shone—in a land no one can define or remember, only desire—the forms divinely beautiful—and then I wake up with the waking of Brynhild.

The true mission of the artist, he always declared, was to rescue beauty from the forgetfulness to which it seemed doomed in a selfish and material age, and which in his eyes was the one redeeming power in a sad, bad world. To point a moral or teach a lesson, he argued, was beyond the province of art. All that it can do is to create an atmosphere, lift us out of the dust and mire into a higher and serener air. Of course, he said, we must be prepared to find our life a failure, and to realise, when the sands are running out and the end comes into sight, that the Himalayas are still in front of us. But if we can only raise the tone of art by a hair's breadth, and make a single soul better and happier, that in itself is worth living for, and is more than any of us has a right to expect.

A true Celt in temperament, Burne-Jones was often a prey to the deep melancholy which belongs to all romantic natures, and this very consciousness made him clutch at everything which could cheer and brighten the passing hour. No one entered more fully into the fun of a practical joke, while the delightful caricatures which he drew for his children's amusement reveal a sense of humour which few of his admirers suspected. Like all imaginative artists, he was a hard worker, and the endless designs and studies which he has left show how hard he toiled to attain that perfection after which he yearned. Each picture, he often said, should have a definite, harmonious, and conscious beauty, and each little portion should be so beautiful in colour and surface that if only a few inches of the canvas were preserved it would still be recognised as a work of art. Rossetti often laughed at him for what he called his perpetual discontent, and told him that he must be the vainest of men, since his own pictures were never good enough for him. This sense of dissatisfaction with his own work and passionate striving

Google

after completeness made him comparatively indifferent to praise or blame. For years, he said, he stood like St. Sebastian, a mark for the shafts of every sharp-tongued critic or ignorant journalist, but he worked on, careless of abuse and ridicule, and too much absorbed in his own conceptions to notice these attacks. When fame and rewards came it was the same. "What difference can it make," he asked, "if they give me medals and decorations, as long as I cannot do what I wish in art and am miserable in consequence?" Yet Burne-Jones was, on the whole, a singularly fortunate man. His lot was a far happier one than that of most original artists. He lived long enough to come into his own, and from the first he won the admiration of those whose sympathy he most valued. Culture, as Seeley once said, was the note of all his art, and for this reason it appealed in an especial manner to the finest intellects of the day, to Tennyson and Lowell, to Walter Pater and George Eliot. And he was still more fortunate in his family and friends and the home-life of which Lady Burne-Jones gives us so many charming glimpses.

In 1856, that *annus mirabilis* when he first met Ruskin and Rossetti and started on his career as a painter, Burne-Jones became engaged to an old friend's sister, Georgiana Macdonald, then a girl of fifteen, whom he had known at Birmingham, and now met again in London. "There was a year," wrote the artist long afterwards, "in which I think it never rained nor clouded, but was blue summer from Christmas to Christmas, and London streets glittered and it was always morning and the air sweet and full of bells." He always liked to remember that his betrothal took place on June 9—the day of the year on which the poet of the "Vita Nuova" first saw and loved Beatrice. Four years later, on the same 9th of June, Burne-Jones was married in Manchester Cathedral, and brought his young wife to share his bachelor lodgings in Bloomsbury. His sole fortune consisted of £80, besides which he had a few commissions for pictures, most of which had been already paid for in advance. Rossetti and Morris, who fortunately had a

Google

larger share of this world's goods, married about the same time, and during the next few years the three friends and their wives lived together in close and intimate companionship. There were merry meetings at the wombat's cage in the Zoological Gardens and week-end visits to Morris's new house in Kent, where Burne-Jones decorated the halls with frescoes from mediæval romances and Rossetti composed nonsense verses on his friends' names until the walls rang with shouts of laughter. But the same enthusiasm for art and worship of beauty filled their lives. "I never knew such men," said a lady who often sat to Burne-Jones and his comrades in those ardent young days. "It was being in a new world to be with them. I sat to them and was there with them, and they were different to every one else I ever saw. And I was a holy thing to them. I was a holy thing to them" (i. 169). It was a wonderful time for all the members of the little band. Ruskin was writing his "Stones of Venice" and "Seven Lamps"; Holman Hunt, Millais, and Madox Brown were at work on great pictures, and Morris used to bring new cantos of the "Earthly Paradise" and read them aloud, while Burne-Jones painted scenes from the story of Cupid and Psyche or the "Morte d'Arthur." Of an evening a young poet "with glorious red hair" would drop in and pace up and down the studio, reciting his latest verses while the artist designed cartoons for stained glass. Then the furnishing and decorating of Morris's new home, the Red House at Upton, led to the foundation of the firm in which Morris, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and Madox Brown were all partners. "Have you heard of the Co.?" wrote Burne-Jones to his old friend Cormell Price, in Russia. "It's made of Topsy, Marshall, Faulkner, Brown, Webb, Rossetti and me. We are partners and have a manufactory and make stained glass, furniture, jewellery, decoration, and pictures. We have many commissions, and shall probably roll in yellow carriages by the time you come back" (i. 227). Burne-Jones always looked back with affection on the happy freedom of those days. 'We never felt poor," he said, "because we agreed to do

Google

without the things we could not have, and the really big things of life took up so much of our time and thoughts that we could afford to do without the rest." But all too soon those joyous days of youth came to an end, and, with his removal to a new house in Kensington, the stress of life seemed to begin. In 1867, when the painter had entered on his thirty-fifth year —*nel mezzo, del cammin*—he settled at the Grange, Fulham, which was to remain his home during the last thirty years of his life. Here he worked happily for "seven more blessed years," untroubled by exhibitions and hanging committees, by critics and interviewers, painting great pictures for the few patrons who were wise enough to see the beauty of his art. Chief among them was one of rare gifts and noble character, who became an intimate friend of the artist—Mr. William Graham—for whom *The Days of Creation*, *Chant d'Amour*, *Laus Veneris*, and many more of Burne-Jones's finest works, were painted. So great was his enthusiasm for his friend's work that one day he went up to a picture in the studio, which had been lately finished, and kissed it. There was one little drawing of a blessed soul stooping down to welcome her lover on the golden floor of heaven, which he always begged the artist to paint on a larger scale. The work was never done, but when Mr. Graham died, in 1885, Burne-Jones made a lovely little picture of the subject and dropped it in his friend's grave without saying a word to any one.

After the first exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, the painter suddenly awoke to find himself famous, and the stream of visitors which flowed to the Grange increased every year. Strangers of distinction from all parts of the world, French artists and critics, German and Belgian authors, writers from the remote provinces of Finland and Russia, came to see the artist whose romantic fancy had for them so great a fascination. Many more were attracted by the charm of the man and the glamour of his presence. He gave more to his friends than most people—in sympathy, understanding and affection—and no man was ever loved more deeply and enduringly in

Google

return. When his art became popular the world began to claim him, and the wit and brilliancy of his conversation, his gay sallies and sudden touches of pathos, soon made him a great favourite in society. Whatever he said or did, if he wrote to make an appointment or to refuse an invitation, if he welcomed a friend of long standing or escorted a chance guest to the door, it was done with a grace of manner and a charming smile that men and women alike found irresistible. The late W. E. Henley, who had always expressed his deep-rooted antipathy to the art of Burne-Jones, and often quarrelled over it with me, happened to meet the painter at dinner one day and was completely captivated by that single interview. "I must take care not to see Burne-Jones too often," he said the next morning, "or I shall end by liking his pictures." But it was not only in society that the painter shone. He was just as brilliant and amusing, his conversation was every bit as fascinating, when he sat at work in his studio with a single friend, as when he was surrounded by an admiring company. To sit at his side and listen, while he painted the bosses of Melchior's armour or the shot blues and purples in Caspar's robe, and the sunlight fell on the lawn outside, was a rare and delightful experience. Then he would pour out his ideas on all things in heaven and earth and talk freely of art, literature, and philosophy. He would recall the dreams and struggles of his youth, the friends he had known and loved, the books he had read and believed. Few men were more deeply versed in the folk-lore of all ages or took more delight in Celtic legends and mediæval myths, above all, in everything connected with his favourite romance of the Morte d'Arthur. The wealth of colour in Celtic literature, he once remarked, was like a raw umber tree under a sky of summer blue, but in most cases it was a shapeless mass, utterly lacking any sense of form. Among living authors, Stevenson attracted him greatly, but the writer with whom he felt most sympathy was Maeterlinck, whose "Trésor des humbles," he said, exactly expressed his own philosophy of life, saving that the young Belgian took a more

Google

hopeful view of the future of the human race than he could ever feel. Florentine art and Gothic architecture were subjects of which he never tired. He knew every detail of Giotto's frescoes at Padua or of Botticelli's pictures, and could accurately describe each carved relief in the chapter-house of Salisbury or on the west front of Wells Cathedral. Greek vases and Persian tiles, mediæval ivories and tapestry, Oriental embroideries and Arab carving were all beautiful and interesting in his eyes, but he had never penetrated as far as India, and the art of China and Japan remained sealed books to him. French cathedrals, for him as for Morris, were not only the grandest and noblest, but the kindest and most loving of all the buildings which the earth had ever borne, and he was never weary of recalling the glories of Chartres and Amiens, the queens in their goffered frills and tasselled girdles, standing in rows before the Porte Royale or the Angel holding the dial on the topmost tower. "Give me the Light of the World and the apse of Westminster!" he cried in a fit of youthful enthusiasm, and to the end he retained his old love for the Abbey as the finest of English shrines. But he never could be brought to see any beauty or grandeur in St. Paul's, which he declared to be inconceivably cold, pompous, and empty, the bad product of a bad age, the incarnation of all that he detested most—Lord Mayors and aldermen, City dinners and big-wiggery, and all the pomp and glory of the world—the pomp, mind you, not of St. Louis, but of Louis XIV. and his age. He always maintained that Wren's cathedral was too big for any scheme of internal decoration, and that the best thing the Dean and Chapter could do was to drape the nave with black and gold curtains and hang a few large oil paintings here and there.

On his last journey to Italy, in 1873, he was deeply impressed by the mosaics in the ancient churches of Ravenna. But he was almost equally familiar with those at Monreale and Palermo, which he had never seen, and one day, when I had lately returned from Sicily, he discussed the subjects of the

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

mosaic pictures in the Cappella Palatina for some time, growing eloquent over the jewelled radiance of the dark chapel—"like a little bit of heaven with the mystic forms on the walls becoming gradually clear in the dim light, until the whole of the wondrous story at last breaks upon our sight." He was just then at work upon cartoons for the mosaics of the American church in Rome, and had designed the "Fall of Lucifer," which eventually became the subject of a separate picture. His first idea had been to represent Lucifer and his host hurled by avenging Archangels with a shout of triumph from the citadel of heaven. But then he changed his mind and decided that they should go down with the honours of war, and painted the great column of warriors with banners flying, slowly descending into the abyss, and up above the chivalry of God, with swords and helmets flashing in the sun, ranged along the celestial ramparts, and below the awful words, "Neither was their place found any more in heaven." On the right there was to be a glimpse of Eden bowers, with angels playing harps of gold and dancing in the meadows of Paradise. But afterwards he took this out, feeling that Angelico's dream of heaven could no longer satisfy modern ideas: "*We want to know more than that, to be sure that the future life is some continuation of this, that experience and memory live on, that the past is just as real there as it is here, that the selfsame faces we have loved here will meet us again there.*" But of all the designs which he prepared for these mosaics, the one that lay nearest to his heart was that of Christ on the Tree of Life, with the vine-branches and leaves that are for the healing of the nations spreading from the cross. On the right Adam, the father of mankind, with a sheaf of corn, the symbol of labour; on the left Eve, the mother of all living, clasping the infant Abel in her arms, while Cain—a little jealous—clings to her side, and the Annunciation lily behind tells of hope for the world in the coming days. At the foot of the cartoon the painter wrote his favourite text: *In mundo pressuram habebitis*—the words of the Vulgate which seemed to him in a

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

peculiar manner to express the burden and pressure of life. *Sed confidite—Ego vici mundum.* All that he knew of religion, he said, all that he believed of Christian faith, were summed up in those words.

In his last years it became very difficult to tear the painter away from his work. A new picture, he said, was better than any holiday, a fresh design as good as a run abroad or a month at the seaside. But he was very fond of his cottage at Rottingdean, and often escaped there for a few days to avoid the turmoil of London in the season. Here in this quiet retreat, between the downs and the sea, he designed most of the charming little water-colours suggested by the names of old English plants, which he called his Flower-book. Each little subject is rendered with the same tender feeling and delicate charm. Love-in-the-Mist, Jacob's Ladder, Star of Bethlehem, each has its appropriate legend. Love-in-a-Tangle is aptly illustrated by a picture of Fair Rosamond, seated on a low red wall trellised with roses, winding the skein of her golden ball. With-the-Wind recalls Dante's vision of Paolo and Francesca, whirled together on the blast in an eternal embrace. Wall-Tryst naturally suggests the tale of "Pyramus and Thisbe," and False Mercury is the god who lures the sleeping sailor to his doom by a dream of the cottage-home where his girl awaits his return. Morning Glories are angels strewing the rose and violet clouds of dawn over a cornfield on the hillside—an evident recollection of sunrise over the downs, as the painter saw it from his bedroom at Rottingdean. Golden Cup and Honour's Prize bring back memories of the San Graal, that legend which Burne-Jones had made specially his own, and Meadow Sweet is represented by the passing of Arthur in the black ship to the meadow of Avalen. For White Garden we have a field of white lilies where the Angel Gabriel hails Mary. In Arbor tristis we see the foot of the Cross and the hill of Calvary at nightfall, and in the distance the walls of Jerusalem under the burning glow of the sunset. Golden Greeting shows us the Blessed Damozel

Google

bending down to kiss her lover on the floor of heaven, and in Day and Night, the last of the series, the blue-robed form of Night bidding her sister farewell before she goes.

Another series which belonged to these last years was the set of eighty-seven designs for the Chaucer that issued from the Kelmscott Press in 1896. No more congenial piece of work, Burne-Jones said, had ever fallen to his lot, and both for himself and Morris, who reverenced Chaucer as his master, the task was one of pure delight. Their aim was not so much to illustrate the text of the poems as to reproduce the spirit in which the poet wrote, and to make the book a thing of beauty—"a kind of pocket Chartres and treasure-house of lovely fancies." It was the last joint-work of the two friends who had worked so long together, and appeared only three months before the death of Morris. Burne-Jones was very anxious about his friend's health all that summer, and in July he said to me: "If Morris were really as ill as he thinks, I should be the most miserable of men." Two months after that Morris died, and when I saw Burne-Jones again he was a broken man. Half of his life, he said, had gone down into the grave with Morris, and he had no heart to carry on the work which they had begun together. That day he talked with strange eloquence of the old days, dwelling tenderly on every little detail of his first meeting with Morris and the wonderful communion of spirit between them. He recalled the happy times when he made his beautiful Virgil drawings while Morris read the Æneid aloud, and their long talks on Sunday mornings, when the poet always came to breakfast. One day, he remembered, their talk turned on the old tale of Troy and the curious way in which the mediæval world always took part with the Trojans, and they went on discussing the subject and quoting all manner of old writers in support of their theory until the clock struck two, and Morris had to hurry off to keep another engagement. Whatever the subject was, their thoughts always seemed to flow in the same channel. Only once, the painter said, he "failed his friend." That was when Morris embraced the cause of Socialism,

Google

which, in Burne-Jones's eyes, was a beautiful but impossible dream, and which, to his great regret, drew his companion away from the true work of his life. Before long they felt that it was a point upon which they could never agree, and ceased to discuss the question. But no difference of opinion could touch their lifelong friendship, and when the blow fell and Morris died, Burne-Jones could hardly bear to live. He went down to the funeral in the country churchyard on the riverside, in a hurricane of wind and rain, but saw and felt nothing, and seemed to be living in a dream. The next day he worked better than he had done for months, and designed two cartoons of David mourning for his child. "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Then he broke down, and resolved never again to design a stained-glass window. His comrade was dead, and that chapter in his life was closed.

After a time he rallied and set bravely to work on the unfinished pictures that filled his studio. Chief among these was the large painting of the Sleep of Arthur in Avalon, a subject which had filled his thoughts for the last twenty years and which he designed early in 1882. Often as we stood before it, he explained to me its meaning and intention. All that the Celt loved best was to be brought together in the landscape, summer flowers, red apples, running water and far blue hills, the oak-bough for Merrie England and the palm of victory for the Saints. The couch of the sleeping hero and the robes of the mourning queens were to be as rich and gorgeous as possible in colour, and warders, clad in purple, were to stand at the head and foot of the bier, watching for the first breaking of dawn in the Eastern sky. The great King himself, dark-haired and slightly grizzled—a man of about fifty, the painter thought—was to be represented lying on his couch in deep and dreamless slumber, resting his cheek on his hand, and the canopy overhead was to be adorned with embossed reliefs of the Quest of the San Graal—the damsel appearing to the Knights of the Round Table, Lancelot riding out and stopped by an angel, Gawain setting forth in careless pride to be

Google

turned back, and Galahad kneeling before the shrine. And over all there was to be a deep hush of silence, the sense of peace and repose that broods over the close of life, like that solemn mystic grandeur which comes at the end of the day, when the sun has set and the whole world seems to be drawn nearer heaven.

From the first Burne-Jones had a strange presentiment that he would never live to finish this picture. "One day," he said, "just when I am beginning to feel that the end is in sight and to see more clearly into the meaning of art, the trumpet will sound and the brush drop from my hand." And so it came to pass. All through the winter and spring of that last year he worked strenuously at the great picture and told me that I might expect to see it finished in September. Then, suddenly, one June morning, the summons came, and he passed out of this life into the unknown world of which he had so often dreamt. There were many that day who felt that the sun had dropped below the horizon and that for them life could never be what it had been before.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

Google

AN EMPIRE IN THE MAKING

II

SOME attempt was made in the January number of this Review to show what are the present requirements of the chief component parts of the Empire, and how far those requirements, as measured by imports,[1] under a classification reduced to a common basis, are at present satisfied from within the Empire itself.

I propose now to consider, in the first place, what margin is left available under existing conditions for the development of inter-Imperial trade; in other words, to what greater extent, if any, could the present productive capacity of the Empire satisfy Imperial needs. At the same time, so far as space will allow, the potential productive capacity of the Empire will be examined—that is to say, to what extent could that capacity when developed meet not only existing but future Imperial requirements as the effect of development proceeds. As in the previous article the "requirements" of the Empire were measured by its imports, so now its capacity of supplying them should be measured by the extent of its exports.

[1] It should be noted that *net* imports are meant, *i.e.*, gross imports, less re-exports. For this purpose it was assumed that foreign and Imperial re-exports bear the same proportion to each other as the respective imports, there being no data which afford guidance on this subject. It would seem natural to assume that the imports treated were *net*, but as doubts have been expressed on the matter, it is better to state that this was so.

Google

Adopting the same classification as that before chosen, namely, that employed in the Official Statistics of the Canadian Government in regard to exports, and confining ourselves again to the same main portions of the Empire as those previously treated, namely, Canada, the Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand, South Africa (including the Orange Colony), India, and the United Kingdom, the following table will exhibit the exporting power of the Empire as it at present stands:

EXPORTS OF MERCHANDISE FROM UNITED KINGDOM, INDIA, CANADA, SOUTH AFRICA, AND AUSTRALASIA (IN MILLION POUNDS).

——	To United Kingdom.	To Rest of Empire.	Total Imperial.	To Foreign Countries.	Total to all Countries.
Mineral Produce .	7·4	6·2	13·6	34·8	48·4
Agricultural Produce	22·4	18·2	40·6	36·1	76·7
Forest Produce .	4·6	·9	5·5	4·6	10·1
Animals and Produce	37·1	10·6	47·7	16·0	63·7
Fisheries . . .	1·2	·8	2·0	4·7	6·7
Manufactures . .	1·9	107·6	109·5	145·6	255·2
Total . . .	74·6	144·3	218·9	241·8	460·8

PERCENTAGES OF EXPORTS TO VARIOUS DESTINATIONS.

——	To United Kingdom.	To Rest of Empire.	Total Imperial.	To Foreign Countries.	Total to all Countries.
Mineral Produce .	15·2	12·3	28·0	72·0	10·49 *
Agricultural Produce	29·2	23·7	52·9	47·1	16·65 *
Forest Produce .	45·5	·9	54·5	45·5	2·2 *
Animals and Produce	58·2	16·6	74·8	25·2	13·81 *
Fisheries . . .	17·3	12·0	29·5	70·5	1·45 *
Manufactures . .	·8	42·2	43·	57·	55·4 *
Total . . .	16·2	31·3	47·5	52·5	100·00

* These figures denote the percentages which each group bears to the total imports.

The total exports of the principal parts of the Empire here under survey amount to 460½ million pounds, whereas the total imports of the same areas were shown to amount to 685½ million pounds. At the first glance it would appear that if

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

all the requirements of the Empire were supplied from within, there would still remain about 225 million pounds' worth to be supplied from without, *i.e.*, from foreign countries, and that the present requirements of the Empire, as measured by its imports, thus exceed the present exporting power of the Empire as measured by its exports by nearly 50 per cent. This difference is, of course, largely made up of what is generally called "invisible exports," *i.e.*, services of British shipping engaged in foreign carrying trade, returns on British capital employed abroad, and so forth. The excess of imports in the case of the United Kingdom alone amount to upwards of 180 million pounds, thus accounting for no less than 80 per cent. of the total excess shown above.

On closer examination it becomes abundantly clear that in comparing imports with exports in this crude manner an important error is committed, and a statistical fallacy perpetuated. In passing from one point to another goods appreciate in value according to the amount of expenditure involved in bringing about such a transference. The figures compared are dissimilar inasmuch as the value of the goods exported represent the values f.o.b. at the port of shipment, and these appear subsequently, in whole or in part, as imports whose value has appreciated in proportion to the services rendered.

The approximate correction which must be made (for the absence of accurate data make anything nearer than an approximation impossible) may be based on the figures given in the first "Fiscal Blue Book" (cd. 1761, p. 100), for the total exports and imports of all the countries of the world in the years 1891, 1896, and 1901. The average amount of world exports and imports for those years is 2013 million pounds and 2254 million pounds respectively, the appreciation in value thus being about 241 million pounds or 12 per cent. The character and distribution of the world's trade bear so close a resemblance to the character and distribution of British Imperial trade that it will not be regarded as unreasonable if this figure were adopted as representing the approximate increase in total

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

value of Imperial exports by the time they reach their destinations.

It would not, however, be judicious for the purpose which the present article has in view to apply this percentage indiscriminately as a correction to the different groups of commodities which are the objects of Imperial and foreign trade. The expenses of distribution must be considerably higher for articles of comparatively large bulk and low value than for others of comparatively small bulk and high value. After careful consideration of the returns relating to the trade of this country with different regions of the world, with the details of which it is unnecessary to overload this article, I believe it is approximately correct to assume that the average cost of distribution of manufactures may be taken as 5 per cent., and for all other goods at 20 per cent. An examination of the ruling freight rates in recent years, published in the new "Fiscal Blue Book," will show that these percentages are probably well within the mark.

On this basis I have recalculated the figures in the first table on p. 53 to show the estimated values of the several groups of articles by the time they have reached their several destinations:

ESTIMATED VALUE OF EXPORTS FROM UNITED KINGDOM, INDIA, CANADA, SOUTH AFRICA AND AUSTRALASIA, AT THEIR SEVERAL DESTINATIONS (IN MILLION POUNDS).

——	To United Kingdom.	To Rest of Empire.	Total Imperial.	To Foreign Countries.	Total to all Countries.
Mineral Produce .	8·9	7·4	16·3	41·8	58·1
Agricultural Produce	26·9	21·8	48·7	43·3	92·0
Forest Produce .	5·5	1·1	6·6	5·5	12·1
Animals and Produce	44·5	12·7	57·2	19·2	76·4
Fisheries . . .	1·4	1·0	2·4	5·6	8·0
Manufactures . .	2·0	113·0	115·0	152·9	267·9
Total . . .	89·2	157·0	246·2	268·3	514·5

Here now we have the details for a more accurate comparison

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of the present "requirements" as measured by imports, and of present power to satisfy those requirements as measured by exports, and it is seen that the former exceed the latter by 171 million pounds or by about 33 per cent. of the present exporting power instead of 50 per cent. as appeared from the uncorrected figures.

I would here once more endeavour to remove the far too prevalent error that the elimination of all trading with foreign countries is either contemplated or desired. Such a scheme is not possible or even conceivable under any practical or truly advantageous conditions. Considerable amounts of British capital are invested in foreign countries, the interest on, and redemption of which account to a great extent for the figure at which imports from foreign countries at present stand. No forced realisation of these investments would be, or could be, contemplated. As, however, colonial production and wealth develops, and inter-Imperial trade expands, matters will adjust themselves inevitably in such a way that foreign indebtedness will be in part liquidated automatically through colonial trade channels, and to that extent inter-Imperial will replace foreign trade. Varied, moreover, as are the natural resources of the British Empire, and the degrees of agricultural and industrial skill to which its peoples have attained or will attain, there must always remain a margin of its requirements which could not be effectually satisfied except by foreign countries. For instance, manufactures of some special quality or design, wines of particular vintages, and tobaccos of particular crops it would probably be impossible to replace by similar products from within the Empire. However costly and rare they might become—perhaps, even, because of these qualities—a regular demand for them will continue and persevere so long as those who want them can pay for them.

MINERAL PRODUCTS.

An examination of the corrected table given above, and a comparison with the corresponding import table given in the

Google

previous article, shows that the only important class of products in which the exports exceed the imports is that of minerals. The total imports of minerals into the Empire amount to rather less than 20 million pounds, whereas the total exports are estimated to be worth some 58 million pounds by the time they reach their destinations. The figures further show that, whereas the present imports of minerals into the Empire from foreign countries amount to about 18·8 million pounds worth, the exports to countries outside the Empire are estimated at 41·8 million pounds (c.i.f.). An excess of this kind and magnitude is a two-fold advantage, for it may serve in part as a means of exchange within the Empire for products not yet sufficiently developed, and in part also in payment of foreign products, the import of which into the Empire it is, as already stated, neither intended nor expected to prevent. Matters stand thus, then, in regard to minerals, so far as the present is concerned; how about the future?

Coal.—There appears to be good reason to affirm that coal production could be developed within the Empire to an almost indefinite extent for an almost indefinite time to come. The Report recently issued by the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies shows that in Great Britain alone there still remains a workable store of 101,000,000,000 tons in seams not less than one foot thick, and at depths not exceeding 4000 feet. Canada is in this, as in other respects, a worthy daughter of her mother. The area of the various Nova Scotian fields are given by the Hon. Robert Drummond as aggregating 684,880 acres, containing 7813·8 million tons of coal. In addition to this the Sydney coalfields (Cape Breton) extend in enormous wealth under the sea. Experts calculate that there are 1866 million tons of coal under the ocean floor (where the mines have been proved perfectly workable) within three miles from the shore. Mr. Drummond "hazards an opinion" that "there are 10,000 million tons of coal yet to be won in Nova Scotia downwards." All this coal is of excellent quality, especially that under the ocean floor. It may also be observed paren-

Google

thetically that the national value of the Nova Scotian coalfields is enhanced by the fact that they must prove to be an invaluable source of supply for the Imperial and the mercantile navies. They are the only coal deposits on the Atlantic coasts of North and South America, all the United States coalfields lying some three to four hundred miles from the seaboard. The Vancouver deposits possess the same characteristic advantage in regard to the Pacific coast, the South Californian and Chilian coals being of a quality unsuitable for steamers. Vast coalfields also exist in New Brunswick, British Columbia, and the North-West Territories, estimated at about 22,750 million tons for the two former alone. This coal, it is true, is of a relatively inferior quality, but will be nevertheless of great use and value in the interior development of the Dominion.

In Australasia and New Zealand an enormous amount of exploration remains to be done, but the known figures [1] already reach an extraordinary level. Leaving out of account the smaller fields estimated to contain some million tons, we may cite the authority of Mr. Jack, formerly Government Geologist of Queensland, who estimates that the coal measures of West Australia at present practically unexplored extend over an area of 24,000 square miles, and recall Mr. Pittman's account of the coalfields of New South Wales,[2] the area of which is estimated to be 16,550 square miles, containing 115,847 million tons of fuel, a larger quantity than that available in the whole accessible unworked coal area of the United Kingdom. Moreover, in India and in South Africa there are extensive deposits of coal, some of which is of excellent quality and suitable for steam-raising.

With such figures before us there can be no reason for doubting that, despite the present high rate of extraction of coal from the British coalfields, there remain still unworked and undeveloped immense beds of coal in every part of the Empire together largely exceeding in quantity, and some, at

[1] "A Statistical Account of Australasia and New Zealand." Coghlan.

[2] "Mineral Resources of New South Wales." E. F. Pittman.

Google

least, equalling in quality, our home coal, and that we thus have in our Imperial coal deposits a store of wealth for trade exchange largely in excess of any calls that may be made upon it for long ages to come.

Iron.—Next only to coal in its importance to the industrial prosperity of the British Empire is iron. Some thirty years ago nearly the whole of the iron ore smelted in British furnaces was mined in this country. The discovery of large beds of ore in Spain, Sweden, and Greece, of good quality and having a high percentage of iron, has led, to an annually increasing extent, to the importation of ore from those countries. There still remain, however, enormous reserves of low grade iron in Yorkshire and in various parts of the Midlands which can and will be utilised as soon as the relative exhaustion of the richer ores makes it economically possible. As far back as 1850 the reserve of ironstone-lands in the Cleveland Hills was estimated to contain from 4000 to 5000 million tons of iron. Since that date the quantity worked has been less than 250 million tons. Mr. J. Stephen Jeans, Secretary of the British Iron Trade Association, in the course of his evidence before the Tariff Commission,[1] stated that he thought "the great bulk of the remainder will probably never defray the cost of working," but he admitted that "this was a question that must be judged in relation to other circumstances, of which at present it is only possible to form a very imperfect idea." Other districts of Great Britain are rich in contents of low-grade ores, the working of which has been reduced for the present by the better quality imported ores.

The available information as to iron ore in other parts of the Empire, whether with reference to present production or to possible future development is unfortunately meagre and vague. Production, at present, appears nowhere to be of any great importance, the total British production of iron ore in 1900 having been about one-eighth of the world's production. It is, however, well ascertained that immense ferruginous

[1] Iron and Steel Trades (Tariff Commission Report, vol. i. par. 940).

Google

deposits of great commercial value exist in Canada and Australasia.

Gold.[1]—The gold production of the Empire largely exceeds that of the rest of the world. In 1899, just before the South African War, the value of the world's production, according to a Canadian official return, was valued at about 62½ million pounds. Of this no less than 38 million pounds worth, or 61 per cent., was mined in British territory. The Australian production was valued at about 16 million pounds; that of British Africa at nearly 15 million pounds; while Canada produced over 4 million pounds worth. Some figures published in a recent number of the *Economist* show that in the past year the African production has attained its former level, and the British production once more exceeds 60 per cent. of that of the world. How long the present sources of supply may continue to be depended on is not known, but it is certain that should these become exhausted in the future other mines are only waiting to be prospected and developed in various parts of the Empire. To take one instance, I may quote from Lord Strathcona as saying: "In Ontario . . . the gold industry is expected to become an important one in the district north of Lake Superior, and in the country between that great freshwater sea and the Lake of the Woods."[2] And again, "the districts over which the auriferous rocks extend cover an area of many thousands of square miles." This gold is "free-milling," and can be dealt with comparatively cheaply. British West Africa, also, has not yet taken its proper position as a gold-producing area, but it need scarcely be doubted that the difficulties attending the industry in that region will ultimately be overcome.

Silver.—The present silver production of the Empire bears

[1] Since this article has been in the press, an interesting and valuable account of the gold production of the British Empire, as compared with the rest of the world, has appeared in the *Times* Commercial Supplement of February 13.

[2] "British Empire Series," vol. iii., "British America," p. 45.

Google

a comparatively small proportion to the total world's production. In the same return, referred to above, the value of the silver produced in the Empire in 1899 was about 4½ million pounds, or about 11 per cent. of the world's production, valued at 44 millions sterling. The only regions outside the United Kingdom where silver is at present mined are Australia (£3,500,000) and Canada (£900,000).

Other Metals.—The British production of copper, tin, and lead in 1900 compared with the rest of the world was as follows:

	British Empire. (Tons.)	Rest of World. (Tons.)	Whole World. (Tons.)
Copper . .	45,000 ...	478,000 ...	523,000
Tin . . .	52,000 ...	27,000 ...	79,000
Lead . . .	72,000 ...	718,000 ...	790,000

Only in the case of tin does the British production exceed that of the rest of the world. This is the more strange inasmuch as large deposits of copper are known to exist in Canada (Ontario) and in New South Wales. According to Mr. Jeans, the copper resources of Canada are at least as valuable and abundant as those of iron.[1] It can only be explained by the fact that these areas are at present comparatively undeveloped, without cheap transport or means of communication, and that when these defects are remedied attention will be turned in this direction.

Enough has been said on the subject of minerals to show that for a very long time to come, and even allowing for a considerable increase in the population and a rise in the average standard of comfort, the Empire will, on the whole, show an excess of mineral exports over imports. If need be, and if it were at all desirable, there is no important mineral which could not be raised on British territory in quantity and at a price sufficient to satisfy all its demands. As it is, the next few years are likely to witness a considerable acceleration in the rate at which the mines will be exploited and worked to the common advantage of the whole British race.

[1] "Canadian Resources and Possibilities" (1904), p. 161.

Google

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The term "agricultural products" is here used in the widest possible sense to include all those products of the land which it yields up periodically, at long or short intervals, as the result of careful cultivation. It will thus include, in addition to grain, fruit and vegetables, such articles as tea and coffee and tobacco, as also cotton and flax. The question to be answered is, therefore, how far can the resources of the Colonies be relied on to supply the present and future needs of the Empire? The answer is possible only after a careful examination of the extent of the leeway which is to be made up. Some approximate notion of it may be gained from an examination of the following table giving the principal items of agricultural produce imported and exported, into and from the main portions of the Empire here dealt with.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF PRINCIPAL ITEMS OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE INTO AND FROM THE PRINCIPAL DIVISIONS OF THE EMPIRE (IN MILLION POUNDS)

—	Imports (c.i.f.)			Exports (f.o.b.)		
	From the Empire.	From Frgn Countries.	Total.	To the Empire.	To Foreign Countries.	Total.
Grain and Flour .	15·4	59·4	74·8	18·4	10·0	28·4
Fruits, Vegetables, and Spices . .	5·2	16·9	22·1	2·6	1·6	4·2
Hay, Fodder, &c. .	5·8	10·1	15·9	2·5	1·5	4·0
Tea	10·3	1·4	11·7	5·1	1·8	6·9
Coffee . . .	·6	2·6	3·2	·7	1·3	2·0
Sugar . . .	6·0	22·0	28·0	1·6	·4	2·0
Tobacco . . .	1·9	7·2	9·1	1·1	·3	1·4
Raw Cotton . .	·6	41·7	42·4	·7	6·3	7·0

The summary table at the end of the previous article showed that the imported requirements of agricultural products of the principal portions of the Empire amounted to 208 million pounds. This was derived to the extent of 51·9 million pounds worth from within the Empire and of

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

151·1 million pounds from without. The exports of the same areas are shown in the present article to be worth 76·7 million pounds free on board and 92 million pounds when insurance and freights are added to the original cost. About 53 per cent. only of this total was directed within the Empire, the remaining 47 per cent. being exported to foreign countries. It should be noted that the comparison of agricultural products, here made, suffers more than any of the other groups from the practical limits which had to be set to the present investigation. The exports of the other portions of the Empire, which have not been specifically dealt with, consist mainly of agricultural products, and the "showing" would, therefore, have been much better if it had been possible to deal with the whole Empire instead of but a part.

This difficulty is immediately apparent on examination of the details of the principal items on previous page. The item "tea" shows on the import side the value of 11·7 million pounds, of which 10·8 million pounds is Imperial. On the export side, we get a total of 6·9 million pounds, of which 5·1 million pounds is directed to within the Empire. The apparent discrepancy between these two sets of figures is almost entirely due to the exclusion of Ceylon, whose exports of tea alone were valued at 8·6 million pounds in 1902, nearly the whole of which was sent to the various parts of the Empire. For the purposes of this discussion it will be advisable, therefore, to turn to the import figures to see how far we depend on extra-Imperial sources for the supplies of agricultural products, and to the export figures to show in what proportion the present available supplies are directed to foreign countries and might be diverted to supply British needs.

Grain and Flour.—By far the most important item in this table, from the criterion of value, is that of grain and flour. Out of a total importation valued at 74·8 million pounds, the value of the British supply was 15·4 million pounds, or 24·4 per cent. The present surplus production available for export is valued at 28·4 million pounds, of which only 18·4 million pounds

Google

is sent to British countries. Thus the available supply, if diverted entirely to British countries, would be increased by about 55 per cent., and applying this percentage to the 15·4 million pounds, seen to have been imported, we get 28·9 million pounds as the possible value of imports of grain and flour from the Colonies at the present time. This still leaves a balance of 50·9 million pounds worth to be made up. Can the resources of the Empire be developed sufficiently rapidly to provide this deficiency at an early date by the increase of their production? In other words, can the Colonies increase their production to such an extent that the surplus available for exportation may be worth, at present prices, about 74·8 million pounds?

To deal with this question concisely and effectively, we may for all practical purposes assume that the whole of this importation is one of wheat. The partition of the land required among the various classes of cereals—barley, maize, oats, &c.—may be left to the farmer whose duty it is to supply the demands of his customer. Now the question arises how much wheat will 74·8 million pounds pay for? The average price of imported wheat in the last few years is returned by the Board of Trade at 6*s.* 9*d.* per cwt., which at the rate of 60 lbs. per bushel is equivalent to a price of 8*s.* 8*d.* per bushel. A simple calculation will show that the above sum represents an equivalent in wheat, of all classes of grain and cereals, of almost exactly 400 million bushels.[1] In the case of Canada the average yield of wheat per acre during the six years 1898–1903 was nearly 19 bushels per acre. In good years this figure has been considerably exceeded: in 1901 it was 25·87 bushels, and in 1902 it was 22·80 bushels per acre. Taking the good years with the bad, the figure of 19 bushels per acre is probably well on the safe side. It would thus

[1] The reader is warned against comparing this quantity with the present *wheat* production of the Empire. If a comparison of this kind is made, it should be with the total grain production, since the above is the approximate equivalent in wheat of the total grain imports.

Google

appear that in order to produce 400 million bushels for export, no less than 21,000,000 acres must be suitable for corn growing. This might appear a very large figure, but when it is remembered that the area under wheat, barley, oats, and maize is about 170,000,000 acres in the United States, and rather more than this in Russia, and when impartial official estimates are consulted, it will be found, in fact, to be of quite moderate and manageable dimensions. Thus, Mr. Geo. Johnston, the Official Statistician of the Canadian Government, points out in a recent article in *Bradstreet's* (New York) that the available area in the four provinces of Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, and the North-West Territories is 777 million acres. There is thus a very large margin for selecting the 21 million acres required. This view is fully confirmed by a United States Government Report on Canadian Agricultural Sources [1] published in 1902.

> The area of land in the district adapted to the production of wheat is over 350 million acres, and it is safe to say that 250 million of these acres are of unsurpassed fertility and have climatic conditions favourable to the production of the best grades. Less than 2 per cent. of this available wheat area is now under cultivation, but the tide of immigration has turned this way, and the next few years will see much of this land turned into wheat-fields, and an enormous amount produced for export. Taking the average yield for this country during the last twenty years, a crop from all the wheat-land in the district tributary to Winnipeg would produce more than the entire world's consumption for one year.

It is not in Canada only, however, that we may look for the supply of grain. We may confidently look both to Australasia and to India to take an increasing share in the exportation of cereals to the various parts of the Empire. In 1903 India produced 294 million bushels of wheat, and exported nearly 50 million bushels to the United Kingdom alone. Australasia also, having recovered from the severe drought of the previous year, produced 82 million bushels of

[1] "Commercial Relations of the United States with Foreign Countries during 1901." Washington, 1902. Vol. i. p. 340.

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

wheat in the last season, and exported to this country alone about 19 million bushels. Thus, by relying upon British resources for the supply of cereals, there is no suspicion of desiring to put our eggs all in one basket. The three divisions here mentioned cover so wide an area that it is in the highest degree improbable that their ability to supply the various British markets is likely to be curtailed or restricted by any of those unfortunate "visitations of Providence" against which the agriculturist in all climes and at all times has to contend.

An additional word as to Australia may not be out of place. When reviewing the cereal resources of the Colonies, there is an inclination to take Canada only into account and to forget Australia altogether. There is good reason for believing that the Australian resources are hardly less valuable, or ultimately less capable of supplying the distant British market than those of Canada. Out of a total area of over 8,000,000 square miles, the area under various kinds of crops in Australasia in 1903–4 was 11,000,000 acres. This is only just over ½ per cent. of the total area. It is inconceivable that if necessary, and if the conditions were otherwise favourable, that the agricultural area could not be increased to 20, 50, or even 100 times its present figure. By the development of the irrigation areas, increasing the number of artesian bores, wisely building up its railway system, and encouraging instead of discouraging immigration, it appears certain that Australasia could become a most valuable source for supplying Imperial markets, especially in certain of the better classes of cereals.

Cotton.—The next most important item of agricultural produce is that of raw cotton. Of a total importation into the principal parts of the Empire valued at 42·4 million pounds, no less than 41·8 million pounds worth came from foreign countries. It may be noted that the total exports of raw cotton from the same countries were valued at 7·0 million pounds (f.o.b.), of which no less than 6·3 million pounds

Google

worth was sent to foreign countries. Even when allowance is made for the value of the Egyptian cotton, which for reasons adduced in the previous article might be regarded as a British or semi-British product, there would still remain an immense amount to be made up. The difficulty is still further increased by the need of cotton of certain special kinds, for which it is difficult, and in some cases impossible, to find a substitute. The attempts which are being made by the body of expert cotton manufacturers, comprised in the British Cotton Growing Association, demonstrates that they at least regard the attempt which is being made to develop Imperial sources for the production of this vitally important raw material as practicable. Central and West Africa are the regions in which extensive experiments are being at present carried on, and if they prove successful it cannot be doubted that means will be found to convey the cotton from the distant fields to Great Britain at a price which will compete effectively with American cotton. At the same time it may be noted that large areas are being turned to cotton-growing in the West Indies, Natal, and Queensland, some of which at least are sure to meet with success.

Sugar.—The total production of the world in the year 1908–4 was 10¼ million tons, of which 4¼ millions were produced from cane, and six millions from beet. The total British imports amounted approximately to 1·6 million tons, and British production to 0·685 million tons only. There is here, therefore, an immense leeway to be made up, and for the present it is clear that sugar must be one of those commodities which the Empire must import from foreign countries. At the same time there are great areas admirably suited for cane-growing—in, for instance, Australasia and Polynesia, British India, South Africa, the Zambesi Valley—besides those portions of the Empire where that industry already flourishes. The signal disadvantage at which the cultivation of sugar-cane has been carried on for the last quarter of a century, owing to the exaggerated protection of beet-cultivation, having

Google

now been to a large extent removed, it may fairly be predicted that British sugar-cultivation will rapidly expand.

FOREST PRODUCE.

Under this class is comprised every kind of timber in whatever form, and all derivations therefrom, such, for instance, as wood-pulp. The total imports into and exports from the portions of the Empire dealt with in the tables which have been given were 45·2 million pounds worth, and (in the corrected form) 12·1 million pounds worth respectively, the requirements thus exceeding the exporting capacity by some 33 million pounds. Foreign countries absorbed 5·5 million pounds worth, or about 55 per cent., no small margin of supply being thus left with which to satisfy Imperial requirements under the impetus of expanding inter-Imperial trade. The United Kingdom alone imported upwards of 27 million pounds worth, while the quantity we exported, if there were any, was so small that it is not mentioned in the statistical returns. The requirements of the Mother Country account therefore for a very large proportion of the difference between the exports and the imports. It is stated that for certain purposes colonial timber is less well suited than that obtained from Russia and Scandinavia, but I can find no data which gives even an approximate idea of the proportion which the Northern European timber requisite for these purposes may bear to the total quantities of timber imported. It is not uninteresting, however, to observe that Canadian timber is imported into the United States for those very purposes for which Baltic timber is preferred in this country, and that before the old "Colonial system" was abolished Canadian timber supplied the wants of the Mother Country to the almost complete exclusion of Baltic timber, a fact which acted very detrimentally on the farming industry in the North American Colonies, as is well brought out in Professor Davidson's interesting work, "Commercial Federation and Colonial Trade Policy." While, again, it is certain that under any

Google

conceivable practical scheme of commercial federation in modern times no such detrimental effect would follow,[1] there remain in the Dominion vast untouched forest lands which may possibly supply any particular quality of timber which may be required, and which form in any case a practically inexhaustible supply of raw material, not only for the British Empire, but for all timber-importing countries outside it. The forest area is estimated at 1248·8 thousand square miles (about one-fifth more than the total area of British India)—a vast store of forest wealth of which the great and long-established lumber trade of Canada has surely touched more than the fringe. No other part of the Empire can show such figures as this. Nevertheless, there is a wealth of forest lands in Australasia producing not only the commoner forms of timber, but abounding in hard and precious woods of various kinds, which cover many millions of acres. In both the Dominion and Australasia lack of hands to work and want of cheap means of freight are largely the cause of the relatively insignificant present supply of timber within the Empire, which, by systematic development of its resources, could not only satisfy its own requirements for an immeasurable time, but would find vast further means of exchange with foreign countries.

ANIMALS AND THEIR PRODUCE

The principal items included under this head are meats of all kinds, wool, and hides, and my examination of the potential resources of the Empire will be confined to these. It has been shown that the total value of the exports of this group for the principal divisions of the Empire was 68·7 million pounds (f.o.b.), and estimated to be equivalent to about 76·4 million pounds (c.i.f.). This compares to a total requirement, as shown in the previous article, of 122·4 million pounds. Thus the present available supply, even if entirely diverted to the Empire, falls short of the requirements by nearly 40 per

[1] *Cf.* "Imperial Fiscal Reform." Edward Arnold. P. 252.

Digitized by Google

cent. The principal detailed items, and the present value of the respective imports and exports are, as before, given in the following table:

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF PRINCIPAL ITEMS OF ANIMALS AND THEIR PRODUCE INTO AND FROM THE PRINCIPAL DIVISIONS OF THE EMPIRE (IN MILLION POUNDS).

	Imports (c.i.f.)			Exports (f.o b.)		
	Imperial.	Foreign.	Total.	Imperial.	Foreign.	Total.
Meats (live and dead)	15·3	43·1	58·4	14·5	2·3	16·8
Dairy Produce . .	10·2	26·7	36·9	10·1	·4	10·5
Wool (raw)* . .	19·6	5·4	25·0	14·1	5·4	19·5
Leather, Hides, Skins	8·4	15·6	24·0	5·5	9·4	14·9

* Including tops, noils, and waste.

Meat and Dairy Produce.—Out of a total importation of meats of all kinds, and including both live and dead meat, valued at 58·4 million pounds, the contribution of the Empire reaches a total of 15·3 million pounds only. The available Imperial supply does not appear to exceed this figure to any noticeable extent, and we may without appreciable error take the value by which the present supply falls short of the total requirements as nearly 40 million pounds. This means that for the Empire to be capable of supplying itself with all its meat requirements, the present exportable surplus must be increased from 16·8 million pounds (f.o.b.), or about 20 million pounds (c.i.f.) to 58·4 million pounds (c.i.f.), or by nearly 200 per cent. This is singularly near in amount to the figure reached in the previous section for the required increase in the grain production under similar conditions. This result might, of course, have been anticipated, since the farming of crops and the raising of stock are, generally, carried on side by side, and the production of the one class bears some constant relation to the production of the other. Exactly the same conclusion is arrived at when the figures for dairy produce (butter, cheese and eggs) are examined. Again, we find the total requirements to exceed considerably the present available supplies of the Empire, and again that deficiency to be made

Digitized by Google

good represents an increase to the extent of about 200 per cent. on the present Imperial productivity.

These facts make it clear that if the further development of the Imperial resources with regard to grain crops should take place along the lines of present cultivation; if the opening up of new lands for corn cultivation be accompanied by a proportionate increase in the number of cattle, sheep and pigs raised on this land—the problem of production to the required extent is at once solved. No new problem of distribution—so important a factor in connection with successful transport of perishables like meat and dairy produce—need arise.

The systems of cold-storage now in use have reached such a degree of perfection that there is little or no danger of any advantage remaining to foreign production by the superior condition of the meats on arrival at their destinations. This is a consideration of the utmost importance in view of the fact that the Imperial sources of supply are on the whole further from their markets than the present ones. While the United States and Canada are equally well situated with respect to Great Britain, the Australian Colonies are less well placed than, say, the Argentine Republic. Where, as in the case of such goods as are being here considered, the question of time is of so much greater importance than distance, it may be admitted that, on paper at least, foreign countries have an economic advantage for supplying the British market. The question, however, is not one of time or distance, but the state of preservation in which the goods reach the market at which they are finally disposed of, and this it is which must in the end dominate the conditions of supply, price and quality being considerations which are subordinated to this main one.

The number of cattle, sheep and pigs in the Argentine Republic, United States of America, and Denmark—the three foreign countries from which the imported supplies of meat in this country are obtained—was, according to the latest available figures, 85, 127 and 49 million head respectively. This compares with the figures for Australia, New Zealand and Canada,

Google

the present main Imperial sources, of 18, 94 and 8 millions respectively. Having regard to the fact that by far the most important market to the United States farmer is his own, with a population of 80 millions, it is clear that the lines of expansion must take place mainly in the direction of a considerable increase in the number of cattle and pigs to be fed in the Colonies. It is in these items that the predominance of the foreign countries is found to be greatest. A further point to be considered is that an increase in the number of cattle may be expected also to increase in similar measure the amount of butter and cheese made. So closely does every article of agricultural produce hang together, that the development of one appears almost inevitably to bring about just the required development of the other.

Wool.—The "requirements" of the Empire in this respect amount to about 24 million pounds, while the present Colonial exports average about 22 million pounds. Those from Australasia are 33 per cent. lower than the maximum attained in 1895, and from the Cape 45 per cent. lower than the maximum reached in 1891. So far, at any rate, as Australasia is concerned, it may confidently be expected that, with the advance of scientific irrigation already alluded to, the previous maximum will not only be attained but be passed as an average, while it is maintained by our home wool importers that it is not in amount but in quality that the Cape product falls behind, and that the quality would be excellent if proper methods of shearing and packing were adopted. It is reasonable, then, to regard it as certain that within quite a limited time the Empire will produce all it needs for itself, and leave a surplus for exchange with foreign countries.

Leather, Hides and Skins, of which the present Imperial requirements are 24 million pounds, and present Imperial supply (c.i.f.) 17·9 million pounds, thus show a deficiency of 6·1 million pounds, or about 25 per cent. It is unnecessary to deal with this item separately from those treated above, for the supply must vary directly with the number of animals reared.

Google

MANUFACTURES.

Considerations of space, the fact that Fisheries, interesting and important to some parts of the Empire as the industry is, form a relatively insignificant item in the large general total, and further, that the total exports (c.i.f.) are already more than twice as large as the imports (8 million pounds against 3·9 millions), may, I hope, excuse me for avoiding any further detailed mention of them, and for passing at once to "Manufactures." The total imports of this class into the main portions of the Empire selected for examination were 291·3 million pounds worth, and the total exports from them 267·9 millions (c.i.f.), of which the United Kingdom alone was responsible for 240 millions or 91 per cent. The increase of exports requisite to bring up their value to the level of that of the imports is relatively small—(only 8½ per cent.)—so that if even the present exporting power of the Empire were directed within itself it could very nearly satisfy its own requirements. The total diversion is neither desirable nor necessary, in the first place because, as already stated, a cessation of foreign trade is out of the question, and in the next because there is already room for development of the manufacturing industries of, at any rate, the United Kingdom, but assuredly also of all other parts of the Empire, which, even were such a diversion to be relatively small, would still leave sufficient margin for the growth of inter-Imperial exchange as well as of trade with other parts of the world. It is self-evident, seeing the condition of the labour market in this country, and the "dismal thirteen millions" to which allusion has already been made in the previous article, that no scarcity of labour need be feared. Nor is there any need to consider the contingency of lack of sufficient capital. The accumulated wealth of the United Kingdom is enormous, and could provide ample means for the development of all manufacturing and other industrial enterprise, whether within itself or in other parts of the Empire were there more security for the former class of investment

Google

and more encouragement for the latter. What is wanting is national organisation for national ends—the far-seeing commercial and national policy of which the establishment of the German Zollverein affords the pre-eminent example. I am very far from saying that we should attempt slavishly to follow that precedent: the two sets of conditions are widely different. But we should grasp the fact that in national development there are considerations to be taken into account other than the rigid adherence to a system of political economy based on theories which do not, as a matter of fact, correspond with the real conditions of the world in which we live. The transference of a part of our national industries to foreign countries is a symptom we should deplore, and for which we should at once find remedies, instead of accepting it as inevitable, and endeavouring to persuade ourselves that anything is better than a departure from principles which no people in the world but ourselves have admitted as a practical working national policy. In the same way no risk of either economic or political disadvantage would exist if material encouragement were afforded to the development of other parts of the Empire, which would call forth additional manufacturing enterprise in the Mother Country. Capital, labour, materials, all are abundant; all that is required is an organised national system.

CONCLUSION.

From the facts and figures which have been adduced in this article and that which preceded it, the broad fact stands prominently out that while in two classes of commodities (Minerals and Fisheries) the exports of the main portions of the Empire exceed their imports, in each of the other four classes the reverse is the case, the main excess of imports being, as was to be expected, in the class "Agricultural Produce." Bearing in mind the observations made upon "Forest Produce" and "Manufactures," and the close interdependence above pointed out of "Animals and Produce" and "Agricul-

Google

tural Produce," it may be stated without exaggeration that upon the development of the latter must depend the future history of inter-Imperial trade. That the latent productive capacity of the Empire in the matter of agricultural (and therefore of animal) produce is so immense that the present production could be increased by vastly more than the 200 per cent. indicated as necessary to satisfy all the requirements of the Empire, will not be contested by any one who has con sidered impartially the section dealing with this class.[1] Indeed we have here a further margin, in addition to that afforded by minerals, which could provide payment for countless ages to come, of any other classes of imports which the Empire may purchase from the rest of the world, without taking into consideration the great manufacturing development which must inevitably take place concurrently, and which would augment still more our means of trade-exchange with non-British countries, in so far as we should find this to our advantage. While, however, this admission may be made ungrudgingly, it may still be questioned whether the development of Imperial resources at a rate more rapid than that which would occur eventually, in any case, as present extra-Imperial sources of supply grow more exiguous, would be advantageous to the Empire as a whole or not. Some method of encouraging that development must here be assumed, and since the method of preferential treatment proposed by Mr. Chamberlain holds the field alone in the United Kingdom, and is that which is unanimously favoured by the great groups of Colonies, and with certain limitations apparently by India also, it is advisable to assume that. It is a hotly disputed point whether or no the cost of production in the United Kingdom would be thereby raised. If this point be removed from the disturbing influence of partisan politics, and discussed dispassionately in the dry light of economics only, it may probably be conceded that the cost of production in this country will not rise. The contrary

[1] *Cf.*, for instance, the extract from the United States Government Report, on p. 14.

Digitized by Google

is persistently stated and argued on public platforms, sometimes for purely party ends, sometimes from a genuine fear of what is looked upon as a leap in the dark, and of those pernicious moral results which are believed invariably to attend a protective system.

Without stopping to examine this question—a thorough discussion of which would occupy well-nigh a whole number of this Review—it will probably be admitted without difficulty that under the Chamberlain scheme, which is a mixture of light import duties and free imports, even if there were a rise in the cost of production it would be so insignificant as to be almost negligible, and as compared with that which, according to the tenets of free importers, ought to be the result of a highly protective system, such, for instance, as the German, entirely so. In other words, from the standpoint of commercial output and of competitive trade the United Kingdom would lie under no more disadvantage on that account than at present, whether in the home, in protected, or in neutral markets. On the other hand, the advantages which would accrue to us are undoubted. In the first place there would be a great extension of sources of supply. The conception of those who are opposed to the preferential scheme seems to be that, were it adopted, there would be a sudden stoppage of all foreign supplies, and that Imperial sources alone would be left available; a comparison is drawn between the *present* respective foreign and Imperial productive capacities, and it is dismally foretold that we should be landed in disaster. Such a conception is, of course, false. There must be a transitional stage, more or less protracted. The development of our great Imperial estates must necessarily take place gradually, even if encouraged, and meanwhile foreign countries must continue to ship their surplus produce to us. During this transitional stage, at any rate, it must be conceded that the sources of supply will be more extensive and more varied. Assuming—it is a very large assumption—that the preferential scheme is so effective that ultimately no foreign supplies whatever reach

Google

the Mother Country, how would she stand then? It may be justly assumed, judging by the present rapid change in the character of the exports of the United States, that by that time that particular source of supply will be in any case virtually lost to her, at any rate in the matter of the principal commodities falling under the class "Agriculture and Produce"; and that is a very important element in the case. If, then, those parts of the world which are "printed red" be impartially observed, with their huge potential productive areas and their respective positions on the map of the world; if it be considered how inconceivable it is that a scarcity of production can be anything more than comparatively local even within the borders of any one of the greater of them—it must be admitted that at the worst the Mother Country will be, at any rate, no worse off with respect to variety of sources of supply than she is now; not at the worst, but at a reasonable estimate, she would be distinctly better off in that, with vast areas in all four quarters of the world under actual or easily possible cultivation, any likelihood of serious fluctuation in prices to her disadvantage would be much more remote than now.

In the next place the character of her oversea trade would be modified to her advantage in the sense that the exchange with the other parts of the Empire would be one of manufactured products on her side for products of the extractive industries on theirs. It is not contested by any reasonable man, whether free importer or fiscal reformer, that the most advantageous economic development for any country is that which takes place along the lines for which it is naturally best suited. The opening up, settlement, and cultivation of the territories of almost boundless extent and natural fertility which exist at present as waste lands in various parts of the Empire will need all the energy and all the resources, whether of capital or of labour, whether of native or of immigrant population, that those parts have at their disposal or can obtain. There need here be no notion, as has been at times

Google

erroneously ascribed to Mr. Chamberlain and his supporters, of a forcible arrest of the development of colonial manufacturing industries. "Communities, no less than individuals, seek their interests where they can best be served,"[1] and since the British Imperial communities outside the United Kingdom would find their greatest advantage in the development of their extractive industries, it is to those that in far the greatest measure they would apply themselves. As a perfectly natural consequence they would provide for the Mother Country continually expanding and profitable markets for her manufactures; it may, indeed, be hazarded that, great as is the present demand per head for these in the "white" portions of the Empire, that demand would grow in direct proportion to the increase of white population which the development of their extractive industries must entail.

There occurs here a consideration of great, perhaps vital, importance, which, however, can only be barely touched upon since much time and space would be required to discuss it adequately. The recently published German commercial treaties appear to bear strong evidence that the practical carrying into effect of the threat that a Central European combination would be formed to combat "Anglo-Saxondom"—Great Britain and the United States—has commenced. Such provisions as those harmonising legislature in regard to the working classes, or unifying railway rates—such patent evasions of the "most-favoured-nation clause" as the "contiguous territory" stipulation, which appears at any rate in some treaties and may easily be extended to the others—show clearly that an ultimate extension of the Zollverein system over the whole of Central Europe is not merely an empty dream, and that even without it treaties may be elaborated which will be disastrous to our European trade. The answer to it is as clear as the day. The organisation of British Imperial trade on inter-Imperial lines would be followed by such an increase in the markets for British goods, as above

[1] *Cf.* "Imperial Fiscal Reform." Edward Arnold. Pp. 155 and 269.

Google

explained, that we could view the disappearance of our Central European customers with more than equanimity. It may be that this recent move on the part of Germany may render the most signal service to the British Empire by persuading our most "convinced free traders" that to combat organisation we must organise, and that to nullify the lethal effect of foreign protection on its own prosperity and progress the British nation must immediately protect itself.

What the advantage of an approach towards a "self-supporting Empire" would be to the great Daughter States of the Mother Country, and to her dependencies, has virtually been dealt with in the above discussion. In their fertile soils, in their vast hidden mineral supplies, in their immense tracts of forest lands, there lie sources of untold wealth waiting only to be turned to account: the workers they require for this purpose, and the best markets for that exchange which may turn potentialities into actualities are within the Empire of which they form part. If they could be brought to see it, as I have no doubt whatever that in course of time they will be, it is along lines of Imperial Free Trade that their wonderful possibilities could best be realised. That best being at present unattainable, let us content ourselves with a second best. Let us by every possible judicious means set ourselves to organise our Imperial resources and strength, to "concentrate—in the largest sense of the term—national energies in a national direction," so that, all men or women of British birth looking upon every part of the British Empire as the home country, every existing possible unit of British work may be contributing to British output. Thus the sum of British output shall be turned to the best advantage, whether in the production of mere wealth, or, what is at least as important, in the maintenance and increase of the power of the whole British race to fulfil its great civilising mission in the world.

V. Caillard.

Google

SOME PROBLEMS IN SALMON-FISHING

TO go salmon-fishing in the Highlands before Easter calls for some courage of a Spartan kind. Scotland stands high on the map, not very far, indeed, from the Arctic Circle. Just think of fishing there at a time of the year when even the Home Counties are still liable to the nip of frost and to showers of sleet! The thought is disquieting; but it is needlessly so. Although the best of the salmon rivers and lochs are far north, the mean temperature of their neighbourhoods during the early months of the year is not lower than that of England, where, in pursuit of jack and perch and roach and other "coarse" fish, thousands of men are out upon the waters every day from the beginning of autumn until the dawn of spring. Perhaps the belief that winter must be very rigorous in Scotland comes from knowledge that sometimes it is very rigorous in London. If Middlesex is cold, what must Perthshire or Sutherland be? That is the line of reasoning. It is not justified by the facts. Does the reader remember the wonderful description of the coming of a snow-storm in Doone Valley? Mr. Blackmore, who describes weather more minutely and more vividly than any other novelist, tells that for days during the great frost there was a strange boom in the still air. Only twice have I myself heard this mysterious sound, sign of temperature approaching zero; and one of the occasions was in London about ten years ago, when there was bearing ice on

Google

the Serpentine for six weeks. Besides, while the inland parts of England are just as liable to sharp frosts as Scotland is, a low temperature in the South is usually more telling on the nerves than a similar temperature in the North. In the South it is often accompanied by fog, which is moisture; and that makes it much more penetrating. One hears that in Canada it is possible to be quite comfortable with the mercury at zero, or even below. That is because there, as at St. Moritz, the atmosphere is comparatively dry. The atmosphere of our own Highlands is not so little saturated with moisture as that of Canada or that of the South of Europe; but certainly it seems to be much less so than that of the Midlands and the South of England. At any rate, it is quite possible to fish on a river or on a loch in Scotland without being much inconvenienced by the frost. Perhaps the nature of the occupation partly explains this phenomenon. Civilised man is subject to some strange illusions. In darkness, for example, he thinks he is smoking long after the tobacco in his pipe has ceased to burn. Blindfolded, he is as likely as not to be unable to tell a glass of port from a glass of sherry. These facts show that the palate is partly dependent upon the eyes. Similarly, it is more than possible that in the open air the sense of being cold may be due less to a low temperature than to boredom or to a sense that time is passing wastefully. When the mind is agreeably employed the nerves are astonishingly unconscious of chill airs.

Is this happy condition usual among the circumstances of salmon-angling early in the year? I think it is. Are the sportsmen on a loch as cosy as they would be at their own firesides what time the mountains close by are invisible in the blast of snow? I think they are. Oft expectation fails where most it cherisheth; but in angling, while the expectation is aglow the body is aglow as well. Sometimes, when the rains hold off unseasonably, one has not much hope of a river in the autumn; but at the beginning of the year clean-run salmon are almost certain to be found in their usual haunts. It is,

Google

therefore, at the earliest part of the season that the angler is best equipped against the slings and arrows of our climate. How, as regards the basket, is he like to fare? This question is perhaps best answered by a record of experience. A friend fished on Loch Tay a few days in a recent February. On the 5th he caught eight salmon, 28, 23, 23, 21, 20, 19, 18, and 16 lbs.; on the 6th, six salmon, 32, 20, 20, 18, 19, and 17 lbs.; on the 7th, four salmon, 20, 19, 23, and 18 lbs.; and on the 9th, six salmon, 32, 17, 22, 19, 21, and 17 lbs. His basket for the four days was 24 salmon, weighing 502 lbs. It is not at all certain that every one who goes fishing, on Loch Tay or elsewhere, will find such sport as that; but, equally of course, it is possible that he will. If he does, he will be kept in sufficient activity to prevent him suffering from the weather; even if he does not, he will find at the end of the short day that the hope of sport is not much less sustaining than sport itself.

Experience enough to keep this expectation active is perhaps necessary to full enjoyment on the wild water; but the angler need not be highly skilled. Success with the salmon depends upon conditions different from those of triumph against the trout. In trout-fishing you must be able to tell, by intuition or from experience, where fish are likely to be hovering, and you must be nimble in the use of rod and line flies; but in salmon-fishing the boatmen provide the knowledge of the fishes' haunts, and it is self-control in excitement, rather than dexterity, that does the rest. Indeed, it may be said that all men are equal on a salmon loch. The lines of all are baited with minnows, the various types of which are chosen more by fancy than by science; the lines, instead of being cast as in fly-fishing, are trailed behind the boats; and the boats, as a rule, are rowed in courses which the professional attendants think best. That is the practice. I am not certain that it is the only way in which salmon in still waters could be sought successfully. Often, on almost any loch which holds them, you will see the fish rising briskly; not infrequently, when casting for trout you will hook a salmon. Is it to be taken

Google

for granted, then, that salmon flies would be useless on the lochs? One can, it is true, perceive a reason why a salmon fly on a loch would be not so effective as the same lure on a stream. The stream helps you in the process of getting the fly away from yourself a goodly distance; but in a loch it lies where it falls until you begin to drag it, which can only be towards the boat. This, however, is not a complete proof that casting a salmon fly on a loch would of necessity be a futile endeavour towards refinement of the sport. Salmon are not sharper in eyesight than trout are, and trout are not prevented from rising at a fly by the proximity of a boat. On the other hand, there may be an important difference between the position of salmon and that of trout. When the trout-creel is filling quickly, the trout are feeding, and when they are feeding they are poised only a few inches below the surface of the water; but, although salmon often leap into the air, I think that their normal position is much below the surface. If that be so, one can understand why fly-fishing for salmon in a loch would probably yield comparatively poor results. The salmon and the trout stand in relation to the boat at widely different angles. As the eyes of both salmon and trout look up, besides looking in other directions, the fish that are far below the surface will see the boat long before it comes within the range of vision of the fish that are poised high. Thus it would appear that, though not uncommon, the rising of a salmon at a trout fly is an exceptional incident. Bringing fierce joy and much alarm, it happens only when the fly chances to fall over a salmon that is at once looking away from the boat and is in a humour to snap at the lure.

It seems probable, then, that the professional attendants are right in believing that a minnow trolled behind a boat is the best lure on a loch. Is it equally probable that they are right in believing that the boat, instead of being rowed straight forward, should go forward in a series of curves? I am not sure that they are. The reason for the usage is obvious. If the boat goes straight forward, the lure, trolled behind, will

Google

always be in water that has been disturbed by the craft and the oars; it seems reasonable to suppose, indeed, that, if the water is not very deep, every fish that lay in what has become the track of the boat must be scared off. On the other hand, if the boat goes forward in curves, the lure, at the end of forty or fifty yards of line, instead of following the curves, crosses your track at intervals only, and for the rest is spinning through water that has not been disturbed. The gillie has implicit faith in this procedure. "It's aye at the turn ye hook a fish," he assures you, meaning that it is only when the minnow has come into one of the undisturbed bits of water that you have a chance. One is obliged to respect the gillie. His theory looks eminently reasonable; and, to carry it out, by rowing in cunning curves he puts himself to considerable pains. Still, I cannot be so confident as he is. Often you hook a salmon when, the day being nearly over, you are going directly to the landing stage. If the straight course is the wrong course, how does that happen?

This is an interesting problem. I perceive three suggestions towards solution. One of these, which I shall mention last, has been, in an essay on Trout Fishing, offered by myself. Each of the others is wholly original, and will probably be considered untenable by such as are given to quick judgments.

In the first place, I can conceive it possible that in water about thirty feet deep, or deeper, a boat might be rowed right over a salmon at the bottom without the fish seeing it. Any one who has studied the ways of salmon in a river must have noticed certain peculiarities of their vision. If by any means, such as by being in the stream, you can approach a salmon straight in the face, you may get within three or four yards of him before he sees you and flashes off; this indicates that, though the fish does see in front of him, he does not see far in that direction. If you approach sideways, as from the bank of the stream, he darts off much sooner; this indicates that his lateral line of vision is longer than his line of vision

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to the front. As we have already had occasion to note, he sees upward also; but how far upward does he see? Hitherto anglers generally seem to have taken it for granted that fish of the salmon-kind, howsoever deep may be the water in which they are lying, see straight upwards into the air; but this assumption is questionable. Does not one of the characters in "Aylwin," that witching romance, begin his preparations for trout-fishing in a Welsh tarn by anchoring his coracle in one of the deepest parts? He does; he is about to fish with worms, too: from which it is obvious that Mr. Watts-Dunton believes it possible, where the water is deep enough, to catch fish of the salmon-kind from a perpendicular position, just as the seaman catches cod. We must not, however, give much weight to this evidence. Perhaps the passage referred to is one of the accomplished writer's lapses from accuracy, which are rare. More conclusive is the fact that if, instead of approaching your salmon from the front or from the side, you approach him from above, he is unconscious of your presence until you are very near. The position is difficult to get into; but it may be roughly attained, sometimes, by standing on a bridge over a stream. Is there a salmon just below the rim of the bridge? You will not scare him if you hang over the rim and wave your arms. His upward line of vision does not reach you. Why, then, should our gillie be certain that the boat is seen by a salmon lying thirty feet, or more than that, below? Although he may be unconscious of the presence of the boat, he may see the minnow which is following in the depths.

In the second place, there actually seems some reason for believing that a disturbance of the water is not always a disadvantage of the angler. I have never myself had any experience to suggest this possibility, and I have not witnessed any in the sport of others; but I was much impressed by a narrative, suggesting the possibility, which, a few months ago, was published in *The Field*. The writer told how he had fished a certain salmon pool for hours, and that in vain; not a fish would rise. Then a man came to say that there was to

Google

be dynamite blasting in a quarry close to the other side of the stream: would the angler kindly move away until the rocks were riven? He went apart to a safe distance; the explosion sounded and resounded; a large fragment of the rock fell with a great splash into the pool. At the very place where the stone fell, and almost before the ripples of the disturbance had died away, the angler raised and hooked a salmon! This set him thinking; and he came to the conclusion that the fish had risen because of the fall of the large stone, not in spite of it. His theory is that the salmon are sometimes languid, or indolent, disinclined either to rise at a fly or to seize a minnow, and that a shock of astonishment may wake them up. If this contributor to *The Field* is right, we have an obvious explanation of a salmon coming at a minnow trailed in the wake of a boat. It may be that the fish had been dozing and was excited to curiosity by the passage of the craft and the splash of the oars. I myself am not prepared to endorse this view; but among the familiar phenomena of the sport there is a fact by which it may possibly be regarded as encouraged. Salmon, like trout, almost invariably come into sportful humour when the normal condition of a river has been disturbed by a flood. May this be because the increased volume of water, flowing at a rate more rapid than is usual in the stream, buffets them, or teases them, or stimulates them, and revives the predatory instinct? There is, I know, another theory to account for the improvement in sport that is brought by a flood; but it is only fair to the writer in *The Field* to mention a possibility tending to show that his conjecture is not so absurd as it may have seemed to many readers.

In the third place, it may be that the salmon which takes a lure trailed in the wake of a boat has not been lying in the path of the boat. He may have dashed at the minnow laterally. That is my own surmise. It should be remembered that, as we have seen, the eyesight of the fish is mainly lateral. It should be remembered, too, that an artificial minnow is a very conspicuous object. Not only is it, as a rule, flagrant in colour: also it spins, and, should it be tinselled, flashes. It

Google

can be seen from afar on either side of the course in which it whirls along. After thinking over all the possibilities, I am strongly of opinion that every fish that takes it has been lying aside from the track of the boat.

Why any fish should take it at all is a question equally entertaining. It would be wrong to repeat in an affirming sense the commonplace statement that all artificial minnows are not like any creatures of nature. Some of them, though exaggerated in size and less delicate in hues, are modelled after living things. The action of the artificial minnows, however, is quite unlike that of the real ones. Real minnows may dart about at a quick rate; but they do not keep up the pace. They do not travel three miles in an hour. Sometimes they catch and reflect the sunlight, and so seem quiveringly active; but they are not for ever spinning. They do not spin. Artificial minnows do all these things. They travel for miles, and never, when in the water, rest; and as they cleave through the deep they rotate as busily as a kite that has lost its tail. Why are the salmon attracted by such monstrous apparitions? My own belief is that the salmon take the things to be living creatures in distress, and rush at them in obedience to the instinct which impels the strong of any species to kill or to persecute the weak.

This conjecture will fall in either with the understanding that salmon, like trout, feed all the year round, or with the theory that they feed only when in the sea. The fish may be meaning to make a meal of the strange thing that has swum into his ken, or he may be meaning only to make an end of it. In relation to the practical purposes of the sportsman, that is a side issue. If only the fish rush at his lures freely, he is not, for the moment, concerned as to why they do so. Often he is concerned on another score. Often no lure that he has will attract them. What is to be done then? There are apologetic consolations to fall back upon. He reflects that the water is low, or that the wind is in the wrong quarter, or that there is thunder in the air. Often, however, the apology, whatever it

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

may be, is made of no avail by tidings from some other angler. One day last autumn a well-reputed stretch on a famous river was fished diligently with every possible fly, with roach preserved in spirits, and with minnows of many patterns. Neither flies nor minnows and not the roach succeeded. The fish were leaping frequently; but not one of them gave a chance. Next morning came news that a friend, fishing two miles down the water, had found the salmon with a fine appetite, or in a fine rage, at prawns! He had caught four. Clearly neither the water nor the weather had been at fault.

For every loch there is a particular minnow recommended by the local gillies; in some cases there are two or three that the gillies consider worthy of trial. Every river, in the same way, has its special lures. It is probably rash to suppose that the local traditions are superstitious. One cannot but think that there must be experience behind them. Still, there are first-class salmon anglers who will have none of the traditions. Instead of adopting the precepts of the gillies, they follow their own fancies; and sometimes they are justified by results. Experiments on the Tweed, where local preferences were particularly definite, have strengthened the sceptical notions. The sceptical notions, however, are themselves empirical. They prove no more than that certain local traditions do not contain the whole truth. They are not in themselves the whole truth. In as far as they would lead us to believe that it does not matter what fly, or what minnow, or what other lure, one uses, they are probably, indeed, a negation of the truth. Salmon must have some definite instincts in their choice of things to seize. Why does not some sportsman with a bent for natural history set about making a science of lures in relation to a typical salmon river? The details to be examined would be many; but the task might turn out to be easier of accomplishment than it seems. Clues to some puzzling problems might readily yield themselves to well-informed scrutiny. A friend on whose loch I sometimes fish told me, when first I went thither, that there were only two

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

minnows which were very successful. One was all brown; the other was brown on the back and red in the belly. "Do you use them indifferently?" I asked, "or do you put on one at one time of the year and one at the other?" "Oh," he answered, "when I go out I just try one, and then, if it doesn't do, I try the other." My friend did not know that there is a minnow, common to many streams and lakes, which, almost altogether brown at ordinary times, becomes red in the belly, with a tinge of gold, when it is about to spawn. This information, which was confirmed by a study of the minnows native to the place, systematised the lures for that particular water. It is possible that if the whole subject were approached in the light suggested by that incident a science of salmon lures would be constructed in a few years.

Certainly it would be a science of much utility. It would help to undo the probability of grievous disappointments. Last autumn, in Scotland, was full of these. Though not beyond the reach of persons with moderate means, the cost of salmon-fishing for a season begins to be moodily considered when many days are consecutively "blank." This was the state of the recreation for a long time after the Twelfth of August. It is true that, there being only slight showers of rain at wide intervals, the rivers were low; but there were salmon and grilse in most of the pools. They were seen rising. Only a few of them were caught. Many more would have given sport had the anglers generally possessed the scientific knowledge that led our friend to try a prawn when a prawn was seasonably acceptable. When men contrast their rents with the number of fish caught, as they did last autumn, to find that each salmon costs its weight in silver, things are not looking well for the sport. A fall in rents would indicate a decline in the vogue of salmon-fishing; and that, even if it were only for a time, would be a serious misfortune. There is not much risk of this; yet the contingency is worth notice. The streams and lochs are kept in stock, and otherwise in condition, in proportion to the value which is set

Google

upon them. The naturally excellent rivers in Shetland, far away, are being rapidly ruined because they are not much in demand among sportsmen. The native poachers net the fish by the hundredweight when they are running up the smaller streams to spawn. It is against the law to take fish of the salmon-kind then; but that does not matter. Government does not interfere to enforce Acts for the protection of rights that have sufficiently declined in value.

What would the lochs and the great rivers of Scotland be if there were not salmon in them and people eager to catch the noble fish by the methods of sport? Their most characteristic fascination would be gone. It may be that there is not yet in salmon-fishing so much science as in trout-fishing; but salmon-fishing is sport on a scale so grand that the lack of expert skill is not a serious flaw in the experience or in the spectacle. For example, who that has witnessed a battle with a big fish on the Tay does not thrill with delight in the remembrance? That was my own good fortune last August. Many a time, in reading some book on sport, I had wondered what "harling" meant. I knew that it was a system of angling peculiar to the Tay, and that it was pursued from on board a boat; but I had been unable to visualise it. If "harling" meant trolling a minnow, the boat must be moving up-stream; and would not that make too great a commotion even in the wide Tay? So I had ruminated. Well, strolling up the river with a trout-rod, I suddenly came upon two lithe young men, gamekeepers, launching a boat. As a pair of salmon-rods lay on the bank, it was obvious that they were going to fish. I had seen the boat before. It was of the cobble type, and very broad in the beam. It had been a matter of wonder to me to think that such a craft could be held against the heavy rush of the pool, opposite the village of Guay, by the side of which it had been lying. Lo! in the very middle of the torrent the craft rested on the Tay as lightly as a skiff rests on the Thames! Being nearly flat-bottomed, it drew very little water. Without much effort, one of the gillies was keeping it in position. His

Google

companion was letting out the lines. On one of them was an artificial sand-eel; on the other, a Jock Scott. Both lines having been let down the stream for thirty or forty yards, the rods were laid across the stern; then, oars in the hands of each, the gillies set about their "harling." Immediately I perceived that "harling" was in principle the same as trolling. Only one of the details was different. Instead of making the boat move bow-forward to keep the lures in motion, the gillies allowed it to drop down-stream, very slowly, about three or four yards a minute; the force of the water was sufficient to keep the Jock Scott floating, or nearly so, and the sand-eel from sinking to the bottom. From side to side of the river, too, the boat moved, thereby causing the lures to search every likely spot at the variable end of their tethers. This revealed the necessity of "harling." Even such considerable rivers as the Don, the Dee, the Tweed, the Severn, the Avon, the Helmsdale, the Thurso, and the Spey can be fished by casting from the bank; but the Tay is so broad that most of its pools could not be fished thoroughly without the aid of a boat. Before the pool at Guay, which is about three hundred yards long, was half covered, the gillie nearer the stern dropped the oars, which hung on pins; leapt from his seat, and seized a rod. A salmon had taken the Jock Scott. Quickly the other gillie, having reeled up the second line, pulled ashore; and he and his comrade landed. Within half an hour the salmon also reposed on the pebbly beech. He weighed slightly over 20 lbs.

A few years ago there was a discussion in *The Fishing Gazette* as to whether it was necessary to strike when a salmon rises at the fly. I missed the controversy; but I am told that it did not close in agreement. The incident at Guay should surely settle the question. In trout-fishing the line is often slack, and therefore the fish, unless you strike, may easily eject the fly; but a Jock Scott is a formidable barbed-wire entanglement. The line to which it is attached is practically always taut, and when a salmon seizes it he hooks himself as effectually as would be possible if the angler did his utmost to help.

Google

Without doubt, sport with salmon is angling on a grand scale, somewhat clumsy, and even, when you are afloat, mechanical. Still, who shall deny that on a bright morning in autumn, or even early in the year with a snell wind from over the mountains, it is very pretty work indeed?

W. Earl Hodgson.

Google

EFFECT OF THE WAR ON RUSSIAN PUBLIC FEELING

NOT the least interesting of the consequences of the Far Eastern war is the effect which it is producing on the internal situation of Russia and on public opinion throughout the various classes of the population. Some authorities, both in Russia itself and abroad, have stated that the whole country is patriotically enthusiastic and unanimous as to the necessity of "seeing the thing through;" while others are convinced that the nation is dead against the war and wishes to stop it at all costs. Before going to Russia I heard both these views expressed in various quarters; after several months' stay in the country, I have seen that they are but two of several different opinions held by the various sections of the population. It is the object of this article to explain some of these views and the effect of the war on the internal situation.

In the first place, it is well to bear in mind that a large part of the population takes very little interest at all in the war. The great mass of the nation are so extraordinarily ignorant that unless they actually see and feel the effects of the struggle, they cannot realise that it is going on, and have no opinion on the subject. The illiterate *mujik* who has not been called out to serve at the front and whose earnings are not directly reduced, does not think about the war; and even among the educated classes the great tragedy does not play the same overwhelming *rôle* nor affect the daily life of the country to the

Digitized by Google

same extent as, say, the Boer War, did in England. But there is a large and increasing class of people who do realise the critical situation of the country, and follow the progress of the struggle with earnestness. The apathy of the masses is an advantage from one point of view, but, on the other hand, it deprives the Government of all popular support, and obliges it to fight the battle unassisted by national enthusiasm. At the same time, every fresh mobilisation augments the numbers of those who suffer from the economic effects of the war, and every additional day of warfare means more artisans out of work and more reduction of business. The reverses have seriously shaken public opinion and strengthened the forces of discontent all over Russia. The war, however, is tending to turn the minds of all thinking men to other aspects of the situation than the military one, although, of course, the latter is in itself serious enough.

Of the different opinions on the war that of the extreme Chauvinists, held by the official classes and their close adherents, is the simplest. They have three formulæ for explaining everything in a manner satisfactory to Russian national pride: first, Napoleon's retreat from Moscow in 1812 ("every mile which the Japanese advance puts them more at the mercy of their enemies"); secondly, "all the wars which Russia has fought have begun badly and ended well"; thirdly, "it is not the Japanese who are the real adversaries of Russia, but the British and the Americans who are backing them up and egging them on." This last statement is brought forward on all possible occasions, and is the subject of countless leading articles, for it is generally believed that the public would view a war against England with far more enthusiasm than can be aroused by the present campaign. There is the old tradition of British hostility to Russia, and the recollection of the many instances in which British policy thwarted Russia's schemes. Then there is always the dazzling prize of India which is dangled before popular imagination; a great many Russians, both of the military class and others, are convinced that the conquest of India would be

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

an easy task, and that it could be accomplished without much effort even while the war in the Far East is still going on.[1] These extremists were much more numerous at the beginning of the war than they are now, for they then believed in the first place that the Japanese would never fight, and secondly that if they did they would be crushed at once. A Russian official of high rank told the writer that any one who had suggested at St. Petersburg two years ago that the Japanese meant business and would become so dangerous a foe, would have been laughed at as a madman. Now, however, the Chauvinists are decreasing in numbers and in the extent of their optimism. At best they believe that Russia is bound to win by force of overwhelming numbers, and should merely aim at regaining what she has lost—there is very little talk now of signing the peace in Tokio. Moreover, those who hold this view are no longer very enthusiastic about the policy which led to the war, and are beginning to ask themselves whether the reoccupation of Manchuria is worth all the sacrifices which it will entail. I have been assured that even before the outbreak of hostilities most of the Ministers, especially Count Lamsdorff and Count Muravieff, were decidedly opposed to a warlike policy; the only enthusiast was the late M. von Plehve, but he, unfortunately, was at the time absolute master of the Czar's mind. Now there are few who share that enthusiasm.

For a long time a large section of the press continued to keep up the illusion, and professed the most unbounded optimism combined with diatribes against the iniquities of the Japanese, the English, and the Americans, but the papers also published the bad news of the war, so that their comments sounded rather thin, and ended by becoming the laughing-stock of all sensible people.

Apart from the Chauvinists, a more general sentiment characteristic of Russian fatalism is that the war is a misfortune over which mere mortals have very little control, and that it

[1] Almost every Russian officer of distinction, and many a youthful subaltern, is said to have some pet scheme for the invasion of India.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

will last until it pleases God and the Czar to put an end to it.[1] It excites no feelings of warlike patriotism, and the cause for which the struggle is being fought is not regarded in any sense as a national one. The idea of Russian prestige in the Far East is not one that appeals to any but a very narrow class, and the "man in the street" cannot understand of what use Manchuria is to Russia. "We have so much uncultivated and uninhabited land to be developed at our own doors, even in European Russia, that it is useless to go and break our heads over a distant country of doubtful value." Of those who take this view some think in a vague kind of way, but without enthusiasm, that the Government must carry on the war to the bitter end, while others pray that it shall be finished at once without caring about the means.

The business world, which is much more influential in the great commercial and industrial centres like Moscow or Odessa than in the capital, regard the war as an unmitigated curse, and the policy which led up to it as criminal folly, as it is proving disastrous to trade and manufactures, and is undermining the whole credit system on which Russian national economy is based. They denounce the action of the Government in no unmeasured terms, they laugh at the Russian generals, they delight in anecdotes of official corruption and military stupidity, and do not believe in the future of Manchuria; they are far more concerned with the very serious economic situation of the moment than with the prospective advantages to be gained by an indefinite expansion eastward.

But there are others who regard the campaign in a different light, thinking less of the strategic movements of the Russian armies and the economic consequences entailed than of the general political situation in Russia as affected by the events in the Far East. The whole question of the war is intimately bound up with that of Russian reforms, in the opinion of the

[1] According to a private letter which I have just received from St. Petersburg, the fall of Port Arthur has only caused people to say, "It is God's will that we should be punished for our sins."

Google

"intellectuals," who include not only the university professors and the members of the liberal professions, but also a number of the more progressive nobles, substantial merchants, and even a few enlightened officials. This party, if anything so formless and indefinite can be called a party, while deploring the military disasters and the fearful sacrifices in blood and treasure, do not regard them as altogether an unmixed curse. They are by no means revolutionists or anarchists, nor is there any trace among them of pro-Japanese sentiment. They are not for a moment to be compared with the British pro-Boers during the South African War, for their ideas are not based on morbid sentimentalism nor on an overwhelming love for their country's enemies. The moral question of the rights and wrongs of the conflict is not even considered, for to the average Russian the idea that when your country is involved in a war you should ask yourself which side is ethically in the right, is almost inconceivable. But from the point of view of their own country's interests, men of this stamp regard the defeats as blessings in disguise, because they constitute a complete condemnation of the bureaucracy. They believe that Russia's great need is for internal reforms, and that these cannot be obtained until the absolute inefficiency as well as the oppressiveness of the present methods of administration are brought home to the mass of intelligent people. The question of Russia's aspirations and "missions" in the Far East is of comparatively small importance in their eyes, whereas the demand for internal reform has been increasing rapidly, so as to overshadow all other problems.

The war has brought about a very remarkable change of feeling in this connection, and is producing effects very similar to those of the Crimean War. The reign of Nicholas I., which was inaugurated with the abortive rising of December 1825, was a period of reaction and of police despotism. Western ideas, which had been making steady progress in Russia under Alexander I., were now rejected as dangerous and abominable, and the Slavophil party continually proclaimed the superiority

Google

of everything Russian over that which was European. The severe repression of liberalism and the iron tyranny were felt to be oppressive, but it was generally held that by that means alone the military supremacy and dignity of Russia could be maintained. With Napoleon's retreat from Moscow fresh in their minds, Russians were convinced that their country was invincible, and that, while the Western nations professed to despise its backward state, they secretly were in deadly fear of its might. The idea of a European coalition against Russia was scoffed at: "We shall throw our caps at them," was the popular expression of contempt for the decrepit West. But when the Crimean War broke out, and instead of easy victories disasters followed upon disasters, a startling change came over Russian public opinion. Men's eyes were opened to the fact that the vaunted military power of the Empire was a delusion, and all the more intelligent people began to ask themselves what had been the use of all these sacrifices, of all this burdensome oppression, for the sake of military efficiency, if military efficiency had not been obtained. Then the demand for reforms and for Western institutions became more and more insistent. The Czar Nicholas, broken in health and spirit by the disasters of the war, realised the necessity for a change of methods, but felt incapable of bringing it about himself. In 1855 he died, some say by his own hand, and left the task of reforming the State to his son. After peace had been declared, Alexander II. set to work to inaugurate an era of progress. Railways were built in the first instance, as the collapse of the transport during the war had proved the necessity for them. Political and social changes of the most far-reaching character followed—the liberation of the serfs, the judicial reforms, and the institution of the *zemstvos*. The emancipation is in fact regarded as a direct consequence of the war, so much so that the peasants of certain provinces actually believed that Napoleon III. only agreed to the peace on condition that the serfs should be freed.[1]

[1] M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, in "L'Empire des Tsars," tells an anecdote

Google

But the progress of the reforms, which would in all probability have culminated in the constitution drawn up by Loris Melikoff, was cut short by the assassination of the Czar in 1882. The reign of Alexander III., initiated under such tragic auspices, constituted a return to reaction, and Nicholas II. has hitherto followed in the footsteps of his "never-to-be-forgotten father." The old police system, which had been much relaxed under Alexander II., and the Press censorship, which had become almost a dead letter, were revived with increased vigour; political offences were persecuted with ruthless severity; while the dominant note of these two reigns has been the attempt to Russify *vi et armis* the non-Russian and non-Orthodox races of the Empire.

Once again public opinion acquiesced in this mode of government, and for the same reason—for the sake of military power and a high place in international affairs. Again the army was believed invincible and limitless in numbers, and the navy equal to any task to which it might be put. The steady and rapid progress of Russia in Asia induced the belief that she was destined to dominate the whole of that continent as well as all the Slavonic lands of Europe. Even many foreign observers concurred in this view, and fear of the Russian bogey has been for many years the keynote of British policy in the Near East, the Middle, and the Far. Military glory was the Russian people's consolation for a reactionary and persecuting *régime*. The orgy of tariff protection inaugurated by M. Witte gave rise to numbers of industrial undertakings and to a fever of over-production, which produced the impression that Russia was destined to become one of the greatest industrial as well as military Powers in the world. The economic crisis of 1897–1902 opened the eyes of the public to the instability of the economic situation, but the military position of the Empire was still considered unassailable. There were many Liberals who sighed for internal reforms, and revolutionists

of a peasant who had the portrait of Napoleon III. in his cottage, with the inscription, "The Liberator of the Serfs."

Google

who conspired against the Government, but the Press was muzzled, and the mass of the public, even of the more or less intelligent public, was unmoved.

In February 1904 the war with Japan broke out, and day by day the Russian people were told of the disasters which followed each other unrelieved by the smallest success. In spite of the censorship they learnt the story of the breakdown of the military administration, the disorganisation of the commissariat, the gross corruption of every department, the inefficiency of the War Office, the incapacity of many of the generals which only made more painful the sacrifices of the heroic rank and file. Then the same question arose as was asked at the time of the Crimean War: "What is the use of all this oppression and repression for the sake of military efficiency if our army is defeated by a despised Asiatic enemy?" A great awakening of Liberalism throughout Russia has been the result, and the Liberal leaders are naturally led to regard every Russian defeat as a step towards reform. Every one feels that the fate of the Russian bureaucracy is being sealed on the Manchurian plains and the waters of the Yellow Sea. The connection between the progress of the war and that of the reforms is regarded as so close that in the long interval which elapsed between the murder of M. von Plehve and the appointment of his successor it was generally believed that the Czar was waiting for the result of the great battle which was known to be imminent before making his choice: another Russian defeat would be followed by the appointment of a Liberal Minister of the Interior, whereas a Russian victory would have made the choice fall on another von Plehve. The battle of Liao-Yang ended in a Russian retreat, albeit no inglorious rout, and a Liberal was in fact chosen for the arduous post in the person of Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky.

The Liberal revival began even before Sozonoff's bomb ended the life of the arch-reactionary, but it could find no expression in the Press. Under the Plehve *régime* to hint at the need for reform was treason, but after his death a consider-

Google

able relaxation of the censorship was at once perceived, and a number of articles of the most remarkable frankness appeared in the various Russian papers. Professor Mendeleieff, for instance, a well-known man of science and author, in an article on the necessity for internal reforms, published in September in a St. Petersburg journal, stated:

> Every Russian knows that matters are not proceeding as they should in our country, and that in many of our internal affairs there is an imperative need for reforms. . . . According to the desires of the Russian people reforms must follow the end of the war with Japan, because it has opened the eyes of every one to the fact that for many years to come we must be ready for other wars, and nowadays we can only be prepared for war when the Empire is internally in a satisfactory condition, with guarantees for the general well-being.

An anonymous writer in the *Grajdanin* of St. Petersburg declared that the war will have "the happy result of turning rays of light to illumine the darkness of certain departments of the public service where evil things are perpetrated." The *Russkiia Viedomosti*, of Moscow, which is the most able and independent paper in Russia, ever since the beginning of the campaign has been insisting on this same argument, and recently it has done so in language which, a year ago, would have caused its suspension or even its suppression. It has dwelt particularly on the hardships entailed by the war on the working classes, who "are now as at all times and everywhere the greatest sufferers." It is constantly asserting the necessity of ending the war as soon as the smallest victory enables the nation to make peace without too great a loss of prestige, so that the nation may turn its full attention to the question of reform. In private conversation people who are far from being revolutionists express themselves even more openly, and actually rejoice at every Russian defeat as another nail in the coffin of autocracy and bureaucracy.

Under the *régime* of Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky there was certainly a change in the methods of government. The censorship of the Press was relaxed still further, and the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

papers were allowed to print detailed criticisms of the internal administration and to report the disturbances which have been occurring all over the country, and even on the foreign papers sent to Russia the censor's *caviar* and scissors are much less active. One St. Petersburg paper, the *Russ*, even permitted itself to publish an attack on the military censorship for disguising the real state of affairs in Manchuria from the public, to which one of the censors replied in a letter to the editor, stating that the suppression of news "for the sake of the nerves of Russian society and to protect it from revolutionary disturbances," was not the work of the military censorship, but of the police censorship; the former limited itself to suppressing only such information as would be of use to the enemy. Even Conservative papers have very much changed their tone, and one of them actually made the proposal " that the Russian public should be consulted as to the further continuation of the war " (after the fall of Port Arthur). Meetings of a political character have been permitted, and speeches of a revolutionary tone delivered with impunity. The great assembly of the representatives of the *zemstvos* at St. Petersburg in November, although not officially sanctioned, was held in private, and its declarations have been published; and the courageous words of Prince Trubetzkoy at Moscow are still fresh in people's memory. From every quarter come public expressions of opinion on political matters, and demands for reforms. A significant item is that a political trial like that of M. Milashevsky, of Saratoff, accused of having possessed and distributed revolutionary literature, has been held with open doors and reported in the press. Not long ago a banquet was held at St. Petersburg to celebrate the anniversary of the revolution of 1825.

In the meanwhile the agitation has been gathering strength and extending to all parts of the Empire. Until quite recently the great weakness of the Russian revolutionary movement was the fact that it was practically limited to the upper and middle classes, and found but little response among the

Google

mujiks. The devotion of the latter to the Church and the Czar, their ignorance, and their innate conservatism, made it very difficult for the enthusiastic revolutionary agitators, educated on foreign Liberal philosophy, to make much headway with such unpromising material. Their pamphlets could not be read by illiterate peasants, and the ideas expressed in them would not have been even understood. The revolutionists belonged to another class and another world, and while they preached of constitutions and reforms and Marxian Socialism, the only thing that the peasant asked for was more land. But of late years the Russian lower classes have been slowly evolving. The industrialism which the Government has made every effort to establish in Russia has called into being a new class of men—the permanent factory hands—who are far more amenable to political and socialistic ideas than the untutored *mujiks*. The movement is still in its infancy, for a large number of the Russian artisans are as yet half peasants in mind, even if they no longer work on a farm for six months of the year, and they are astonishingly ignorant. But they are developing, and they are beginning to realise that their conditions might be improved and that the Government of their country is at all events open to criticism. The growing contact with foreign countries, the annual temporary migrations of large numbers of Russian labourers into Germany and Austria, and the presence of foreign foremen in Russian factories, have produced an infiltration of revolutionary ideas among the urban working classes, ideas which are both political and socialistic. The students and university graduates without employment—the intellectual proletariat of Russia—were not the only agitators. University professors, men of business, engineers, and in some cases even Government factory inspectors, were more or less in sympathy with the movement, and these got into touch with the artisans. It was not until the late 'nineties, or the early years of the twentieth century, that the connection was established, but it has become increasingly close ever since. What is perhaps more noteworthy

Google

is the fact that even the peasants are affected, and there have been several disturbances in the south of Russia of a character very different from former occurrences of the kind. The savage repression of the working men's strikes in the towns, and the even more barbarous cruelty of the authorities in punishing the peasant rioters in the Governments of Kharkoff, Poltava, and elsewhere, have added fuel to the flame.

The outbreak of the war has given fresh impetus to the movement, and the revolutionary propaganda has become astonishingly active since February 1904. The amount of revolutionary literature circulating throughout Russia is so enormous that the police are unable to cope with it. Manifestoes and proclamations are printed on fly-leaves similar to those of the war telegrams, and distributed at dusk to the workmen as they come out of the factories. The lower orders never had any real interest in the war, nor any enthusiasm for it. At first they merely ignored it; but the sacrifices which it is imposing on them, and the total absence of success, makes them more willing to listen to the revolutionary agitators and socialistic propagandists.

On the outbreak of hostilities there were a few patriotic demonstrations in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and other large towns, under the auspices of the police, but they soon began to assume a character not in harmony with the wishes of the Government, and "Russian flags appeared from which the white and the blue had been omitted." Seditious cries were heard and demands for reform mooted, and the demonstrations were soon stopped by order. The most conspicuous manifestation of the unpopularity of the war is the widespread attempt to avoid military service at the front. The Russian is neither cowardly nor unpatriotic, as he has proved on a hundred stricken fields. In the Turkish war of 1877, when he believed that he was fighting for a holy cause, he was only too willing to lay down his life for "God and the Czar"; even in this war, once he is face to face with the enemy, he has lived up to his reputation for bravery. But there is no enthusiasm, and the one

Google

thought of every reservist is how to evade the mobilisation. All over the country men are wandering about without passports or with false ones, as far as possible from the places where they are registered. Large numbers escape across the frontiers into Austria or Germany, tens of thousands finding their way to England and the United States. The largest contingent, of course, is supplied by the non-Russian peoples of the Empire, notably by the Poles and the Jews, who are most numerous in the frontier provinces, and naturally not overanxious to fight Russia's battles, but not a few are pure Russians. The mobilisation has also been the cause of actual disturbances, some of a serious character. At Odessa the situation was at one time very critical, and the reservists committed many acts of insubordination. At Moscow one detachment refused to entrain, and a riot ensued in which several of the men were killed and wounded. Similar scenes occurred throughout Poland, where many deserters and rioters were shot; other occurrences took place at Smolensk, at Vitebsk, at Kanioff, at Kharkoff, at Iekaterinoslav. In many instances bodies of reservists had to be escorted by more amenable troops to prevent disturbances. Nowhere was the departure of troops for the front speeded with cheers. Sometimes the trouble was caused by special circumstances, such as the absence of heating appliances in the railway cars or the closing of the spirit shops, but, taken altogether, the riots point to the great unpopularity of the war among the working classes.

The economic distress which is partly due to the crisis of 1897–1902, but principally to the war, has contributed to the agitation, for a number of factories are closed or working short hours with a reduced staff, and many thousands of workmen are without employment. These form the best soil for the sowing of revolutionary ideas, and the Socialists are not slow to point out the moral to be drawn from the existing distress. But it is noticeable that even the Socialist propagandists dwell more on the political than on the economic aspect of the situation, and their proclamations are directed rather against the

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Government than against the tyranny of capital. All these events have increased the general state of unrest throughout the country, and although there does not seem to be any systematic co-operation between the different groups of agitators or between the various centres of disturbance, nor any organised military mutiny, every class and every province is more or less affected by it.

It is a truism to say that "it is dangerous to prophesy unless you know," but the warning is exceptionally necessary when dealing with Russian affairs. Outside a very limited circle no one knows what is happening from day to day in the various provinces, while there is hardly any one who can tell what forces are working in the *mujik's* mind. It has been evident for a long time that the whole of Russia was seething with discontent, but a general revolution does not seem to be probable as yet. The many elements of disorder are too different from each other and too scattered to act in harmony, and as long as the army obeys the order to shoot, the bureaucracy need not fear a general uprising. The events of the past few weeks might seem to go counter to this statement, but we must recollect that the movement in St. Petersburg was not in its origin a revolution. It was a labour demonstration expressive of the wretched condition of the artisan class, "fertilised," as one writer has said, by political discontent; but there was no attempt at organised and armed resistance.

At the same time the agitation is spreading and will continue to give the Government more and more trouble. We see that "movements of solidarity" have taken place among the workers of other towns, and this, in view of the utter absence of cohesion among the Russian malcontents, is significant. The excitement caused by the riots may be out of proportion to their real importance, but in Russia they are a novelty, and show that a change is coming over the people. Local peasant risings are not an impossibility, and the horrors of the Pugatcheff rebellion have shown what the *mujik* is capable of when roused. It has even been said that the bureaucracy is

Google

excogitating some vast scheme of confiscation of the landed estates to give them over to the peasants, sacrificing the nobility which has shown signs of Liberal tendencies, so as to conciliate the *mujiks*. But any kind of rising can be easily repressed under present conditions if the Government is firm.

As yet there has been no definite concession to the popular demands for reform. Before the recent outbreak the censorship had been relaxed, but it was neither abolished nor even rendered less stringent by law. The persecution of political offences was less rigorous in practice, but there were no new enactments to prevent a return to the old methods. The *zemstvos*, the municipal councils, and various private or semi-public societies have been allowed to formulate their demands for a Constitution with impunity, but the demands themselves have not been granted. The late Minister of the Interior, Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, struggled bravely towards Liberalism, but he achieved nothing definite, until the St. Petersburg riots made his position impossible. The forces of progress and of reaction were and are still joined in a Titanic conflict for mastery over the Czar's mind, which is like the body of Patroclus between Hector and Achilles. Certainly, as far as material results go, the bureaucracy supported by the army can snap its fingers in the face of a few thousands of unarmed strikers and demonstrators. To compare the present outbreaks with the French Revolution is simply ridiculous. Russia has not had the fifty years of intellectual preparation; she has no Rousseau or Voltaire—the unpractical and incoherent recluse of Yasnaia Poliana can hardly be taken seriously in this connection—and, above all, she has no Paris.

Nevertheless, a thorough overhauling of the internal administration of Russia resulting in some form of national representation, even though it be on a very narrow basis, is inevitable. When we find such widely different bodies as the assembly of nobles of St. Petersburg, the Kharkoff *zemstvo*, the lawyers of Moscow, the school congress of Kieff, the strikers of Warsaw all advancing demands in favour of popular

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

government, and, in the words of the first-named body, asking the Czar to "order the representatives of the country, freely elected, to raise their voice to the Throne and take part, in accordance with your sovereign directions, in legislation and in the discussion of Government measures," a return to the fatalistic and careless acquiescence in the old methods is an impossibility. That the Government should allow these declarations to be made with impunity shows that it no longer dares defy public opinion. General Trepoff may be all powerful in St. Petersburg; M. Buligin, the new Minister of the Interior, may aspire to be a pale imitation of von Plehve, and Maxim Gorky may be imprisoned, but the bureaucracy is clearly getting very nervous, and will in all probability be frightened into making concessions.

For this state of affairs the course of the war is directly responsible. Other causes have doubtless contributed to it—the industrial movement and the growth of an artisan class, the contact with Europe, the Socialist propaganda, and the spread of education, slow though it be—but without the war things would never have come to a head so rapidly. It has been a great and terrible awakening for Russia, and all the thinking classes of the population, and many of those who do not think but have instinct, are at last realising that their country cannot be great and prosperous unless its Government conforms to the conditions of progress. The one justification of a military despotism is that it should be militarily efficient. The events of the last year have proved that in the case of Russia it does not even possess this merit.

L. VILLARI.

Google

THE BLACK VENGEANCE

IT was dusk when I returned to the village that I had not seen for so many years—for more than half the span of a man's life. My arrangement with old Margot was that the little postern should be open at midnight. The castle was about an hour's walk from the village, by the high road that is to say, for it was really quite near, but the road was steep and winding.

I had been a free man just a week, and the first raptures of the open air and the unwalled plain were beginning to lose something of their intensity. Even the great thought of my vengeance now so close at hand could no longer mask my weariness and hunger. Nature will not be baulked. The forty years that I had been caged like a captive beast had left me an old man.

In this there was at any rate one advantage. I had no fear of being recognised. In the village street many things were changed, but the little inn at the cross-roads was still there. I walked in boldly and sat down by the window. There were two or three peasants drinking, but they took little heed of me. I was in luck's way. The landlord was just going to have his supper, and he willingly spared me a plateful of steaming stew, which was to me like the elixir of life.

When I had finished I did what might have cost me dear. I leaned back in my chair, stretched out my tired legs on the rail beneath the bench-table, and fell into a heavy sleep, such a slumber as no man should yield himself to who has any

Google

business on hand. Almost immediately, it seemed to me, I was awakened by the weight of a hand on my shoulder. I sprang up instantly, and found my host looking somewhat narrowly at me.

"Come," he said, "we are early folk here, and I am closing the house. If you will, you can stay the night, or if not you can pay for your supper and go."

I paid the reckoning, and asked him if he knew the hour.

"Well on to eleven," he answered, "for 'tis more than half an hour since the King's mail went by."

I bade him good-night and went forth into the deserted street.

The powers of darkness and silence were upon me and a certain awe of myself. Put it how you will, there is something dread in a purpose held to, through forty years of heart-beats. A wonderful thing is faith. Even in my dungeon, encompassed by those monstrous, slimy blocks of stone, with the stench of the moat ever in my nostrils, I never doubted that my hour—and his—would come. And now everything was moving to the appointed end as smoothly as if it had been rehearsed a thousand times.

I had left the last cottage behind me, and the shadow of the tall poplars lay black upon the road. Already I was skirting the castle grounds, and it would have been no great task to scale the wall and shorten my walk by a good half-hour. But I remembered the tales I had heard in my boyhood, and I knew the grounds were set with springs and snares, to say nothing of the wolf-hounds which my lord held far dearer than a peasant's life.

The moon had risen high—a three-quarter moon, wonderfully bright and clear. There was not a breath of wind, yet the air was fresh and sweet with the delicate scents of leaf and flower. As I came out from the shadows of the trees into a piece of open road it seemed almost as light as day, only there was something about the scene strange and solemn. Then

Google

suddenly, at a turn of the road the castle came into view, heavy and threatening, every window black save one on an upper floor, whence there streamed a light that looked yellow and belated in the world of cold, pure moonshine.

At the first sight of that house of black memories my pulse began to beat faster and involuntarily my steps quickened. Also my hand went of its own accord to my bosom to feel for something that always nestled there—something cold, keen-edged, and pointed like a needle.

It seemed only a few minutes had passed before I stood in front of the great iron gates. This was not the chief entrance, and the lodge here was empty. But to my astonishment the gate itself stood a little open, and when I pushed, it yielded, so that without any let I entered an avenue which led to the broad walk that ran to the foot of the great terrace in front of the castle.

Forty-one years before, I had come up this very path, a mere boy, to claim my bride, and had found her dead—slain by her own hand, they told me, and indeed it was like enough. One glance at her face and I knew the story. Then, unarmed as I was, I had gone to seek my lord. He was no coward—that I will say for him—yet when he saw me he trembled. There were others with him, but I saw them not, I remembered afterwards. I went straight to him and seized him by the throat. He stabbed me again and again, but I held on. Had we two been alone, it had been life for life. But they tore us apart. He escaped for a time, and for a time I went to my dungeon.

When I reached the broad walk, I began to take precautions, seeking, as far as might be, the shadows of the trees. The front of the castle was now full in view, dark and grim, with the great oaken door frowning under its deep-cut arch.

Before, however, I reached the steps that led up to the terrace I turned off upon the left hand to follow a narrow way that led to the side of the building. It took me straight to a little postern gate that once was very familiar to me. As I

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

expected, when I lifted the heavy latch and pressed, it yielded at once and let me enter. Before I did so I glanced upwards and my eyes fell on the lighted window—immediately above me, but—as it now seemed—very high indeed. For all the years that had passed, the place seemed as familiar as though I had been there but yesterday. There was first a long passage that led into what would nowadays, I suppose, be called the housekeeper's room. To us it used to be Madame's room, and there many a time had I had supper with my dear one—who was Madame's niece, and an orphan—at my side. In those days it had been a goodly apartment, handsomely furnished. Even in the half-light I could see how sadly it was altered. It looked like the ruin of its former self. The great hangings showed grievous rents. One large mirror was broken right across. Instead of the splendid carved oak table I remembered, there was a rude bench in the middle of the room, hacked and hewed as if with swords or axes. At the far end of the room was a door which commanded the great servants' hall. This door now stood half open, and through the opening a light gleamed.

So far I felt sure I had not betrayed myself by any noise, and very quietly I crept towards the hall door, and looked through. It was perfectly empty, but on the long table that ran almost its whole length were the remains of a half-finished meal, great dishes still warm, tankards of ale, and bottles of wine. There were also several lanterns, one of them alight. The appearance of the place suggested to my mind an abruptly interrupted meal. It also warned me to waste no time, for they who had been here so recently might at any moment return. The thought occurred to me that in such an event I might gain time by fastening the postern gate. But to my disappointment there was only a great keyhole—no key or any other way of securing it. The door between the room and the hall, however, had a large bolt, and was of oak, stout enough to resist almost anything short of a siege train. This fastened, one of my anxieties was a little allayed. And now,

Google

the lantern in my left hand and my naked dagger in the right, I began to explore. I knew the stair that led to the upper rooms, but beyond that my knowledge failed. Once, indeed, I had gone further, but then the one thought had cast out every other.

At the top of the staircase hung heavy velvet curtains. Drawing them an inch or two apart, I peered between. What I saw was a magnificent vaulted chamber, little, if at all, smaller than the servants' hall below. It was lighted by a high window with elaborate tracery, looking out, I guessed, on the back of the castle. On the walls were great pictures; sculptured figures in marble and bronze formed a kind of avenue across the room; yet even here and in the imperfect light I could still distinguish the advance of neglect and decay.

At the end of this room under the window were more hangings looped up so as to show a door. Opening this, I found myself in a passage which would have been absolutely dark but for the feeble light of my lantern. Almost exactly opposite me was another door, but further along the passage I thought I could see the balusters of a staircase.

I was right. A broad flight of stone steps led evidently to the upper floor, and it was there I had seen the lighted window. I had settled in my own mind that in that room I should find my quarry. Of course, if I had stopped to think, there were many reasons why this was most improbable. But at such times one does not wait for the slow processes of reasoning, one falls back on instinct.

At the head of the stairs a narrow landing opened upon a gallery, which I found, to my astonishment, ran round three sides of the great room or hall which I had just left. On the wall side of this gallery were numerous curtains, some eight or nine at least I must have passed. Three or four I lifted, and in each case they concealed a door. There was nothing whatever to indicate what lay behind the doors, and for the first time that night I felt at a loss. Perhaps the darkness and the

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

absolute silence were—in spite of my grim resolve—beginning to tell upon my nerves. I stopped short, and lifting the curtain nearest to me, gently turned the handle of the door. As I did so I heard—behind me, it seemed—a curious sound, a *pad, pad, pad*, heavy yet soft and muffled.

I looked back, there was nothing. Then I looked the other way, and in the light of the moon, streaming through the great window, I saw a sight that made my heart leap and tug, like a dog against a chain. Coming straight towards me down the gallery was a black cat-like creature, but of monstrous size, tiger or panther or leopard, I know not which. When I first caught sight of it, it seemed to be trotting, but as soon as it observed me turn towards it, it changed its manner of approach, coming on more swiftly, but with a strange sinuous stoop and writhe as if it were gliding along on its belly. Its dreadful eyes were ablaze with lust of blood, its lips were drawn back so as to display the great yellow teeth, and the muscles of the neck and shoulders seemed to roll like waves round a large metal collar, from which hung some links of chain. Most menacing of all to me appeared its unnatural silence. I had just, and only just, time enough to dart inside the door and close it. The next moment there came a dull thud against the oak, which, fortunately for me, was stout and strong. Then I heard the sound of sniffing at the bottom of the door, and then silence once more.

Relieved from my immediate fear, I held up my lantern and investigated my surroundings. The room in which I found myself bore fewer signs of decay than any other part of the castle I had as yet visited. The tapestries and carpets were rich, of costly materials and elaborate design. The most striking features, however, were a series of pictures—evidently family portraits—on the walls. Among these I had little difficulty in recognising my arch-enemy. There he stood, hatefully splendid. A cynical smile curled his lips, the clear cold eyes looking full at me with an expression of utter weariness and unfathomable contempt. He reminded me of some

Google Original fr UNIVERSITY OF M H AN

deadly snake, magnificent but fatal, and as I remembered my beautiful white dove my hand grasped the dagger with a still firmer hold.

And now the end of my wanderings was very near. For, opening the door at the opposite end of this room, I perceived at the end of a short passage a light shining out from a room. Setting down my lantern—for I had no need of it now—I crept very quietly, steadying myself by the wall. Once more a thrill of excitement and passion seemed almost to unman me.

I reached the door, which was only a few inches open, and listened intently for a minute or two. There was no sound except the ticking of a clock. Noiselessly, I widened the opening till I could see inside. It was a fair-sized sleeping chamber, richly furnished and hung with heavy tapestries, yet even here the marks of decay were evident. But in truth I took small heed of the furnishing, for there on the bed lay two figures both fast asleep, and one was he whom I had come to seek. It was a cot rather than a bed, and my lord, wrapped in a long, loose, brocaded garment, lay across it, turned a little on his side, so that his face looked towards me.

He had changed indeed. The object of the hatred that had been fattening in my heart all these years was my lord of the picture in the hall. This was an old man. But hatred is an accommodating passion, and at the sight of this sleeping figure my dagger was naked in my hand before I had so much as thought of drawing it. And as I gazed upon him the likeness between what he had been and what he now was, became every moment plainer. His features were clear-cut and regular as ever, the lips were still full and red, and the hair though almost white was fine as spun silk. Even as he slept in careless abandonment, there was about him an air of dignity quite unmistakable.

The other was a little child, hardly more than an infant It was in the bed, the little eyes fast closed, the rosy lips half open. One naked arm stretched out lay across the old man's shoulder, and the tiny fingers rested on his cheek.

Digitized by Google

The knife was already and instinctively raised before I caught sight of the child. I meant to wake the old man that he might know whose hand had wrought justice after many days. Now I could not utter a word. My uplifted arm sank to my side. The child seemed to me like some guardian angel, its very presence a sanctuary that I durst not violate. And even as I gazed, a smile I can only call heavenly irradiated the lovely little face, the expression, I suppose, of some delightful dream.

Some time I must have stayed there fascinated and undecided. When I gazed at the old man compunction died and the thought of vengeance resumed sway. Then, before I could strike, the tiny hand arrested me, and I stood powerless. I could not slay my enemy then and there, but it should only be a respite, and a brief one.

I took my dagger and laid it very gently on the bed, the haft close to the little arm, the point of the blade just touching the wrinkled cheek. The old man would wake to find that sinister warning, and it would have the more significance because he would recognise the knife itself; for it was one of his own possessions, and on the blade was engraved the hateful crest—a wolf's head with grinning teeth, and for a motto three words of Latin—*non siccâ morte*. Indeed, it had drunk my blood, for it was the very knife with which my lord had stabbed me, and which I had wrested from him at the moment of our being torn apart. How I had given it into safe keeping and recovered it is a tale which I must not stay here to rehearse.

But my plan miscarried. I had not allowed for the light sleeping of an old man. Hardly had the slender steel touched his cheek, though, indeed, it rested there as lightly as a fallen leaf, when his eyes opened. For one brief moment they gazed at me quiet and vacant as though they saw not; the next, memory and courage and cunning sprang forward to garrison them.

I saw myself unarmed, and thrust forward my hand to regain possession of the dagger. With a movement as quick,

Google

he drew himself up, and the knife fell to the floor. For an instant, startled by the sound, his eyes followed its fall and he stooped to seize it. That instant's pause gave me my chance. One swift glance I cast around. Over the bed on the wall a couple of unsheathed rapiers crossed each other. I leaned across and tore one from its fastenings. It was the action of a second of time, but, as I turned, the knife thrown from the stoop hissed past my ear and quivered high up in the wall.

We stood face to face. He unarmed, I with the rapier in my hand. My confidence had returned, and he showed no sign of fear. In height we were fairly matched, but he was the older by ten years or more I knew, and vice had sapped his strength as much as my dungeon life had crippled mine.

"I really must apologise," he began, "for that cast of the knife. The fact is I took you for a vulgar robber. I recollect now. You have been abroad for some time. I trust it has agreed with your health. This light is not the best for old eyes, but as far as I can see, you are in good condition."

There was something in his almost incredible assurance that shook my own. He had, too, that indefinable air of serene distinction which is in itself no mean weapon. I tried hard to match his coolness.

"I thank you," I said gravely. "I believe my strength is sufficient for the business in hand."

"You thought so once before," he returned with a pleasant smile.

"We are alone this time," I said significantly.

"Except for the child," he answered, "and he is somewhat young to appreciate the business in hand."

On these last words, borrowed from me, he laid a strange, mocking emphasis, and dwelt upon them as though their sound was very delectable to him.

"If it had not been for him," I said, "I would have killed you like a rat."

For one second his eyes flashed at me hatred and contempt. The next they smiled.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"You shall be well paid for your chivalry. Peasant born though you are, I will cross swords with you myself. After all, you had some learning. Be good enough to hand me down that fellow rapier to the one in your hand."

He spoke with a kind of languid authority from which you could never have suspected that he was absolutely at my mercy.

There was a mirror on the wall in which I could see his movements, so I complied with his request. I did more, for after I had lifted the sword I tip-toed and plucked out the dagger that had been my companion for so long. As I did so, I saw a shade pass over his face, though he said not a word. I handed him the rapier, point first, lest he should repay my courtesy with a sudden thrust. Then I stepped a few paces from the bed, into the room, and stood on guard.

He watched me with what certainly looked like a smile of genuine amusement.

"I hope your play is better than your stand," he said, "or I shall have but poor sport. But not here. You will certainly scream when I begin to prick you, and I would not have the child disturbed. Look at him; he is a true son of the race. Your men shall be his slaves and your women his toys. So it has been in the past, has it not?" And again he smiled, but this time it was a devilish smile, for he was probing an open wound, and he knew it and rejoiced.

But though I was in agony, one thought kept me cool and strong. His hour had come. I knew it, though, indeed, even now the odds were heavy against me. I had never been a very expert swordsman, while I made no doubt he was a master of the weapon, with cunning and treachery to help him.

At that moment the child awoke and began to whimper. Instantly the old man flung down his sword, and, running to the bed, fell to petting and caressing the little one, motioning me to stand in the shade. In a minute or two he was successful, and the whimper died into silence. But as I watched them I could see, indeed, in spite of all the long years that separated

Google

them, a dreadful likeness, and I could have almost found it in my dark resolve to have slain them both, and so, perhaps, have made an end of the hateful stock.

Very soon he rose up, and, laying his finger on his lip, pointed to the door. But I had no fancy to precede him with the rapier in his hand. He divined my thought, and, with a fine curl of the lip, he led the way himself into the passage where my lantern was still burning. This he lifted, and, opening a door, disclosed another passage. About half way down he stopped, and after feeling along the wall, drew back a sliding panel and entered a large room. By the light of the lantern I could see it resembled in size and shape the chamber I had left so recently and in which I had seen my enemy's portrait.

Against the wall at a height of about six feet was a wooden bracket shelf, on which stood a candelabrum with a number of tapers. One of these he took out and lit with the lantern, and with it soon had the whole ablaze.

This room had little in the way of furniture or decoration. There was not even a table. Only a few carved, high-backed chairs were ranged at intervals against the walls, and nearly opposite the bracket was a clock in a tall antique case. At one end was a door which stood an inch or two open. At the other hung heavy tapestries, which might, I surmised, hide the window. Drawing forward one of the chairs, my adversary took off the loose wrapper which he had been wearing, and proceeded very deliberately to adjust his fine cambric shirt, rolling up his sleeves and talking all the time.

"You have had your share of good fortune," he said. "My men are busy to-night, paying off a small score that has been running for some time. I had to hurry the lazy varlets off myself only an hour ago, or they had drunk themselves dead, and I should have missed the pleasure of this little encounter. Even now I have but to sound a bell—there is a cord by the side of that clock—and the footmen from the east wing would be here in a moment, but I always was something of an eccentric, and I prefer to deal with you myself."

Google

"It is not I with whom you have to deal," I answered.

"What a voice! and what a manner!" he mocked. "You really should have wooed good mother Holy Church instead of a pretty little baggage with blue eyes—were they blue? Upon my word I forget." And once more he cast upon me that keen, cruel smile of interrogation.

I raised my sword.

"You are a better swordsman than I am," I said.

"You pay me too high a compliment," he interrupted.

"But," I continued, "it is God Himself who is about to take your sinful life."

"And I had no notion whom I had the honour of welcoming beneath my humble roof. To think of it!"

He still dallied, not, I knew, from cowardice, but I believe from sheer enjoyment of the torment which he thought he was inflicting. But, indeed, I had now fallen into a mood that made me heedless of his gibes. What I had just said, I verily believed. God Himself was present to demand the penalty of crime, and the awe of such a judgment overshadowed me.

At last my lord was ready, and rapier in hand came into the middle of the room. Then he drew back a pace or two and motioned me back.

"If it meets with your approval," he said, "I would suggest that when in a couple of minutes the clock strikes one, we take it as a signal to commence."

I nodded, and we took up our positions a little distance apart.

"And so you think the good Lord is going to avenge poor little Blue-eyes after all these years? I am afraid your touching faith is going to have rather a disagreeable shock. God or no God, I have you, my dear friend, in half a dozen ways, and this time you shall not slip through my fingers. Why, you fool!" he cried, with a sudden change from his tone of polite irony to one of brutal energy, "you've had your chance and thrown it away. It's my turn now."

As he spoke the clock struck—a clear, bell-like note, and instantly he attacked me with the utmost fury.

Google

It was as I had expected. I was like a child in his hands. Before we had exchanged a dozen passes I was bleeding from a couple of pricks either of which might have ended the fight had he so willed it. Indeed I could do little but make furious lunges, which he parried with the utmost certainty and ease, continually pressing me back, till I began to wonder what would happen when I reached the end of the room and could retreat no more. I realised that he was only playing with me as yet, though I could not divine his motive for delaying. Before this actual, physical demonstration of my helplessness my confidence began to fail. My only hope was that he might overreach himself and exhaust his strength. At any moment, I reflected, a lucky thrust might turn the scale. At length I thought my opportunity had come. I made a desperate lunge, and at that very moment his opposing blade dropped, and my point went home just beneath his heart. All my strength had been in the thrust, and I looked to see him fall at my feet. Instead, a horrid jar ran through my sword arm and the blade snapped in half, while the useless hilt dropped from my numbed fingers. Instantly I guessed what had happened. Under his cambric shirt was a coat of mail against which my steel had shivered. The shock drove him back, but only for one brief moment. The next his blade menaced me unarmed as I was, save for the dagger which I had almost involuntarily shifted from the left to the right hand.

But more dreadful than the gleaming steel was his face. It seemed to me as though he had cast aside a veil, and now for the first time showed me his true countenance. All the mask of refinement and high breeding seemed to have vanished, and left behind only brute ferocity and cunning. His voice, too, sounded different. The restraint, the cynical humour, the delicate articulation were replaced by thick, coarse tones of animal triumph.

"Fool! Blockhead!" he screamed, "now you shall know the pains of death. Back, I say, dog! Tricked, duped, beaten, do you still try to brazen it out? In another moment that

Google

bold face of yours shall be white with fear and agony. Back! further back! Ha! what did I say? Do you begin to guess your fate? Why not invoke your august patron? Back! Back! Back!"

As he spoke he pricked me again and again and drove me before him till I was close upon the hangings. But it was not the fear of his sword that had changed the fashion of my countenance. There was that in front of me from which a brave man might well shrink in terror,

It was just after I had been disarmed that I first saw it. I was being driven back when suddenly I became conscious that beyond my adversary there was some one or something in the room. I was quite desperate, and lifted my eyes from my adversary without either hope or fear.

And what I saw was this. The door at the end now stood almost wide open. And creeping, crawling, gliding along the floor came the same monstrous creature from whom I had so narrowly escaped only an hour or so before. Its appearance in this fuller light was, if possible, even more terrifying. The sleek black body, the hind quarters tilted up, the long tail restlessly swaying from side to side. The dreadful head, flat on the top as if abruptly cut away, the ears close laid back, the eyes ablaze with green fire, the retracted lips and protruding jaws, the fierce mouth with its white hairs bristling, all this combined with its stealthy silent approach was indescribably horrible. I do not wonder that my face looked white and terror-stricken. For the moment I forgot that my lord was an enemy and only remembered that he was a man.

But he himself broke the spell.

"Back, hound!" he cried, pressing me right back to the tapestry till my back rested against something hard and ridged. "Say your prayers, for the end of this play is come."

I looked beyond him. When he was still, the beast lay still, but he must needs wave his rapier and dart in and out. Every time he did so it began to crouch for a spring.

There was a moment's pause. He stood still opposite me

Google

watching me with a malignant smile which slowly gave way to a frown of impatience. And the great black beast crept an inch or two nearer, its tail still flicking from side to side.

Suddenly my lord made a little thrust at me which drove me hard against the hangings and whatever was behind them, while at the same time he made a loud hissing sound as when one urges on some savage animal.

The effect was instantaneous. Like some vast stone from a catapult, the panther launched itself on him and bore him struggling to the ground. He gave a cry, not loud but lamentable. One glance I caught of his face, and I think it will go with me for the rest of my days. Horror and amaze and a sudden desperate resolution—for he was brave to the heart's core—I can read them all in that transfigured countenance. But it was the face of a man, and for all the hatred I bore him I had rather remember him so than as he showed when he was driving me against the hangings.

These I now tore apart, and behind were the bars of a large cage stretching nearly the width of the room. At the side nearest me was a door with a bolt. I pulled this back and found myself within the cage, where, the curtains being now open, I could see that the bars were very wide apart. Near the centre of the cage was a great block of wood with an iron staple, and attached to it a long piece of broken chain. This, however, I only noticed as I rushed through to a half-open door at the back, one of the doors, I found, that opened on to the gallery where I had already been. Before I closed the door I ran back a few paces into the cage and listened. There was a sound that made me feel sick, though it was only a loud, fierce purring noise. But while I stood there a strange thing happened. It was almost dark in the cage, and suddenly I saw what looked like a thin red vein run upwards along one of the folds of the curtain, then spread and divide like the veining on a leaf, till it reached one of the edges, when a long tongue of flame leapt out between the bars, showing a cloud of smoke. Instantly I remembered the lantern which my adversary had

Google

set down close to the hangings after lighting the tapers. Doubtless it had been overturned by the panther's spring or in the subsequent struggle, and this was the result.

The hangings were evidently dry as tinder, and even in the moment I stayed I saw the red veins spread with wonderful rapidity, while the tongues of flame multiplied and the smoke grew blinding.

I turned and hurried out into the gallery. A fierce joy was tingling in my blood at the thought of this accursed castle being burned. I felt a longing to be outside in the fresh, cool night air, and there to watch the wholesome fire perform its cleansing work. But my lantern was gone, and in the dark it was no easy task to find my way. It seemed an interminable time before I rediscovered the staircase that led down to the large hall. By this time the smell of burning was quite unmistakable, and strange crackling sounds were audible. Owing either to a change in the position of the moon, or to the presence of clouds, the hall was much darker than before, and it was some time before I could grope my way to the curtains at the head of the steps leading below. At last, however, I succeeded, and was already half way down when I heard the short, sharp cry of a child in pain or terror.

I stopped. I had altogether forgotten the child. Though I had no very clear idea of the relative position of the rooms, I knew the fire was not very far from the room where I had found my lord asleep. Now that he had met with so terrible a fate I felt it would be impossible to abandon a helpless little creature to the chance of so cruel a death. At all hazards I must place it in a place of safety. At the same time I knew there was no time to be lost. Even if the fire did not outrun me, there were the footmen in the east wing to be remembered, and the men who were paying off the old score. At any moment either of them might appear and bar my escape. Then the thought of that awful black monster made me hesitate, but I reflected that he would probably still be busy with his victim where I had left him. Still the recollection

Digitized by Google

of those flaming eyes and cruel tusks made me move with light and wary steps, and the slightest creak, sometimes the very sound of my own footfall, brought me to a halt with straining ear and beating heart.

In the darkness I must have gone astray, for I went from door to passage and passage to door without finding the steps to the gallery.

Instead, I suddenly found myself at the foot of a grand flight of marble steps, evidently the principal staircase. Here it was comparatively light, for there were several large windows. I hastened up, the noise and the smoke increasing with every step I took. At the top of the stairs was a spacious landing, narrowing on one side to a corridor, at the end of which were folding-doors. These I opened, and found myself in what looked like the very passage I was in search of, only if so I had entered it from the other end. There was the room with light streaming forth through the half-open door. Whatever doubts I might have entertained were soon dissipated, for taking a step or two forward I recognised the decorations on the wall. I could also see further down the passage the other door, wide open, through which my lord had led the way. Through this door wisps of smoke were drifting, and I saw that I had no time to lose. I was just about to make for the sleeping chamber, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, a shadow fell across the wall, and the next moment the awful beast itself came trotting out, licking his lips with lolling tongue, his eyes flaming in the darkness. I suppose I must have been in the shadow, for he evidently did not see me, but trotted across to the open door. I waited not a moment longer, but running back to the folding-doors, hurried through, and closed them from the outside. Then I rushed down the great staircase, and by good fortune rather than recollection soon found my way to the great hall. Again I was at fault in my search for the descending flight of steps, but eventually I found them and flew down. As I entered the servants' hall, I heard the castle alarm bell begin to ring with desperate

Google

peals. And in the intervals I fancied I could hear the sound of horses outside. I opened the postern gate and for a moment stood listening. It was so, a troop of horsemen were coming up the avenue. I could hear the jingling of their spurs. But I had no fear of them, for here I was familiar with every path and turn. The way by which I had come from the terrace ran straight on for some twenty or thirty yards and then curved round to the lodge by which I had entered. As I felt certain the men would stop at the postern, I considered myself perfectly safe, and even loitered near enough to hear their cries of wonder as the bell thundered in their ears. Then remembering that the stable lay in the direction I was following, I hurried forward, and in a few minutes stood outside the castle demesne on the high road. And still the bell clamoured its appeal for help, that would soon bring the villagers out of their beds.

But the road, I recalled, mounted higher further on, and ran through a little wood on to the brow of a hill that commanded a noble view of the castle and its grounds. From that spot I had often looked upon it—sometimes with her at my side—and admired its goodly proportions and fair surroundings, but never had the sight of it given me such satisfaction as now. The moon was still high in the heavens and the dome of sky wonderfully bright and clear. The building itself stood out in sharp relief, the black shadows making the grey stonework look almost white. The east wing was opposite me, and almost every window was lit up. The terrace was just in view, and the great door was wide open, while I could see figures moving about in hurry and confusion on the gleaming gravel. And all the time a steady murky column of black smoke, increasing in size, it seemed to me, every moment, and spangled with innumerable sparks, rose like the smoke of a burnt offering from the other wing. And even as I gazed a broad sheet of flame, red and angry, suddenly flashed up, curled, twisted and disappeared, while another black pillar reared itself over the doomed house. I thought of the dead

Digitized by Google

man, cruel, crafty, mocking, but fearless, and I fell to wondering whether the keener flames of the wrath of God may purify as well as consume.

It seems unreasonable, but as I watched the destruction of that ancient castle, the bitter hatred I had so long cherished against its owner began to pass away, and it even came into my heart to thank God that when the stroke fell it was not my hand that sent the wicked but intrepid spirit to its last assize.

The AUTHOR of "The Greatness of Josiah Porlick."

Google

MUNICIPAL ASPECTS OF THE HOUSING PROBLEM

IF we are all Socialists now we are by no means all municipalisers; and those who are resident in urban communities are more insistent upon their rights and privileges as citizens, and, perhaps, also more dolorous about their inconveniences, than they are explicit as to their civic responsibilities. It is a very simple matter to be a member of a municipality, but it is very far from being a simple matter to determine what a municipality should, and still more what it should not, do for its members. In no aspect of municipal life has there been more agitation and discussion than in connection with the housing of the poor. But in no department of municipal politics has there been more confusion of thought and of argument. There is no common agreement as to who are the poor for whom provision should be made, and there is a wide difference of opinion as to those who should afford the provision. One may find numerous examples of municipal effort in the pulling down of old houses and the building of new ones, but the new houses never seem to be occupied by those evicted from the old. From an economic point of view, it remains indefinite whether it is the duty of a municipality to provide dwellings, any more than clothing, for any class of the community other than absolute paupers and convicted criminals. The London County Council spent £230,000 in building dwelling-houses, which a couple of years ago were valued

Google

at only £95,000, and of which the rents are too high for the people for whom they were intended. The case of Liverpool has been often cited by the advocates of municipal housing, but although Liverpool spent a couple of millions in building houses "for the poor," it does not appear that the houses are within the means and the desires of the dishoused population supposed to be needing them. Now the trouble about the ill-success of municipal housing schemes is twofold. It is not merely that public money is misapplied, and to a considerable extent wasted, but that the ill-directed efforts of municipalities place a check on private enterprise, and thus the problem is made less soluble than ever.

In the "Housing Handbook," published in 1908 by the National Housing Reform Council, it is stated: "Fifty years ago the Housing of the Poor was a burning question; to-day it is the Housing of the Working Classes, and it threatens to be the Housing of the People." The housing of the poor has been a burning question not for fifty but for five hundred years. It is a very different question from the housing of the working classes, who have the means to pay for wholesome dwellings and the ability to select them. The evils of bad housing, it is true, now affect a larger number of persons belonging to the ranks of skilled labourers and artisans, but these persons have the means of relief in their own hands. If their housing is bad it is voluntary, either in consequence of degraded tastes or of drunken habits. But the assertion that the great mass of working people experience hardships year by year in connection with overcrowding and high rents is not supported by evidence. It is not confirmed by the findings of the Glasgow Municipal Commission to which we are about to refer.

The president of the Association of House Factors and Property Agents in Glasgow told the Municipal Commission that there was practically no housing problem at all as regarded the artisan and better labouring class. Rents might be rather higher in Glasgow than they were elsewhere, but wages were

Google

also on the whole higher. These higher rents were caused by (1) the higher wages paid to tradesmen in the building trades; (2) the heavier rates in Glasgow than in the surrounding country; (3) the restrictions on the construction and the use of property, arising from the operation of the Buildings Regulations Act and other Acts of a similar nature, and to the better class of houses now in demand; and (4) the losses arising to landlords through the destruction caused by lawless tenants and unrestrained youths. The net return to the landlord on this class of property had not lately increased, but, on the contrary, had decreased, and might be averaged at 5 per cent. It was, he thought, a disputed point whether the higher price demanded for sites had anything to do with the rise in the rents. Some members of the Association held that ground-rents had no appreciable effect upon house-rents; but in his view, the price of sites was bound to have an influence. There were plenty of good sanitary houses for the average working classes. As to the decent, well-behaved labourer, whose earnings through ill-health or otherwise were below the average, there were a large number of houses at rents from £8 (for two rooms) and under. There was such a number of these houses that he did not think there was any difficulty for men with small wages in getting them. Insanitary houses should not be let; but they were let, for the simple reason that the owners wanted to take as much as they could out of them, whatever the effect might be. This witness also expressed the opinion that it is only the vicious and the criminal classes that the Corporation should provide for. Take these from among the others and those left would have a better chance. Nobody wanted these vicious and criminal classes. No agent would let a house to them if he could avoid it, but ofttimes they got into a house in spite of him. Everybody wanted to turn them out, and where were they to go? As human beings we cannot throw them on the street; but no person could provide a place for them and keep them under supervision in such a way as the Corporation. Private enterprise would fairly well meet the

Digitized by Google

requirements of those with very small incomes, but not much had been done in this respect for a year or two owing to uncertainty as to the action of the Corporation. It seems that 5 per cent. is the full amount that landlords receive from their property at the present time, because the cost of upkeep has been increasing, In the class of room-and-kitchen houses the cost of upkeep is rising so much that the proprietors' percentage is a reducing quantity. If a landlord had two-thirds of his capital borrowed at 3½ per cent., and he got a return of 5 per cent. for his own third, he would realise 4 per cent. overhead. This is a fair commercial survey of the situation.

The "Housing Handbook," however, says:

> Putting the case in its simplest form, we find, in the first place, that if every room, good and bad, occupied or unoccupied, in all the workmen's dwellings in the country be reckoned as existing accommodation, there are not enough of any sort to house the working population without unhealthy overcrowding; and if only healthy rooms are reckoned, the position is infinitely worse. In the second place, we find that so far from new rooms being built in sufficient quantities to make up the deficiency, there is a distinct lessening of the rate of increase, and—so far as healthy dwellings are concerned—no prospect of relieving the intensity of the famine to any appreciable extent.

It is acknowledged nevertheless that if the standard of necessary accommodation for a workman and his family be put at two or three rooms, the artisan class cannot be said to suffer from house famine. Then has the State or the municipality any call to intervene? Has the public authority the right to determine the housing conditions of any class above the rank of pauper, beyond decreeing that there shall not be overcrowding to the danger of life, and that dwellings shall be kept clean and orderly?

The Glasgow Municipal Commission on the Housing of the Poor, whose inquiry has been watched with so much interest, and whose report has been awaited with so much hope by social reformers all over the country, was appointed in July 1902, with specific terms of reference. These were—to inquire into the causes which lead to congested and insanitary

Google

areas, and to overcrowding; the remedies which could or should be adopted for the clearance of existing congested, insanitary and overcrowded areas, and for the prevention of these evils in future; and "any other phases of or questions connected with the housing problem in Glasgow which the Commission may deem it desirable, necessary, or expedient to report upon." The evils to be inquired into are general; the remedies proposed are local, but capable of adaptation to similar conditions elsewhere. The particular area of investigation is a municipality of 776,967 inhabitants, containing 86,422 houses of one apartment; 72,099 houses of two apartments; 27,695 houses of three apartments, and 24,680 houses of above three apartments. All the three first-named classes, and a considerable proportion of the last-named, are "flats," arranged in what are called "lands" (or blocks) entered by a "close," or common entry and stairway. The divisions of the population in these several classes of dwellings are 14·050 per cent. in one-room, 47·054 per cent. in two-room, 20·476 per cent. in three-room, and 18·42 per cent. in over three-room, houses. Taking "the poor" to be those who do not occupy dwellings of more than two rooms, it will be seen that 61·104 per cent. of the population of the city come within that category and occupy 108,521 houses, or at all events dwellings.

There is nothing to be said against either one-room or two-room houses merely as places of residence. Everything depends on environment, and on the number and character of the residents. Single-room houses are, indeed, well adapted for, say, a young married couple, a single woman, or a couple of young women of humble means. But it is just among the one- and two-roomed house population that the problem is encountered in its most difficult form, for it is among these dwellings that one finds insanitary conditions and overcrowding general.

The Medical Officer of Health testified that in 1891-1901 the increase of population in Glasgow averaged 10,000 per annum. One-roomed houses and their average population had also

Digitized by Google

decreased in that time. The population of two-roomed houses in Old Glasgow remained practically stationary. The population of one-roomed houses contributed 8 per cent. in excess of its proper proportion to deaths from all causes, twice its proper proportion of deaths from zymotic diseases, one-fifth of the deaths from consumption, and almost a fourth of the deaths from other respiratory diseases. But one-roomed houses are "not necessarily injurious." Two-roomed houses provide 2 per cent. in excess of their proper contribution to deaths from all causes. Death-rate rises with density of population. It is too easy, he said, for a bad tenant to get a good house. The residuum might be brought under municipal control, made to work, and "educated." There are sufficient powers to enforce cleanliness upon tenants, but the witness "was not quite sure that they are exercised." Hitherto the supply of houses has met the demand following displacement of tenants. That happened in 1870–75; it would happen now. Displacement should be gradual. Farmed houses should be wiped out, and childless occupants sent to common lodging-houses. Those with children should get another chance under the Working Classes Housing Act. Overcrowding, Dr. Chalmers contends, should be made to tell on the owner, and he holds that there is no ground for a general municipal housing policy.

In Glasgow among the one- and two-roomed dwellings are to be found "ticketed" and "farmed-out" houses. Of 19,919 "ticketed" houses, 18,914 are of one apartment, and 6005 are of two apartments. A "ticketed" house is defined as one which has been measured, and bears on the outside of the door a metal ticket showing its rotation number in the property, the total number of cubic feet of free space, and the number of adults allowed, a child under ten being accounted as half an adult. The power of ticketing possessed by the Corporation is confined to houses of not more than three apartments, whose cubic contents do not exceed 2000 feet. The object of ticketing is to ensure inspection of property which from its character and tenants is liable to be overcrowded

Digitized by Google

during the night. It does not follow, however, that all dwellings which may be overcrowded are ticketed. Indeed, the contrary is too well known to be the case.

A "farmed-out house" is defined as a house of one or two apartments which the real tenant does not occupy, but furnishes in order to let it to a sub-tenant, by the night or the week. The number of such houses fluctuates, but the average is about 1250. The house-farmer pays, on the average, 1*s.* 9*d.* per room per week for the house, and from his sub-tenants draws an average of 4*s.* 6½*d.* per room per week. This seems highly profitable business, but it must be noted that the farmer has to pay all the taxes and to provide certain rough furnishings and utensils, such as bed, table, chairs, pots and pans, and a few dishes—all, of course, of the meanest description. And the house-farmer is responsible to the landlord for damage done to the property by his sub-tenants, and is exposed to losses by moonlight flittings. Still, house-farming seems to be a regular trade in Glasgow, and of some extent. A moment's reflection, however, will show that it does not cater to the truly poor, for the person who can pay 4*s.* 6*d.* per week for his housing—and such housing!—is not destitute, but only feckless.

Mr. Peter Fyfe, Sanitary Inspector of Glasgow, told the Sanitary Congress recently that he looked upon the ticketed house, so far as it might be considered a factor in the housing problem, as an anachronism, for it appeared as if the process of ticketing acted in the direction of relieving the owner of his responsibility. That looked to him like turning back the hands of the clock. He thought the general Act was right and the local Acts were wrong, as anything which enabled a proprietor, after his house was let, to retire with impunity and pay no heed to the conditions of its occupancy necessarily relieved him, and put the burden of care and watchfulness on the public. Logically, the ticketing of dwellings transfers the responsibility from the owner to the tenant, or strongly tends in that direction. The repression of overcrowding, as at present carried out, is a system of official espionage, only

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

tolerable because the Legislature has, till now, afforded the people no other and better means of protecting themselves from its evil results. Mr. Fyfe suggested the compulsory employment of caretakers by owners of low-class property, with powers of eviction for persistent overcrowding.

Some house-farmers told the Municipal Commission that in the farmed-out house the weekly rent is from four to five shillings, and the daily rent for the same accommodation—in the case of tenants who are too shiftless to be trusted with a week's credit—is 8*d.* or 10*d.* These witnesses were at one on the point that it is mainly drunkenness which fills the farmed-out houses. Some of the tenants earn as much as £2 per week, and many are in regular employment, sufficiently well paid to support them in a comfortably furnished house. One of the witnesses has a tenant who has not "flitted" for thirteen years; but, as a rule, the occupiers of farmed-out houses are migratory people of highly destructive habits, who make a practice of burning the landlord's furniture and fixtures when fuel is scarce and dear. But for this, house-farming could be very remunerative.

The chairman of the Glasgow School Board told the Municipal Commission that the children who evade education dwell mostly in ticketed and farmed houses. "Back lands," he contends, should be practically swept away; a large number of their inhabitants can afford better houses. Three School Board officers testified that truancy goes hand in hand with the misconduct of parents; that farmed-out houses, "dens of indecency and immorality," are a source of great trouble to the Board; that there has been a great improvement in the housing of the poor during the past eighteen years; and that out of 4038 parents summoned by the Board in 1908, 70 or 80 per cent. had neglected their duty through drunkenness.

The prison chaplain showed that of prisoners only 8 per cent. came from one-room houses; 98 per cent. were brought up in respectable homes, though they may have entered the prison by way of the slums. Drink was the cause of 95 per

Google

cent. of their crimes; but the proportion of young people who will "go wrong," irrespective of their environment, is larger than is generally believed.

Overcrowding prevails among the poor in all industrial communities. In Glasgow it is held technically to be the occupancy of any sleeping apartment beyond the minimum standard of 400 cubic feet of free space for each adult, and 200 feet for each child under ten years of age. This can only be supervised in the case of ticketed houses, which can be visited during the night, and which are referred to the police whenever overcrowding is discovered to the extent of 33 per cent. or upwards. In 1901, out of 55,292 cases of night inspection, 7044 cases of overcrowding were discovered. In some of these cases, instead of 400 cubic feet of free space there were less than 150 feet, and in two cases there were only 94 and 91 feet respectively for each adult. It is obvious, however, that all cases of overcrowding are not discovered and reported, even in these ticketed houses, as the tenants have quite extraordinary ingenuity and resourcefulness in avoiding detection by the sanitary officials. One of these officials gave the Commission a graphic account of the dodges employed. The night inspectors find the occupants of overcrowded houses, in their attempts to avoid detection when the officers approach, concealed in corners, cupboards, closets, under beds, and even on the housetops. In one case the officers found seven persons trying to hide on an adjoining roof, and eleven persons in a house containing only 880 cubic feet. This witness stated that on several occasions two tiers of people had been found in one bed—one on the boards with the bed thrown over them, and another tier on the bed, waiting until the officers finished their inspection of the apartment.

In one case a son, aged 22, a young woman, aged 20, and a girl of 16, were found between the bed and mattress. The father was lying above the son, and the younger members of the family were above the girls. The eldest girl was as naked as the hour she was born. The woman was on

Google

the floor, having risen to open the door. The house was a "low-down" one, and the officers, after knocking at the door, discovered by looking through some chinks of the shutter that something was being done. On gaining admission, they were informed that the house was occupied by three persons—the husband, wife, and two children under ten counting as one adult. The officers, being struck with the high appearance of the bed, turned up the mattress and made the discovery above narrated. But for the inspection, the probability is that the occupants would have been lying on shake-downs on the floor.

Once more, the people herding in this gross and unwholesome fashion were not the poorest of the poor. They were making an income among them of £2 a week, and were paying only 8*s.* per month rent for the "house."

With regard to ticketed houses the Commissioners recommend:

That the maximum size of house which the Corporation is authorised to "ticket" should be increased from 2000 feet of cubic space to 2600 feet; and further, that where the Health Department of the city is satisfied that a proper system of resident caretaking is practised in any tenement, the inhabitants thereof should be exempted from the visit of sanitary inspectors during the night.

With regard to overcrowding the Commissioners recommend:

(1) That the magistrates should deal with overcrowding as a most serious offence against the laws of health, and that very specially, when the additional occupants do not form part of the householder's own family, exemplary penalties be imposed.

(2) That the Corporation should use their powers to close houses against which two convictions for overcrowding have been obtained within six months.

Medical evidence was given to the Commission as to the relation between the occupancy of one-room houses and the incidence of disease and mortality. The Medical Officer of Health for the municipality said:

It is probably necessary to guard against the suggestion (of these figures) hat one-apartment houses are necessarily injurious, irrespective of other conditions. Poverty, drink and indifference are contributory causes, and the perils of the average one-apartment occupancy are reflected in its increased share in the mortality.

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The fact that the smaller classes of house contribute so largely to the death-rate is attributed not so much to their size as to the situation of so many of them, and to the fact that they are occupied by persons whose struggle for existence is of the hardest. Many of these small dwellings are situated in what are called "back lands"—that is to say, blocks of houses erected on what originally were gardens, or greens, or back courts, and which now not only obstruct the surrounding dwellings but are themselves deprived of sunlight and fresh air. The police clerk of Glasgow was very emphatic in urging that all "back lands," closed as uninhabitable, should not be permitted to be used again. And the Commissioners in their report recommend:

> That "back lands" should be abolished by steady, continuous and rigorous enforcement of the existing statutory powers of the Corporation, and that powers should be obtained, if necessary, to prevent "back lands" which have been closed against human habitation being used as stores or other business premises.

It is a complaint with sanitarians, in connection with housing under the Public Health Acts, that evils arise from the loose manner in which the regulations and by-laws are carried out in many cases. Dwellings for the working classes have been built by speculative and sometimes, perhaps often, jerry-builders, whose ideas of sanitary and permanently healthy dwellings are cheap. The speculative builder has, however, been an important factor in helping to decrease the troubles of overcrowding. It is imperative that there should be a statutory definition of what constitutes overcrowding, applicable where a permanent number of persons reside in one dwelling.

The high death-rate in small houses is not due to the smallness of the houses, but to the way in which the houses are occupied. The great thing in the housing of the poor classes is to have cheap dwelling-places, and they cannot be both cheap and large. The Council of the Sanitary Institute has represented to the Local Government Boards of England and

Google

Scotland that a definition of overcrowding, as 400 cubic feet per adult person and half the amount per child in sleeping-rooms, is required in the interests of the public health.

At the 1904 Congress of the Incorporated Sanitary Association of Scotland, Dr. A. K. Chalmers, of Glasgow, discussed the "Problem of Sanitation and Poverty." He argued that the death-rate is inevitably found highest where poverty is greatest. He suggested that the economic and sanitary aspects of the problem of poverty were inseparable. Among 750 school children in Glasgow who were recently measured there was some evidence that restriction in house-room is associated with restriction in food. The children of one-apartment families were shorter and lighter in weight than those occupying two rooms, and those from two-apartment families were shorter and lighter than those from larger houses. Philanthropy in Glasgow is not inactive, and for many years it has been active on the question of feeding the school children. Dr. Chalmers questioned whether the policy of dealing with results only had yielded a return of ameliorated conditions commensurate with the thought and energy expended in it. It is by dealing with results only that we have a housing problem, a food problem, a clothing problem, a labour problem, and a drink problem. The very magnitude of these several phases exposes us to the danger of forgetting that behind all is the human problem, the problem of creating in the hearts of those in whom hope is dead an appreciation of those ideals for which they worked. Dr. Chalmers' point was that sanitary administration prevented disease, and he claimed the public right to prevent the production of conditions which induce it, instead of simply removing them. Every official could lay his hand on tenements where the processes of decay in structure and deterioration in character of the inhabitants are beginning, and yet he must wait until ooth reached a certain degree of development before he could take action. This is the treatment of results. A local

Google

authority should be in a position to say to every owner of a tenement coming within the description: "Your tenement is on the down grade; plaster and woodwork are becoming defective; you are admitting tenants of careless and dirty habits; the stairs are dirtily kept; overcrowding will occur. Prevent these misuses, or we shall cease to allow it to be used at all."

One of the perplexities of the problem is that whilst in all urban localities one finds overcrowding, in each urban locality there is nearly always a superabundance of houses. It has been found by the Municipal Commission that in Glasgow there are considerably over 20,000 persons occupying dwellings illegally and insanitarily; that is to say, there are 20,000 persons in need of proper housing accommodation —not of houses. These figures do not cover the homeless and roofless, the waifs and strays, but those who ought to be dishoused and rehoused. Some ninety blocks of buildings are reported to be congested, not in one area alone but in every quarter of the city. The average population of the municipality is sixty persons per acre; but in the congested portions the proportions rise from 508 to 876 persons per acre, and in one very small area the population rises to 1777 per acre. These are startling figures, and yet, from a return submitted by the city assessor, it would seem that there were in 1904 no fewer than 8817 unoccupied houses in Glasgow, of one, two, and three apartments each. And the Commissioners report that:

> The continued occupancy of so many insanitary and illegal houses in Glasgow is largely owing to an unwillingness on the part of the officers responsible for the enforcement of the Act to make use of their powers, because of their belief that there is not a sufficiency of suitable accommodation for the people who would be dispossessed, *at a rental which they are able or,* in the case of some of them, *willing to pay.*

And yet of the 8817 unoccupied dwellings, 2194 were houses of one apartment, and 4451 were houses of two apartments.

The city assessor set forth that the supply of one-roomed

Google

houses in 1908 was inadequate to the demand for them; that in eleven years the rent of such houses has increased from £5 5*s*. to £6, while wages have generally advanced, except in the case of people with less than 16*s*. per week; that one-roomed houses, if kept in a sanitary condition, are not necessarily objectionable, but are suited to the needs of the class which occupies them; that private builders are providing ample accommodation, except as regards one-roomed houses, which are not being supplied by private enterprise; that the Corporation should, therefore, supply the demand for houses of this class; and that for the simplification of the management of one-roomed houses, and the discouragement of the "migratory habits" of the inhabitants, the landlord and factor should be held responsible for police and municipal assessments, close-cleaning, whitewashing and chimney-sweeping.

The officers of the Charity Organisation Society, however, say that there is no case for an elaborate scheme of municipal housing, for there are at present unlet houses of one and two rooms which would provide accommodation for close upon 12,000 persons; and the society has met with no case of a man or woman, with satisfactory record, who had been unable to find a small, cheap house. The 64 per cent. of "respectable" people in ticketed houses is largely composed of those who grudge every penny of rent, and who hate taxes. Private builders of cheap houses are marking time until the intentions of the Corporation are declared. Overcrowding is largely due to drunkenness; infant mortality to bad feeding; insanitary conditions to lack of cleanliness on the part of the tenant. For the respectable poor "there is no housing problem"; the disreputable poor cannot get houses because they will not pay for them or keep them in a state to satisfy any landlord. Insanitariness in itself should be a sufficient reason for prompt ejectment.

The Working Class is a large enough term, which most persons understand to include all skilled and unskilled labourers, capable of earning regularly a living wage. It has

Google

not been legally or legislatively defined. But the term "Labouring Classes" has been defined by House of Commons Standing Order (No. 188) to mean "mechanics, artisans, labourers and others working for wages; hawkers, costermongers, persons not working for wages but working at some trade or handicraft without employing others, except members of their own family; and persons, other than domestic servants, whose income does not exceed an average of thirty shillings a week; and the families of any of such persons who may be residing with them." No such person, however, can be correctly classified as of "the poor," if by the poor is meant the indigent.

From a careful examination of the evidence collected by the Municipal Commissioners we gather that what deficiency there is of small-dwelling accommodation in Glasgow, at rents adapted to the means of the poor, is due to the operation and consequence of municipal enterprise. The Corporation of Glasgow has power under its Improvement Acts to build houses, as well as to demolish insanitary areas. But in building it has not considered the housing of the poor so much as the utilisation of ground rendered vacant by the pulling down of insanitary buildings. Under the Act of 1866 it erected 473 houses of one apartment, 1033 of two apartments, 180 of three apartments, and 11 of a large size—in all 1697 houses at rents ranging from £4 10*s*. and upwards. But these dwellings do not replace the dwellings at £4 and under which were demolished. Again, under the Act of 1897, two blocks of dwellings have been erected in the East End, containing 112 houses of one apartment, and 145 of two apartments. The rents run from £4 10*s*. to £5 10*s*. for the former, and from £8 to £8 10*s*. for the latter, but the whole lot will not accommodate more than 800 people.

The Improvement Trust Manager of the Corporation said that during the thirty years, ending in 1897, the amount raised by assessment under the 1866 Act was about £597,000, or nearly £20,000 per annum on the average, which includes

Google

the cost of street improvement, &c. Of the sum spent upon housing under the Act, only a small proportion was earmarked for the housing of the "poorest class." Only a quarter of the 1697 houses were built "with the intention of housing a poorer class than artisans." Houses built under the 1897 Act, for the "poorest classes," were filled at once with people earning from 22*s.* to 26*s.* per week." The Corporation should, he says, now set about the housing of the very poor, the drunkard, the vicious, and the criminal, perhaps in municipal farmed-out houses. Rents for nearly one-fifth of Corporation houses built under the 1866 Act were raised in May 1902 because they were below market rate. Only 8000 of 50,000 people dispossessed by the Improvement Trust have been housed by the Corporation.

Nevertheless, these municipal erections, insufficient and unsuitable as they are, have served to retard the supply by private enterprise. As a case in point let us cite the experience of the Workmen's Dwellings Company, Limited. This company was formed in 1890, with a capital of £40,000, and under a memorandum of association which limits the maximum rate of dividend to 5 per cent. Its objects were to set an example in the building of simple and sound houses, and in improving the structure and management of dilapidated slum-dwellings at rents within the reach of the labouring classes. There was here no indefinite attempt to provide for "the poor." According to the secretary of the company:

> The capital subscribed has been fully invested. Two sites, one in the north and one in the east of the city, have been bought, and six large blocks of new buildings have been erected thereon. Twenty-six blocks, or tenements, of neglected and dilapidated houses—hot-beds of disease and crime—have been purchased; twenty-one of these have been radically and thoroughly renovated and converted into decent houses, while work has been commenced upon the five remaining blocks. The company now (1903) owns 677 houses, and when the work on hand is completed it will have an annual rent-roll of £4000, and will shelter over 2900 souls. It has for years paid a steady income of four per cent. to its shareholders, besides accumulating £1950 of reserves and undivided profits.

Google

This was the statement to the Municipal Commission, but since then the report of the company for the year ending June 30, 1904, has been issued, and in it we find the following:

> Building has not been proceeded with upon the vacant ground at Garngadhill as, owing to the large number of unlet houses in the company's renovated tenements there, it seems unwise to erect additional houses, *unless of a specially simple and economical class*, and the relaxations of the Buildings Regulations Acts, which the directors think necessary to enable this class of house to be erected, have not yet been sanctioned by the Corporation.

The Glasgow Workmen's Dwellings Company informed the Commission that for some years after their first operations in erecting one- and two-room houses "their building operations were suspended, largely from *uncertainty as to the policy of the Corporation*, in providing much-needed housing accommodation for the struggling and labouring class." Then, finding the demand for low-rented houses almost entirely ignored by private enterprise, and met by the Corporation only to a very limited extent, they resumed their work. But now, as will be gathered from their 1904 report, they are compelled to discontinue that work by the rigours of a Municipal Building Act, which prevents the building of the cheap houses really wanted. Thus far one view of municipal intervention.

When the question of the appointment of a Select Committee on Municipal Trading was before the House of Commons in April 1903, Mr. Balfour declared it was perfectly plain that if they were to describe the housing problem as an industrial problem—and it certainly had its industrial side—that could only be attempted by municipalities; it could not be done by Parliament. All that Parliament could do was to give municipalities the requisite powers. The failure of their efforts to deal with this problem had not so much been that the House had been chary in giving powers, but that the municipalities had not used them to the utmost advantage. Therefore, he looked to municipalities to help them in this matter, and he did not wish to set any undue limits to the efforts of these

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

municipal bodies. It was asked if there was any general charge of corruption against municipalities. So far as his knowledge went, Mr. Balfour said there was no such charge of corruption. There might have been here and there a case in which, if not actual corruption, at all events something approaching corruption had been charged against this or that member of a corporate body. Considering the enormous number of transactions in which these corporations were engaged, and the enormous number of individuals who had an opportunity of being corrupted, absolute purity from top to bottom can hardly be expected for all time; but, broadly speaking, municipal enterprise had not, he thought, been corrupt. It was not an inquiry into corruption that was wanted, but an inquiry into a new, important, and interesting development of social life, on which they required further light.

The contention that a municipality is justified in stepping in to supply a class of houses which private enterprise will not, or does not, provide, is not so conclusive as it looks. If private builders do not undertake to provide a certain class of desiderated buildings the inference is that—where they are not merely deterred by the fact or the fear of municipal enterprise—the undertaking is unremunerative. If it is unremunerative for private, so will it be for municipal, enterprise. But if the private builders can show the prospective loss of re-housing a dishoused area on the scale of rents necessary to the occasion, it might be a better exercise of municipal functions for the local authority to make good that loss out of the public funds for the public benefit, and allow private enterprise to undertake the actual building and management, than to go into the building trade. It may be as legitimate for a municipal body to recoup such losses of the private trader as to pay out of the public funds the losses on its own trading.

If it could be proved that a better class of dwelling-houses can be supplied by municipal enterprise, and the material and moral conditions of the people thereby raised, the obvious conclusion would be that every workman's house in the

Google

country should, in future, be built by the State. In examining this Socialistic conclusion, Major Leonard Darwin, in his book on Municipal Trade, says:

> The choice lies between municipal building and private building under State regulations. No one doubts the necessity of enforcing some regulations with regard to house-building, public or private; for the case for sanitary control is overwhelming. But the advocates of municipal trade must show that there are certain desirable regulations which, if imposed on private builders, could not be enforced, whilst the required results can be obtained when the houses are built by municipalities; and this has not been demonstrated. It is true that restrictive regulations may make private house-building unprofitable; but this would not tell in favour of municipal trading, which for the same results would be equally unprofitable. It should, moreover, be noted in connection with this subject that all regulations, the enforcement of which is in the hands of municipalities, are somewhat more likely to be strictly enforced in the case of private trade than in the case of municipal trade. Police controlled by local authorities, for example, would be somewhat more tempted to overlook the failings of municipal employees in charge of municipal lodging-houses than the similar shortcomings of private lodging-house keepers. To deny that there is any force in this contention is to deny that municipal authorities are guided by ordinary human motives, and consequently liable to fail like mortals. The plea for municipal house-building cannot in fact, be sustained on the ground that healthier houses can thus be erected.

Any one studying the housing problem must be struck with the fact that the solution is continually being made more difficult by the efforts to solve it. There has been, for instance, a vigorous resolution all over the country to demolish and clear insanitary areas. But with what result? With the natural result of further restricting the accommodation, of increasing overcrowding in other houses, of forcing up rents, and of scattering some proportion of the objectionable slum-dwellers among the industrious poor. There is, indeed, grave reason to doubt whether the wholesale demolition of slum property, which has become the municipal fashion of recent years, is either to the advantage of the poor or for the benefit of the general community. We do not mean, of course, that insanitary property should be left to rot out its pestilential

Google

course, but that slum-areas might be reformed more gradually instead of by wholesale demolition, and by unhousing and unsettling at one time large masses of the population. Municipal enterprise in slum demolition has developed a new form of speculative investment—the purchase of slum property for the purpose of resale on generous compensation terms to the local authority.

Under the Housing of the Working Classes Act, Part I., it is provided that Local Authorities, when clearing away houses in insanitary areas, shall provide accommodation in the immediate vicinity. The fact that in so many, if not in all, cases where municipalities have built houses under this provision, the new houses are not occupied by those who were unhoused, does not in itself prove that the Act has failed in its object. The unhoused inhabitants may have been of the very poorest class, who naturally drifted away to where they could get the cheapest accommodation in the neighbourhood. That is to say, they would seek the worst that could be found in the market and would not pay a rent higher than that worst. Even so, it is better that the worst classes of slum-dwellers should be scattered in this way, though the resettlement affords discomfort in more respectable areas in which they find shelter, than that they should remain concentrated in their moral and physical abominations. "The poor of the earth hide themselves together" now as in the days of Job, but it is not desirable that they should be allowed to do so without limitation.

A serious consideration with regard to the provision of better dwellings for the slum population anywhere is the liberty of the individual to choose his own mode of living. Society has no right to determine whether a millionaire shall live like a prince or a pauper. Society has equally no right to determine whether a slummer should live in a decent lodging or in a comfortless hovel. Both in the Highlands of Scotland and in the wilds of Ireland, landlords have time and again provided excellent cottages for tenants of wretched

Google

bothies and indescribable huts. And time and again the tenants have refused to occupy the comely dwellings, and resented as a grievance the request to come out of their hovels.

They preferred the squalor, and were often allowed to retain it. If in our urban populations slum dwellers have an equal preference for squalor, and an equal objection to surrender it for the unfamiliar comfort, have we any right to force them? You cannot make men sober by Act of Parliament, and you cannot make men comfortable by municipal decree.

While we are referring specifically to Glasgow, because of the Municipal Commission, the same phases of the problem exist elsewhere. At Leeds the unorganised, or casual, labourer suffers between the private leaseholder and the municipal philanthropist. The London County Council has been unsuccessful in providing accommodation for any but the well-paid artisan. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the ground landlords of many important sections in London, lately tried to solve the problem in a poor district, close to Walworth Road. As leases fell in the Commissioners decided to build artisans' dwellings, with an open space for recreative purposes. A newspaper correspondent interviewed one of the dispossessed, a victim both of the Commissioners and of the County Council, for he was a horse-keeper under the old tramway system and the electrification of the road has deprived him of his employment. "Twelve bob a week," he said, "they want for the new houses the 'clastical' blokes have put up. Twelve bob a week; no sub-letting; four rooms you can't swing a cat in; no garden and (this very bitterly) no pianners." Again, "Twelve bob a week, why it's more than any man can pay who isn't getting two guineas a week all the year round, and a man who is can live ten miles away, pay two bob a week for train fares, and have a six-roomed house with a bit garden." This man had been forced, with many others, to go to a private-owned district in Walworth, overcrowded and now more congested than ever.

Digitized by Google

The Glasgow Municipal Commissioners do not commit themselves to such a scheme as that of 1902, under which the corporation sought power to purchase land on an ambitious scale, and to borrow three-quarters of a million for the purpose of erecting houses for the poorer classes. That scheme was defeated under the Private Legislation Procedure Act, and the Commissioners do not propose its resuscitation. They guard themselves against "expressing any opinion upon the general policy of municipal housing," but they do submit a housing scheme. If a local authority displace a section of the population compulsorily there is some justice in the claim that they should see that other accommodation is provided. This principle was not recognised when old slums were first swept away and new ones were established, and other districts, inhabited by the industrious and respectable poor, were contaminated. The Commissioners divide the displaced population into three classes. They suggest that the corporation should erect tenements of one and two apartments, to be "reserved exclusively for respectable people of the 'poorest class,' preference being given to those dispossessed." One class of the dishoused for whom the Commissioners would provide accommodation are the low-paid wage-earners of "dissolute, disorderly, and destructive habits," and these they would put into a species of barracks, or houses "of the plainest construction, with indestructible fittings, and capable of being quickly and efficiently cleaned." This would reduce the sanitary dangers arising from a dangerous class, but persons of this class are not easy to plant. The third class of the dishoused—the "thriftless and dissolute persons earning good wages"—it will not be easy to induce to "occupy better houses and pay higher rents." But it can be attempted.

The Commissioners have devoted much attention to the sanitary aspects of the problem, which necessarily involve expense, and affect rents and the burdens of the ratepayers. The Commissioners would have the Corporation deal with insanitary houses, and with "back lands," and they would

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

have further powers to deal effectively with filthy dwellings and clothing, with dirty, destructive, and disorderly tenants, and with verminous children.

The most unsatisfactory thing about this Housing Commission is that its report reaches no definite conclusion, but merely raises a point of interrogation, as to the desirability and practicability of a municipality taking effective control of the sheltering of the undesirable classes—the "nethermost unit" of the population. And, after all, is not that the real problem?

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

Google

BOND STREET

ITS glittering emptiness it brings—
This little lane of useless things.
Here peering envy arm in arm
With ennui takes her saunterings.

Here fretful boredom, to appease
The nagging of her long disease,
Comes day by day to dabble in
This foamy sea of fripperies.

The languid women driven through
Their wearied lives, and in their view,
Patient about the bakers' shops,
The languid children, two and two!

The champing horses standing still,
Whose veins with life's impatience thrill;
And—dead beside the carriage door—
The footman, masked and immobile!

And bloated pugs—those epicures
Of darkened boudoirs . . . and of sewers—
Lolling high on their cushioned thrones
Blink feebly on their dainty wooers!

Google

And in the blossoming window-shows
Each month another summer glows:
They pay the price of human souls
To rear one rich and sickly rose.

And a suave carven god of jade,
By some enthralled old Asian made,
With that thin scorn still on his lips,
Waits, in a window-front displayed:

The hurrying, streaming crowds he sees.
With the same smile he watches these
As from his temple-dusk he saw
The passing of the centuries!

ARTHUR H. ADAMS.

Google

ON THE LINE

Thomas Moore. "English Men of Letters." By Stephen Gwynn. (Macmillan & Co. 1905.) Can a man who is familiarly known as "Tommy" be a great poet? The question sounds less frivolous if it is put in another form. Is the temperament of a pet of the drawing-room compatible with high poetic achievement? In the days of Elizabeth, when the whole atmosphere quivered with the heat and glow of romance, it is possible that a Jonson may have been "Ben" to all the world. But, though great poets have often been social lions, they have never, with the doubtful exception of the Elizabethan age, been known by familiar nicknames outside the circle of their intimate associates and contemporaries. Burns rather confirms than contradicts the generalisation, for boon companionship was not the inspiration but the ruin of his poetry. It does not, of course, follow either that the converse of the statement is true. Versifiers without nicknames are not necessarily poets, neither must poets always don their singing robes.

Men who think and feel deeply are always more likely to bore than to fascinate a mixed assembly of their fellows. It is in solitude, not in crowds, that great thoughts are bred, and poetry is fostered rather by aloofness than by conviviality. Men like Moore, who are richly endowed with the gifts which secure social success—lightness of touch, infectious gaiety, wit, quickness of sympathy, brilliancy of expression—may

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

also attain, and often do attain, a certain measure of literary success. They may excel in *vers de société*, in political squibs, in the deft expression of fugitive emotion; but they rarely rise to greater heights. By his peculiar range of endowments, Moore, more nearly than any other writer, combined a triumph both in fashionable society and in the higher ranges of poetry. Yet even he fell short. It is the attempt to win the secret of this partial success which makes his literary work so interesting to critics, the best and latest of whom is Mr. Gwynn. Mr. Gwynn frankly recognises Moore's limitations as well as his excellences, and his monograph is an admirable piece of work, from which, if space allowed, we should like to quote again and again.

The rising generation can only wonder at the reputation which Moore enjoyed at home and abroad. So much of his fame depended on his social talents that it is not surprising that to-day we consider it wholly disproportioned to his literary achievement. But there must be many of the present generation who recollect people to whom Moore was well known in his prime. The writer has, as a child, been taken, almost as if to a sacred spot, to see the terrace at Sloperton, where Moore paced to and fro, labouring for bread at the prose work of his later years; he has often heard how, at a Wiltshire country-house where Moore was a frequent visitor, the passages would be crowded with the children, the servants, and even the stablemen, eager to hear him sing, and how the whole audience, acknowledged and unacknowledged, as well as the singer himself, were in tears before he had ended; how he was the life and soul of a party, sparkling with anecdotes brilliantly told, yet allowing to every one a share in the talk, and steeped in wise axioms of a social experience which dated back before the Regency, such as his advice to a young man always to reserve his "ineffectual negative" for the third bottle. One story from the same source is, perhaps, worth quoting, though the fact on which it depends is not mentioned by Mr. Gwynn. Moore used to say that, when a child, he had served as an

Google

acolyte in a Roman Catholic Church in Dublin, and that always in after years, when composing his songs, his disengaged hand swung to and fro, and his verse kept time to the sway of the imaginary censer.

It was his social triumphs which first gave Moore a reputation as a writer, sent the world to read the Anacreontic verse of the lad of one-and-twenty, and made his subsequent work the fashion. For this introduction to literary fame, society, throughout his life, exacted an usurious interest which taxed his poetic gifts beyond their powers. It did not spoil his character. He remained a generous-minded man, simple, independent, gallant, honourable. There is no recorded instance in which he "dearly loved" a fool *because* he was a lord. On the other hand, he had the good sense to admire ability, refinement, and cultivation, when they were allied with ancient birth and historic position; he was never betrayed into the subtler form of snobbishness which, under the mask of independence, affects to deny the possibility of such an alliance.

As a prose-writer Moore lives by his "Life of Byron." It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the tact with which a difficult task was executed. Yet this is not a case in which *materiam superavit opus*. On the contrary, the biography owes its living interest, not to the biographer, but to the value of the materials, and, above all, to the personality of Byron.

Of all his poetic work Moore himself believed that his "Irish Melodies" would live the longest. In this he was right. It was here that he was most genuinely himself; here his passion was deepest, his feeling least ephemeral. Himself the son of a small tradesman, he had the domestic virtues of his class and race. As a son, a brother, a husband, a father, he was admirable. He was never ashamed of his humble home; he provided for the comfort of his father and mother; he worked beyond his strength to make money for his daughter and his sons; he loved no woman as he loved his "Bessy," and she repaid him with a lifelong and a wise devotion. He hared the political feelings of Ireland; he felt acutely her

Google

social wrongs: he has caught and uttered her plangent note of sadness as no poet had ever done before. It was as an Irishman, and as a man of the people, that his personality was strongest. It was in this direction that his best poetic work was done, and that he comes nearest to the rank of great poets. Had he remained in obscurity, he might have achieved more. But the claims of society intervened; his nature was not strong enough to resist, and the lower side of his gifts was developed at the expense of their higher range. His best memorial is to be found in the well-thumbed copies of the "Irish Melodies," which every Irish emigrant carried with him when he bade farewell to Ireland.

We all know the "Comic History of England," so genially illustrated by John Leech, which shocked George Eliot's sense of reverence. Mr. Fletcher's **Introductory History of England to the close of the Middle Ages** (John Murray, 1904) might be termed the "Jocular History of England." Mr. Fletcher finds that boys consider history "intolerably dull," and his remedy for this is to re-write it in a familiar, conversational, rollicking style, full of allusions, nicknames, apostrophes, somewhat on the placarding system practised on a heroic scale by Carlyle, whose every character has an unforgetable adjective attached to it, and who gathers up decades of unprofitable years into a sentence which he flings at you and won't be troubled with it any more. Thus, where an ordinary historian would write somewhat as follows:

> The penalty for theft was fourfold restitution, and a fee to the royal treasury; in default of payment the delinquent was outlawed, *i.e.*, his life was forfeit to those whom he had injured or to any of his neighbours,

Mr. Fletcher writes:

> If Pigg has stolen a sheep from Higg, he must pay him four sheep (and a fine to the king as aforesaid); if Pigg will not pay, the only thing is to proclaim him an "outlaw," and let him slay him for a thief that can come to him (which no doubt Higg and his friends promptly proceed to do on the way home from the court).

We do not say that Mr. Fletcher has tried his experiment

Google

in vain; the boys are the critics, and if this mode of presenting history pleases them he has proved his point.

As for the substance of the history, it is sound, and the story is clearly told. In a short survey of a long period proportion in perspective is important, and Mr. Fletcher's survey of mediæval England gives a comprehensive as well as a vivid picture. His estimates of character are all interesting, and some of them, as, for instance, those of Edward I. and Edward IV., are worthy of comparison with Stubbs. We cannot agree with them all; especially we think Mr. Fletcher severe to churchmen, who were hard put to it between the two millstones, Pope and King; and we do not know why Henry II. should be called "a typical Frenchman," whilst the troubadour Richard is "a child of the North." We have never seen better set forth the quarrelsome, selfish, unpatriotic character of the baronage, who, if they had had their way, would have made England as feudal and enslaved as Germany. We are glad to see that Mr. Fletcher has a good word for our old hero Edward III., who has gone down in the world since Freeman and Green set the fashion of idolising Edward I. (no doubt a much greater man), and for the fourteenth-century chivalry, which the same authorities have cheapened too much.

> Enough of this spirit did spread to England to put occasional restraint on the worst of men's brute passions, to teach tenderness to women, to make the investiture with knighthood a religious as well as a social act. King Edward himself, his nobler son the Black Prince, Sir John Chandos, Seneschal of Acquitaine, Sir Walter Manny, and in much later times Sir Philip Sidney, are the true English examples of the "flower of knighthood."

Among the best points of the book is the way in which it balances and keeps in view the imperious but, on the whole, beneficent monarchy, the factions of baronage and clergy contending for supremacy, and, slowly emerging by irresistible law of political economy, the third estate in town and country, strong in an English strength to which its faults of money-loving, selfishness, and want of imagination contributed not a little.

Google

A poet's prose is never to be neglected. If all Keats's manuscripts had run the same risks as the "Ode to the Nightingale" without the miraculous chance which preserved that ode, we should still have Keats in his letters, his words to Severn, and his epitaph. Sometimes a poet's correspondence expresses his mind more robustly than his verse, although the poems and letters may be as kindred subjects. **Aubrey de Vere: a Memoir**; based on his correspondence (by Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, 1904), reveals the well-known Irish poet in intimate journals and letters which give clear expression to his philosophy of religion. We have here no longer the gentle dreamer of Curragh Chase, who stands side by side with his brother Stephen, charming figures that suggest to us at once a dim religious light and the refined hospitality of an Irish country house, but the practical and precise thinker, thoroughly in relation to his age, who remained intimate through much divergence of thought with Carlyle, and informs him that he is a false prophet if a prophet at all (Carlyle "took the remark in perfect good humour," de Vere asserts), and was dearly loved of great poets, Wordsworth and Tennyson, at either end of his life. De Vere was sought by them as a thinker, who in a sceptical age struck a clear note about the "spiritual faculty of faith." In describing this faculty, and how it is "atrophied" by our age, and its worship of that only which comes under our personal consciousness—"intellectual self-possession" he calls it—de Vere may be contrasted with Carlyle. Both cry out upon the age, but the one exhorts it to strength, the other praises humility. The friendship with Carlyle is one of the best things in the book. When de Vere was about to become a Catholic, Carlyle took horse and rode to prevent him.

"You were born free. Do not put yourself into that prison," said Carlyle. . . . I answered, "But you know I am already a Christian, and I have often heard you say that Catholicism, little as you like it, is the only form of Christianity that has any coherency, solidity, or power about it." "That is quite true," he replied, "but Protestantism is a much better thing, for all that, for Protestantism has its face turned in the right direction." I answered, "I have long since cast my lot with Christianity, and I grow daily to see more

Google

plainly that Catholicism is the permanent form of Christianity, and likewise that the objections brought against both, however plausible, are equally fallacious, and, for the most part, substantially the same."

The gallery of portraits of women contained in the correspondence give fragrance to a somewhat controversial atmosphere. Sara Coleridge, the perfect poet's daughter; Lady Tennyson, the ideal poet's wife; Mrs. Edward Villiers (mother of beautiful twins, Lady Lytton and Lady Loch); Miss Fenwick, Miss Norton, Lady Taylor, are all beautifully sketched. It must be said the ladies were critics: de Vere is always pleading with them, but only for sympathy, not for agreement.

We must leave out all mention of his work for Ireland, Mr. Wilfrid Ward has once more proved himself a brilliant writer of biography, and in the chapter headed "Rome, Oxford, and Cambridge" has added something new even for those who desire never to hear another word about the Oxford Movement.

William Cobbett. By E. T. Carlyle. (Constable.) Once upon a time Alexander Pope in a moment of self-pity was weak enough to whimper and to sing of "that long disease my life." Save for his command of the King's English and for his power of lucid expression, little had he in common with the subject of this volume, who with equal truth might have sung of his life as "that long campaign."

For William Cobbett, like Stevenson's hero Alan Breck, was all his days "a bonny fighter," and had no time nor inclination for the luxury of self-pity.

The son of a small farmer in Surrey, he might under ordinary circumstances have aspired to scare away the crows in his youth, and to follow the plough-tail in his prime. His father seems to have been a man of considerable force of character, and some education, who worked hard himself, and taught his sons to do the same. But at an early age the doughty William was smitten with the spirit of adventure, and tramped off to London town to see and meet the world

Google

in his own fashion. And thereafter for the remainder of his days—some sixty years—he knew very little of peace or ease. True, he was blessed with a wife and several children, to whom he was most tenderly attached; he became the possessor of houses and farms, was the friend and companion of many very distinguished men, and ultimately won for himself a seat in the House of Commons. But his ship as it were never actually came into port in the sense that the phrase might be used of Samuel Johnson or Disraeli or other noteworthy fighters, whose latter days were crowned with dignity and honour. Perhaps he liked it best as it was, and would not have been quite comfortable anywhere but in the press of the throng, where he could tread upon the toes and thrust his elbows into the eyes of all who crossed his path. The story of his life has no romantic adventures or thrilling episodes, but it is nevertheless of extraordinary and vivid interest. Like at least one other well-known and strenuous politician, Charles Bradlaugh, and like several famous literary men, Dicky Steele and Coleridge to wit, he enlisted and spent some years in the army. The "rapt one of the God-like forehead," it may be surmised, can hardly have been as fine a soldier as he was poet, but Cobbett —to judge by his own account—was the best man in his regiment. He was at no time of his life averse from blowing his own trumpet, but his estimate of his value is attested by the fact that he became sergeant-major, and the seven years of his military service were undoubtedly marked by intense application and industry. In 1791 he obtained his discharge for the express purpose of setting himself free to bring charges of malversation against certain officers of his old regiment, thus early in his career showing the bent of his mind as a reformer and tilter against abuses. The court-martial that followed resulted in the acquittal of the accused officers, Cobbett himself having arrived at the conclusion that his enemies were too strong for him and having taken refuge in France before the trial commenced. From that country he passed to the United States, where he soon became a sort of

Google

power in the land. It was there that he served his apprenticeship as journalist and pamphleteer, and that he first showed his force and ability as a controversial writer, and his absolute fearlessness and personal intrepidity. Mr. Carlyle supplies a most interesting account of the American adventures of his hero, who distinguished himself by refusing to become naturalised, by championing the English cause from the High-Tory point of view, and by attacking all sorts of celebrities—Dr. Priestley, Tom Paine, the Spanish Minister, and the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania among others. Englishmen in the United States for the last 140 years have generally found it advisable to act discreetly and not to prejudice their own personal safety by airing their nationality and opinions too freely. But motives of prudence or policy never exercised much influence over the mind of William Cobbett, whose career as an alien resident in the Great Republic was marked by such a series of blazing indiscretions as make it surprising that he was not at least tarred and feathered and ridden on the rail. It may be supposed that when in the year 1800 he decided to return to England profound relief must have been felt by sober-minded public men in the United States.

He was now in the prime of life, and at the height of his physical and intellectual activity, and he at once threw himself into the political fray in England with the same vigorous self-assertion and turbulent enthusiasm that had distinguished him in America.

A gradual change in his political opinions took place which led him from the ranks of the Tories into the opposing camp until at length he found his true position as an independent Radical and Social Reformer. It was no "primrose path of dalliance" that he trod, and he met by the way with vehement opposition and actual persecution, which, it must be admitted, he did much to bring upon himself by the intemperate language which he habitually used.

As controversialist and pamphleteer he had already now his spurs in America, and he thrust his way to the front ranks

Google

of political journalism in England with a confidence born of the knowledge of his own powers. When he was roused and at his best he could fasten upon a subject with something of the same elemental vigour and desperate tenacity that distinguished Doctor Johnson in conversation, and that drew from Oliver Goldsmith the rueful and humorous remark: "It is no good arguing with the doctor, for if his pistol misses fire he will knock you down with the butt end of it!" Like Johnson, too, he shrank from no odds, however great, and strode through the world serenely, relying upon his ability to clear a path for himself with his own cudgel.

But he had also, as Mr. Carlyle points out, the mind of a poet, and "could describe rural life and country people in a way that has never been surpassed." The well-known "Rural Rides" remains his acknowledged masterpiece, though the book at the present day is no doubt more often spoken of than read. In this description of his tours on horseback through a great portion of England, are to be found the germs of many ideas that occupy our minds to day. He loved the country, its scenes and sounds, its sports and occupations, with the passionate devotion of the "native-born." The growth of the great towns he hated and deplored. London in particular—"the Wen," as he called it—was to him an obsession of the mind, a sort of devouring dragon eating into the vitals of the nation, and ravaging the ancient peace and simple virtues of many a happy country-side.

What would he have found to say of England nowadays; "the six counties overhung with smoke," the filthy rivers, the dingy manufacturing towns, the dreary factory chimneys that form the background to so many a once lovely landscape? For he loved England with a patriot's love; he saw her beauties with the eye of a poet; and he took counsel within himself of her needs with the courage and discernment of a true statesman.

Google

BEAUJEU

CHAPTER IX

IN ONE ORCHARD AND SEVERAL LANES

IN the orchard father and son looked askance at each other.

"My dear lad," said Sir Matthew, "my dear lad——" and stopped abashed by the dear lad's angry eyes. Jack Dane laughed:

"Is there more to say than a good-bye, sir?"

Sir Matthew licked his lips. "Dear lad, you apprehend the matter amiss—nay, consider. My brother harboured rebels, rebels, Jack——"

"Poor hunted devils, and so would any man!"

"Jack!" cried his father aghast. "Dear lad, they were rebels against the King. It was my duty to seize them. To let them escape were treason. And I am in the Commission. Ah, lad, it was grievous to uncover his fault. Pray you may never know such pain. I——"

"Oh, must you cover it with cant? Is it not enough to find you here in his own garden on the morning of his hanging?"

"Nay, dear lad. You mistake. You misjudge. He has not been hanged."

"What, sir?"

"I procured that he should be beheaded. I have been very urgent with my Lord Sunderland. My lord has been much my friend, and saved us the shame of a hanging."

Google

Jack Dane broke out in a bitter laugh. "I misjudged indeed! I never thought to hear a man boast that he only beheaded his brother. Nay, say no more. You'll not better that. God be with you, sir! I pray to God I may never see your face again. 'Tis enough to know I am your son." He cocked his hat and strode away.

"I have but a few years to live,——" said Sir Matthew, sighing plaintively. But his son was gone, and the sad reflection saddened none but Sir Matthew himself. He was left in his Aceldama exceeding sorrowful.

Sir Matthew quoted to himself concerning Jeshurun, who waxed fat and kicked. Sure, 'twas the boy's comfortable estate had bred this wanton insolence. Nay, he had not dared defy his father but that he knew himself provided. The impious boy must mean to claim his mother's Kentish manors. Oh, sharper than a serpent's tooth! Sir Matthew sought to persuade himself that he might hold those manors still, but repeating the clauses of the settlement (he knew them by heart) found no hope. Sir Matthew inquired of Heaven why he was curst with an impious son—and then cast a balance. Gain—Bourne Manor and the table money of a wicked boy. Loss—Dunton and Westerham. A poor hundred pounds by the year was all he had gained by the grievous mournful duty of killing his brother. Such in this world (Sir Matthew reflected) is the reward of stainless virtue. He had been much advantaged in his morality by friendship with my Lord Sunderland.

His unnatural son was riding away through the park, and twice in a theatrical manner he laughed loud. He appeared to himself a character from a tragedy, and pulled his hat over his brows, in which picturesque array he was startled by a gay:

"Holà, cousin!" and saw galloping down upon him a roan mare and a girl in grey. Behind her a cloud of brown hair hung upon the wind. Jack Dane halted. "Why, cousin!" cried the girl. "Oh cousin, you picture of woe! Come for a gallop with me."

Google

"Nay, Nell, I have no leisure now," said Jack, with solemnity. The girl reined up by his side and looked at his gloomy face and laughed.

"'No leisure!'" she mimicked solemnly. "Oh, alack! And is it in Heaven you are needed, Mr. Dane? To sober their joys, sir?"

"I have no heart to jest, Nell. Good-bye." He held out his hand.

"Faith, I crave your divinity's pardon!" the girl cried, and bowed and drew away. But he held out his hand still, and while she looked defiance at his eyes she saw they were gloomy. So she came again and gave him her hand. Jack Dane held it a moment.

"Some folks," said the girl modestly, "would kiss it." Jack Dane obeyed.

"Good-bye, little girl," said he.

"Till ——?"

"God knows!" said the tragic hero, and rode off.

"Oh brave!" the girl laughed, and sat looking after him. "How cross he was!" she murmured, and reflected: "I like him cross. He was never so much a man. I suppose he has quarrelled with his father. I should! He is—he is worse than mother." To which flattered parent Mistress Nelly d'Abernon then rode home.

M. de Beaujeu and Mr. Healy had come to their rendezvous. "Ye Red Barne: by J. Ottaway: for man and beast." Mr. Healy read aloud from the sign. "Shall we stop and bait, Beaujeu?" Beaujeu, who was staring at the inscription, shrugged his shoulders.

"I would be the better of a dinner," said Mr. Healy, dismounting, and was surprised that Beaujeu showed no reluctance to enter nor any interest in aught inside. Also relieved.

At dinner Jack Dane found them; and Mr. Healy, rising: My friend, M. de Beaujeu, a French gentleman of the Imperial service, Mr. Dane."

"At your command, sir," says Beaujeu bowing. "I knew your uncle and honoured him." Jack Dane flushed.

Google

"Pray favour us, sir," says Mr. Healy, waving his hand to the dinner.

"I wish to say, Mr. Healy, that if you desire to meet me in any other cause—I carry a sword, sir," said Jack Dane majestically. Mr. Healy shook his head.

"Faith, I will have no quarrel with you at all, sir. I spoke for the sake of the dead."

"Whom we all honour," said Beaujeu gravely. "In that bond, sir, we are all friends." Jack Dane bowed and sat down. Beaujeu eyed him keenly while Mr. Healy, carving the pheasants, pondered on the unlikeness of kinsmen—compared Beaujeu's tall lithe frame and long swordsman's limbs to the square strength of his cousin, Beaujeu's pale hawk face and the glittering light blue eyes half hidden beneath his brow to the open stare of the lad's big brown eye and his round rosy cheeks. Mr. Healy, an amateur of beauty, approved both, and began to eat and talk for three. He expounded that M. de Beaujeu and himself having made some small fortune in foreign wars (which he described elaborately) were come to spend it in England.

"Gad, sir, I wish you joy of your choice," said Jack Dane, and essayed a laugh of sarcasm. "We are like to be very merry under King James. Merry! Good luck to you, gentlemen!" He lay back and drained his glass. Beaujeu and Mr. Healy exchanged a glance.

"Sure, merry is what we hope to be," says the innocent Mr. Healy.

"It is, henceforth, my endeavour," said M. de Beaujeu. And Jack Dane wondered if they were laughing at him, but could see no joke.

Since by a strange chance they were all going to London, they rode together. The swift November twilight was falling before they had come nearer the town than Brentford. As they lumbered through the narrow muddy lane beyond Turnham Green Mr. Healy's quick eye caught a glimpse of a horse's head and shoulders and a rider lurking at a cross way.

"And will you be a gentleman of the road?" said he,

Google

nodding at the vision. The other two peered through the shadows.

"Why, damme, 'tis Tom Wharton or his double the devil!" cried Jack Dane, as they came nearer. "Here, Wharton!" he shouted. But at the word the horse was reined back, the rider hidden behind the hedge, and when they came to the mouth of the lane horse and rider were vanished.

"Sure, 'tis a very elusive gentleman. Did you say his name was Wharton?" says Mr. Healy.

"No. The devil," said Jack, frowning; and wondering (as M. de Beaujeu was wondering) what could bring Mr. Wharton to Turnham Green of a November evening.

"Begad, then, he need not have cut me," says Mr. Healy. "But—oh, ma'am, your servant!" He reined back in a hurry to give place to a lady on horseback, who swept round a bend in the road. She was masked, she was cloaked in black, and her horse was black. M. de Beaujeu also pulled his horse out of the way, begged a million pardons for jostling her; and the mysterious lady, bowing, passed on. "Sable on sable," says Mr. Healy, "'tis mighty bad heraldry, but duly fit for the devil's mistress." Jack Dane, beholding now an explanation of the presence of Mr. Wharton, laughed. For other reasons M. de Beaujeu also laughed. Upon the bridle of that black steed he had beheld an initial—"S."

They came past the twinkling lights of Kensington village and my Lord Nottingham's new mansion, and on down the gloomiest of tree-shadowed highways, with weird shadows a-dance before them on the mud. Where the houses met them at last by St. James's Church, and the smell of the sea-coal smoke, "Mr. Dane, we are lodged in Essex Street, in the Strand. Do you come by our way?" says M. de Beaujeu.

"Why, monsieur, across Leicester Fields at least. I rest with Mr. Wharton in the Lincoln's Inn Fields."

Turning they passed again to a country lane, and, skirting the white palings of Leicester Fields, came to the scattered cottages beyond St. Martin's. At the door of one was a splash

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of colour and light. Four footmen on either side held aloft flaring torches. The flames fell on their liveries of scarlet and gold, and a great crimson coach and its four black horses, harnessed with an abundance of glittering brass. As the three came up the door was flung wide. A blaze of clearer, whiter light shot out, and through it came a woman white and dazzling as the light itself. Her dress was white, and whiter still her shoulders and arms. In the little hollow below her neck one big diamond shone with many coloured flames. Her dark hair hung in ringlets round her temples. She walked with a strange smooth step that bore her sailing on like a swan upon the waters. Behind her was a handsome, lusty fellow in green velvet and a yellow periwig, smiling, mightily pleased with himself.

But Mr. Dane was not pleased. He sprang down and thrust forward to her side, leaving in Mr. Healy's ears the sound of a muttered oath. Mr. Healy, hearing also the scrape of hoofs, turned to find that M. de Beaujeu had reined back to the shadow, whence came the sound of his harsh, scornful laugh. "Now, where is the humour?" Mr. Healy inquired of himself.

"La, Mr. Dane!" cried the lady laughing and giving him her hand. "I go to sing to the King. Is he not blessed?"

"Beyond his deserts, ma'am," said Mr. Dane. "Would I were King!" he sighed amorously. And again Mr. Healy heard the laugh of Beaujeu.

"Then Majesty would be better favoured," said the lady smiling. "Would he not, my Lord Sherborne?" she turned to her cavalier.

"For the body, ma'am, yes. For the brains—oh, God save us!" and my lord handed her in laughing.

"My lord!" cried Mr. Dane, catching at the carriage door.

"Your Majesty—good night!" said my lord. "Go early to bed!" and with that and the laughter of the lady and my lord the carriage rolled away down the hill to Whitehall with the footmen running beside the horses.

Google

"Curse him!" muttered Mr. Dane dramatically. And for the third time Mr. Healy heard the laughter of M. de Beaujeu. Then: "Well, gentlemen, good night to you!" said Mr. Dane sharply turning.

"Oh, good night!" says Mr. Healy. "We'll doubtless be meeting again."

"Doubtless," said Beaujeu; and, with Healy bowing and Beaujeu touching his hat, they rode away from the suddenly unsocial Jack Dane. The lad sat his horse in the darkness, a statue, waiting romantically his lady's return. M. de Beaujeu glancing back once saw him and laughed for the fourth time.

They came out to the filth and stench of the Strand by the long arcades of the New Exchange, and went down the steep slope of Essex Street under the jutting windows on either side to the last house built out on arches over the river. Servants swiftly answered Beaujeu's whip-rap and led away their horses. In the narrow hall stood bowing with a candlestick in either hand a sturdy Swiss.

"One has done what one could, monsieur," he said in French. "But, alas—in two days!"

"It is well done, Dubois," says Beaujeu, as the man backed before them into a room hung with blue tapestry.

"D'you know," said Mr. Healy dropping into a chair, "I have not had a house of my own for ten years. And 'tis consoling at last." M. de Beaujeu grunted. At supper Mr. Healy found him morose, and forgave him readily, remembering the work of the morning. But afterwards, as they smoked over the fire, Beaujeu broke twice into a laugh, and on the second Mr. Healy was moved to ask:.

"And where is the humour, Beaujeu?"

Beaujeu stared at him. "Where is it not?" he said, and laughed again. Mr. Healy took out his pipe and opened his eyes.

"I would say you had known days more mirthful," said he

"By God, not one," said M. de Beaujeu, and laughed again. Mr. Healy shrugged his shoulders and began to smoke once

Google

more. More than ever he seemed to himself a man in a fairy tale. "And damnable well 'twill serve our turn," said Beaujeu suddenly. "Good night."

"Oh, good night to you," cried Healy, staring at the shut door. Then took off his wig and scratched his head. "Will you tell me now," says he to his pipe, "am I real?"

CHAPTER X

MR. WHARTON

On the next night Mr. Wharton had a little party of Whigs: Mr. Edward Russell, the Earl of Twyford, the Earl of Laleham, and Mr. Jack Dane—and Mr. Wharton sealously passed the wine and they debated gravely, thus:

"Tom Wharton, you rogue, who's the woman in the black mask?" cried the Earl of Twyford.

"Which of 'em?" says Wharton coolly. "Here? Or in Mulberry Garden? Or the fat dame of Fetter Lane? Or——"

"Fie! Think of Jack Dane's moralities. Grafton saw you by Turnham Green."

Mr. Wharton laughed easily, "Oh, that!" He shook his head. "Find your own women, Harry. Mine are dear."

"Zounds, they get so little of you, they're devilish greedy to your successors. Jim Bellasyse is cleaned by your little brown wench from Whetstone Park."

Mr. Russell drank off his wine. "What Jim ever saw in that natural the devil can tell."

"Humph! Just a woman." Mr. Wharton explained, "But the devil doubtless knows very well."

"Meaning that you do," cried Twyford.

"Mellow your wit, Harry," Mr. Wharton laughed and passed the bottle.

The Earl of Twyford drank a bumper, and, turning up his eyes to heaven: "Now, Tom Wharton," says he piously, "no

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

more loose stories. Jack Dane shall give us a discourse on true love. Silence for the man who knows an honest woman!"

"Whose fault is it you don't, Harry?" said Jack Dane.

"Egad, I never could tell! And, of course, if I had met your flame——" he paused.

"The better for you," said Jack quietly.

"And the worse for her," growled Mr. Russell. Jack Dane flushed, and Twyford and Wharton seeing it, struck in together to keep the peace:

"But I say, Tom Wharton, to come to business——"

"But, Harry, what is this tale of——"

They both stopped, laughing at each other, and the large and stolid Earl of Laleham broke in deep-voiced: "Now you are choking, here is my chance. Wharton, have you heard about Windsor Races?"

"Damn it, Dick, that's my story," spluttered the Earl of Twyford.

"Old Dick Marston——" Laleham began.

"He's as fat as a hog—and as bristly," cried Twyford——.

"Set his heart on the Stock Plate——."

"And the Whigs have won it the last ten years——."

"So he means to run his 'Zenobia'——."

"And the deuce of it is she'll win!"

"Be damned if she shall!" cried Mr. Wharton at once.

"Huzzah! Send down 'Drawcansir'!"

"Or 'Careless'?" said Laleham.

"Bah! Let the fool win," Mr. Russell growled. The wine was bright in his eyes. "We'll not beat 'Black James' at Windsor Races, gentlemen," he said sharply. Mr. Wharton jerked a nod at him and laughed.

"Ned o' the Scowls," said he. "Be damned to politics! Here's to 'Careless,' gentlemen—a curst good mare if I say it! And a curst good toast for good fellows! 'Careless!'" They drank that in bumpers.

The wine went round and round. Louder and looser grew the talk. The flood of Burgundy washed away Mr. Russell's

Google

politics and his sneers, and he grew feebly jovial over the empty bottles. Mr. Wharton's Whigs debated noisily of horses and women, with Mr. Wharton loudest and loosest of all. The night was old when Russell and Laleham and Twyford lurched off arm in arm, Mr. Wharton bidding them good-night in a view halloa! from the door. Coming back, he found that Mr. Dane was fallen asleep with his head on the table. Mr. Wharton shook him vigorously and in vain. Mr. Wharton leant back against the wall and regarded him austerely:

"Do—you—know," says he slowly and very distinctly, "you are a sad sot?" Mr. Dane snored. A servant came in and touched Mr. Wharton's arm.

"Pardon, sir. The gentleman you was to see—I do not know if you will see him?" Mr. Wharton stared.

"Damme, I think I will see two of him," says he. "Put Mr. Dane to bed." And off he went.

So regard Mr. Wharton holding on by the table with his wig awry and a leer on his ugly flushed face while his guest bows to him. "You are my M. de Beaujeu?" says Mr. Wharton, with penetrating clarity of speech.

"I am, Mr. Wharton. But that is not my name."

"Oh, the devil!" said Mr. Wharton, and sat down and stared at him. "Are you a plot? If you are—good-night! Plots always upset me."

"When sober?" M. de Beaujeu permitted himself a sneer. Mr. Wharton straightened his wig.

"I am," says he modestly, "as drunk—as I can ever get—but I am sober enough for you, Mr. An—An—onymous."

"Nor I am not that neither," said Beaujeu, smiling.

"Then what are you?" Mr. Wharton roared angrily.

"On your honour to keep it secret——" Beaujeu began.

"No, damme, no!" cried Mr. Wharton in haste. "I am not so drunk that I'll listen to secrets." M. de Beaujeu's cold blue eyes gazed on him a moment in contempt, then

Google

monsieur laughed and rose and took up his hat and made his bow:

"So a good-night, Mr. Wharton. I have been deceived. I regret to have harassed a fine gentleman. I thought I was to find a Whig."

The flush paled on Wharton's coarse face, his loose lips trembled and he gulped. Then full in face of Beaujeu he sprang and "So I am a Whig and be damned to you!" he roared. "Yes, a Whig, and because I am a Whig I bid you to hell, Mr. Nameless. I know your kind. You'ld be a crimping for another Monmouth, would you? Zounds, do you think you have come timely when the stink of the Bloody Assize is still in my nose?" He stopped breathless, glaring at Beaujeu, while rage drove out the wine. "Poor devils!" he muttered. "Poor silly devils!" then flashed out again. "I ask no man to get himself hanged, Mr. Nameless. I am a Whig, by God. There is your answer and there is the door."

But M. de Beaujeu put down his hat and smiled. "Your pardon, Mr. Wharton. I see that I was not deceived. I come from one man who knows how to wait to find another."

"Damn your riddles!" cried Wharton. M. de Beaujeu gave him a letter. Mr. Wharton opened it in a manner of distrust: then "Sidney!" he cried quickly, seeing the signature of a friend in exile at the Hague. Beaujeu bowed, and Mr. Wharton began to read. "What? What?" he cried in a moment. "You are Tom Dane! Son of the old saint Silas that——" he checked.

M. de Beaujeu finished the sentence:——"that was beheaded yesterday. But I wish to be unknown even to my cousin. I am outlaw. By the grace of my Lord Sunderland," and he smiled. Wharton stared a moment at the cold glittering eyes, then read on. Again he looked up, and tapping the letter with his finger, asked:

"This means?"

"The Prince of Orange," said Beaujeu, and went on softly

Google

to Mr. Wharton's rising eyebrows—"who bids me say that when the hour comes for all England to cry for him—Whig and Tory, churchman and dissenter—he'll not fail."

Wharton laughed. "Vastly amiable in him. But, begad I'll be in hell before the Tories turn against Black James."

"Pray, Mr. Wharton," says M. de Beaujeu gently, "have you ever thanked God that your glorious King is a fool?" Mr. Wharton sat up and stared. "Ah, I see. You have not. I fear you neglect your religious duties, Mr. Wharton. But sure you must have heard the prophecy of his dear brother, our late loved King Charles. You recall it? 'My good James, he will throw away three kingdoms for his mass and paradise for his harlot.' I like that." Mr. Wharton gave a large unlovely grin, but he shook his head.

"'Slife, or exile, or hell is far away from James yet."

"For the second the devil provides. For the first," said Beaujeu modestly, "I. Nay, Mr. Wharton, is there not already a murmur, a growl?"

"Damme, we have growled these twenty-five years."

"Ay, even under King Log we growled. Now, I think, we have found King Stork. Only let him play tyrant in the Ercles vein—let him but touch the Tories and the Church——" he broke off suddenly. "And do you think he is like to do that, Mr. Wharton?"

"I doubt he is too clever a beast, Black James."

"Ah! And what are my Lord Sunderland's counsels?" said Beaujeu, carelessly flicking his stockings. Mr. Wharton eyed him askance.

"Zounds, how can I tell?" said Mr. Wharton.

"Pardon. It is then pure love, your affair with my Lady Sunderland. I had forgot that it might be." His light blue eyes were wide and innocent as Mr. Wharton stared at them. After a moment Wharton laughed.

"Did you say you were the devil?" said he.

"I was born too late. The part had been filled. No. Pray, Mr. Wharton, counsel your dear lady to cut the brass 'S' from

Google

her bridoon. "'Tis eloquent. And less charitable minds than mine own might misjudge rendezvous with Mr. Wharton even in the chaste mud of Turnham Green. But let me admire your political foresight. Faith, I am a novice beside you."

Mr. Wharton looked him between the eyes. "So you was with Jack last night?" Beaujeu nodded. "And you 'ld not have known me from Adam by yourself?"

"Alas, Mr. Wharton, I was so sadly ignorant." M. de Beaujeu smiled.

"Jack's damned tongue waggles damnably," growled Mr. Wharton.

"But it has given me now the excuse to ask—pray where does my Lord Sunderland stand?"

"He will keep Black James as quiet as he can. He has all to lose by a rising and devil a penny to gain. So he is for peace and quietness. What did you expect?"

"Just that," said Beaujeu with a shrug. "*Bien*, there are always the Jesuits. They will make our James meddle with the Church, and then we'll not hear the parson preach his right divine to cut us in quarters." He came nearer and tapped Wharton's arm. "And also—and always"—he said smiling—"our good King James is a fool. Well, Mr. Wharton, *pour qui sçait attendre* is my motto and Little Hooknose of Orange my man. What say you? Are you with me?" Mr. Wharton walked away to the window, drew back the curtain, flung open the casement, and stood in the cool wind looking out at the night.

"I'll have no answer for you," he said at last.

"And do you love your good King so?" Beaujeu sneered. Mr. Wharton swung round.

"No, by God!" he cried. "My hate is as good as yours, M. de Beaujeu, but I would have no man hang for my private hates."

"Faith, we can take heed to ourselves. We——"

"Ay, we can play our game, and bolt betimes if we are like to lose. We are mighty fine—we that cock our hats in

Google

town—but we are not England." He caught the surprised arm of M. de Beaujeu and dragged him to the window, and pointing through the moonlight to the meadows and the fragrant tilth and the ricks and houses looming lonely and dark far out beyond the town, "Look! that is England," he cried, "that——"

"Where the buttercups grow and the bumpkins," said Beaujeu sneering. "You affection them, Mr. Wharton?" Mr. Wharton turned to face him.

"I'll not have one brisk lad of the shires get his silly neck broke for me. And there's your answer, M. de Beaujeu." Beaujeu stood a moment with the sneer on his lip. Then he smiled.

"'Tis so, in fact," said he. "We differ a little. 'Tis my desire to let nought hamper my hate for King James. A bequest of my father, Mr. Wharton, you understand? With you other things weigh. But I am myself the last man in the world to be rash, Mr. Wharton. Did I say that my present motto was 'wait'? May I hope, therefore, that we shall rest friends?"

"To a friend of Harry Sidney, Tom Wharton's a friend," said Wharton. "I am yours, M. de Beaujeu—and, damme, none the less because you are who you are, and not de Beaujeu at all."

But Mr. Wharton, looking after Beaujeu as he strode away from the door, spake to himself: "Now I am passably a rogue; but you——!"

M. de Beaujeu found Mr. Healy waiting for him. Mr. Healy yawned, and, "Has the fish bit?" said he.

"Bah," says Beaujeu, "'tis a mere philanthrope."

"You would be well matched," said Mr. Healy.

CHAPTER XI

OF A CANDLE AND MOTHS

The King's Playhouse was crowded half an hour before the play. The stained velvet of masked women and Alsatian

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

bullies filled the pit, and the orange wenches were busy. Overhead decent citizens in linsey-woolsey were packed tight, and purple and fine linen glittered in the boxes. Even the ladies and gentlemen of fashion were come in time. For the second part of Mr. Dryden's *Conquest of Granada* was to be the play, and Betterton had for its sore-tried heroine Almahide the incomparable Rose Charlbury.

But there was one box still empty when the play had well begun. Abdelmelech (or it may have been Abdalla) was ranting to the roof when Mr. Wharton, Mr. Dane, Mr. Healy, and M. de Beaujeu lounged in. Mr. Wharton sat down and yawned immensely. He resisted Beaujeu's attempt to put him in front.

"I had rather you be deafened than I," said he as Abdalla (or it may have been Abdelmelech) roared on his way. Mr. Healy and Mr. Wharton shared the background.

"Sure the gentleman is himself a thunderstorm," says Mr. Healy.

"Te-hee," Mr. Wharton sniggered, "this is the heroical drama, sir."

"I'm ambitious of its remoter acquaintance," said Mr. Healy.

But Mr. Dane and M. de Beaujeu were watching the stage.

The roaring ceased. Then trumpets blared, a troop of guards gorgeous with copper lace marched on, and behind them came Boabdelin the King and his Queen Almahide—the incomparable Mistress Charlbury in cloth of gold. Alsatian bullies, sober citizens, and Mr. Dane rose at her and shouted. Mr. Healy leant forward to look. He saw Mistress Charlbury fall to the very ground in a curtsey, while her sparkling eyes looked archly upward.

"'Tis a beautiful woman—with eyes," says Mr. Healy, leaning back again. Mr. Wharton sniggered, and Mr. Dane gave an angry backward glance, but Beaujeu took no heed.

Beaujeu was staring at the incomparable Mistress Charlbury. Sure, this was beauty unmatched! Tall as Diana she

Google

was, and Diana's own were the gentle curves of her form and her lithe grace. The yellow candle-light scarce availed to dim the dazzling whiteness of arm and neck and bosom. The incomparable Charlbury! M. de Beaujeu smiled and applauded his own boyish taste.

The act ended in roaring cheers. Mistress Charlbury must curtsey thrice with laughing wide-eyed glances to the fine gentlemen in the boxes. Mr. Dane turned to Beaujeu laughing, "Well, sir, and is she not divine?"

Mr. Wharton sniggered. "'Tis an admirable actress," said Beaujeu. "But I've seen her in an apter part. As Lyndaraxa she was reality."

"Lyndaraxa? The traitress?" cried Jack Dane. "Why, that would not suit Mistress Charlbury."

"Oh, by your leave! It became her mightily."

Jack Dane looked puzzled. "Begad, nor I cannot call her to mind as Lyndaraxa neither. Can you, Wharton?" Mr. Wharton, who was looking curiously at Beaujeu, shook his head.

"I think it was before you went to the play, Mr. Dane," said Beaujeu.

"I think not, sir. I can remember all her parts," Mr. Wharton sniggered. "Why, 'tis but four years since she came to town, and till then she lived in a village on my uncle's estate." Mr. Healy pricked up his ears. Mr. Wharton still studied Beaujeu, who yawned and said lightly:

"Ah, is it so, then? My memory goes away."

"Now does it that?" said Mr. Healy to himself. "'Tis the first time yet. And a mighty mysterious gentleman you are." Mr. Wharton was trying to remember all the scandal he had ever heard of Mistress Charlbury. At last he was convinced that there must be some which he had not heard. The thought piqued Mr. Wharton.

The curtain rose upon the next act. Charity forbids description. Through all the trials and tribulations of the heroical heroine passed Almahide — Mistress Charlbury.

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Married to one man—loved by another—unjustly accused by her spouse—rescued by her lover—determining on a convent —saved by the timely killing of her spouse—the curtain fell upon her a widow ready (as she modestly declared) when her year expired to yield to the desires of her lover. Whereat tumultuous applause, and Mistress Charlbury breathless and lovely making her curtseys.

M. de Beaujeu arose. "A most goodly admirable farce, Mr. Wharton."

"Heigho!" Mr. Wharton yawned, stretching himself. "Damme, they rant louder every week. I got no sleep. Well, sir, shall we go see this consolable widow behind the scenes? She is wittier there. She speaks her own words." He yawned again, but from under his drooping eyelids watched M. de Beaujeu.

"Faith, one can scarce see too much of the lady," said Beaujeu.

Mr. Wharton laughed. "Why for that I can't say. But Jack should know, eh?"

Jack Dane flushed. "I'll remind you again Mistress Charlbury is a lady, Wharton."

"Damme, now, what makes me forget it?" said Wharton, sneering and laughed at the lad's red face. Whereat Mr. Healy was moved to say:

"'Tis your ignorance of the sex, sir." Mr. Wharton, of unmatched repute as libertine, laughed loud.

"I am rebuked. Lead on, Jack Wisdom!" he cried, and they went out.

In the narrow passage to the stage Jack Dane ran against a sturdy fellow in crimson silks:

"Zounds, Sherborne, for your value you take up a devilish lot of space," he cried.

"Much like to your brains, sir," said my Lord Sherborne bowing.

"Poor things, but mine own—as Buckingham said of your lady."

Google

"And worthy of you—as your sire is, Mr. Dane."

"How am I to take that, my lord?" cried Jack Dane, and M. de Beaujeu's hand fell swiftly on his rising arm.

"With your abundant discretion," said my Lord Sherborne sweetly, and Beaujeu's hand gripped harder. But after a moment Jack Dane said:

"Observe it, Sherborne!" and stepped swiftly aside and tapped at a door.

"No fighting here!" cried a gay voice.

"Have you room for a grave, Rose?" Jack asked, putting his head in.

"For you or my Lord Sherborne, sir?"

"Begad, for him! He's a man of peace. Sherborne would not hurt a fly."

"Oh, but if it were a little fly, sir!" cried Mistress Charlbury. She flung the door wide on those who waited, she dropped a saucy curtsey. "And here is the great sight, gentlemen!" she cried, and laughed at them as they entered bowing. Mr. Wharton contrived to place M. de Beaujeu in front, and tapping monsieur's great shoulders:

"This is not Goliath, Rose," says he.

"Nor, indeed, is this a wit, Rose," says Jack Dane, tapping Wharton.

"La, sir, I know what he's not. Can you tell me what he is?"

"God knows, ma'am," said Jack laughing.

"Who had little to do with it!" That came in my Lord Sherborne's voice from the background. Rose gave him a little mocking smile, and he scowled at her.

M. de Beaujeu turned to him: "The gentleman looks very ill," said he in a very French accent. Mr. Wharton glancing at Beaujeu sideways saw that he had shaken the black curls of his periwig far forward. His face was in deep shadow.

"Mistress Rose," said Mr. Wharton, "I present M. le Chevalier de Beaujeu, who has come all the way from—Timbuctoo was it?—to see you play Lyndaraxa—oh, pardon!

Google

—Almahide." M. de Beaujeu bowed over Rose's hand and his face was hidden. Upon her face Mr. Wharton had surprised a spasm of pain.

"Ah, mademoiselle"—Beaujeu clung to the shadow and the French accent—"ah, mademoiselle, but of your splendour the half has not been told me."

"Go hark to Mr. Dane, monsieur," cried Rose. "He'll tell you double."

"Begad, language could not do it!" cried Jack. "But I was forgetting. Rose, have you ever played Lyndaraxa?"

"Indeed no!" she cried sharply and flushed.

"Why, so said I! But M. de Beaujeu here would have it that he had seen you." Rose turned upon Beaujeu a strange intent gaze: her eyes were very dark, her white bosom still. There was silence. Mr. Healy and Mr. Wharton watched curiously. But M. de Beaujeu met her eyes frankly and made a French gesture.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "I am ashamed. I must have confused another with you. It is unpardonable. But in London, in '80, I saw a lady——"

"Oh, I was a country girl then, monsieur."

"Then, mademoiselle, was the country happy," said Beaujeu bowing.

"'Tis the fact, Beaujeu," said Mr. Healy with a grin, "you have a mighty bad memory."

"Alas!" cried Beaujeu, and flung up his hands. "You forgive it, mademoiselle? Unless you forgive it I cannot console myself."

"La, monsieur, spare your tears!" cried Rose, laughing.

"'Tis so tender a heart," said Mr. Healy with a wave of his hand to Beaujeu.

"Then, mademoiselle, I may thank Mr. Wharton for bringing me to see the miracle of beauty—of graceful art!"

"Now for the first time," Mr. Wharton drawled watching him.

"Ah, but, mademoiselle, but not the last!" cried Beaujeu

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

amorously. Something inarticulate came from my Lord Sherborne.

"The gentleman is surely unwell?" said Mr. Healy.

"No. 'Tis his nature merely," said Jack Dane. "The porcine strain, you perceive."

"Whose manners Mr. Dane studies faithfully," said my Lord Sherborne.

"My good lord, he has finished his lesson. You may go!" Mr. Dane flung wide the door. My Lord Sherborne laughed, crossed his legs and settled himself more easily.

"You are really a pleasant juvenile, Mr. Dane," said he. "Pray, Mistress Charlbury, shall we chastise the child?"

Jack Dane flushed and started forward. Mr. Healy and Mr. Wharton closed on him.

"I think I have let you bear with him long enough, Rose," said my lord carelessly.

But Rose's cheeks were white, and her eyes aflame. "'Let!'" she cried. "There is a frowardness of old age, my lord, and I like it less than a boy's. Mr. Dane, may I beg your arm? Gentlemen, I have been honoured!" With a stately curtsey she was gone on Jack Dane's gratified arm.

My lord Sherborne, crimson as his clothes, started up to follow. Mr. Wharton obtruded a shoulder, and as my lord recoiled from it, "Clumsy, always clumsy," Mr. Wharton muttered pensively.

"Sir!" cried my lord.

"Always your servant, my lord, always—at all places," said Mr. Wharton. My lord thrust by without a word.

"Sure, a courageous gentleman," says Mr. Healy.

"Why," said Mr. Wharton modestly, who had never fought a losing fight, "I am thought deadly."

Outside the playhouse they saw my lord Sherborne staring after a coach. Jack Dane was gone home with his flame, and my lord's venomous air was not soothed by the triple laugh, the mock reverences of Mr. Wharton and his friends.

"Te-hee," says Mr. Wharton, "we mislike trespassers."

Google

"Who is he, then?"

"Why, ask the lady's butcher and baker and candlestick-maker; for, damme, he pays them all."

Beaujeu laughed: "A fortunate nymph, egad."

"D' you know, you've a nasty tongue with you, Mr. Wharton?" said Healy.

Beaujeu laughed again: "'Tis an idealist this, Wharton," he said, nodding at Healy.

"Damme, I envy him. We all were once in our youth in the country—eh, Beaujeu?" Mr. Wharton's eyes were keen upon him. "Even the incomparable Charlbury was once, may be. What? And still she keeps an ideal tenderness for—Danes."

Beaujeu found both of them looking at him. "I admire my name of Beaujeu," said he quietly.

"'Tis damnable apt to you," said Wharton, and found another topic.

Come home, Mr. Healy, having filled his pipe and lit it, referred to the lady:

"So you've found a friend," says he.

"Of the dearest," said Beaujeu, and his eyes glittered through the smoke.

"Now will you want to hang her?" said Healy.

"I love her too dearly," said Beaujeu.

"Then God help her," said Mr. Healy, and lay back watching the white hawk face.

(*To be continued*)

Google

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

No 54 Mar 1905

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

30 TO 34 NEW OXFORD STREET

BRANCH OFFICES

HENRY SOTHERAN & Co.,

Booksellers, Bookbinders & Publishers

TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS
IN INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA, AND ABROAD.

Monthly Catalogue of Second-hand Books, post free.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED, VALUED, OR ARRANGED AND CATALOGUED.

Telegraphic Address—BOOKMEN, LONDON. *Codes*—UNICODE and A B C. *Telephone*—CENTRAL, 1515.

140 STRAND, W.C., AND 37 PICCADILLY, W.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

Great Ormond Street, W.C.—200 Beds.

Convalescent Branch:—**HIGHGATE, N.—50 BEDS.**

New Annual Subscribers Needed.

£5 5s. PAYS FOR AVERAGE STAY OF CHILD **£5 5s.**

£1000 ENDOWS A COT FOR EVER. **£1000**

STEWART JOHNSON, *Secretary.*

THE HOUSING OF THE POOR.

Minutes of Evidence taken before the Municipal Commission on the Housing of the Poor, appointed by the Corporation of the City of Glasgow, with Appendices and General Index to Minutes of Evidence. In two volumes, 979 pages, foolscap folio.

Report and Recommendations, together with Appendix and Summary of Proceedings of the Commission when considering Draft Report and Recommendations. In one volume of 53 pages, foolscap folio.

Price for the complete work in three volumes, paper covers, £2 5s. net

The Report and Recommendations can be obtained separately, price 5s. net

Specimen Pages of Minutes of Evidence and General Index free on application.

WILLIAM HODGE & CO., PUBLISHERS, 34 36, NORTH FREDERICK STREET, GLASGOW, AND 8, NORTH BANK STREET, EDINBURGH.

Google

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY,

LIMITED,

34, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS

FROM ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS

TWO GUINEAS PER ANNUM AND UPWARDS.

Two or Three Friends may unite in One Subscription, thus lessening the cost of Carriage, and obtaining a

CONSTANT SUPPLY OF THE BEST BOOKS.

PARCEL POST

Subscribers can have their books exchanged by post, on the terms mentioned in the separate prospectus. This is a very convenient arrangement when the Subscriber's residence is some distance from a Railway Station.

SUBSCRIPTIONS CAN COMMENCE AT ANY DATE,

and may be entered for 3, 6, or 12 Months.

MUDIE'S CLASSIFIED LIBRARY CATALOGUE, 1904,

One Shilling and Sixpence.

MUDIE'S CLEARANCE LIST OF BOOKS ON SALE

(100 pages), Postage Free on application.

A Large Assortment of Handsomely Bound Books, suitable for Presents and Prizes, always in Stock in the

BOOK SALE DEPARTMENT OF THE LIBRARY

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, LIMITED,

NEW OXFORD STREET, MUSEUM STREET, COPTIC STREET, AND LITTLE RUSSELL STREET;

241, BROMPTON ROAD S.W.; & 48, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.

Google

H

GE

LIB

1

T

G

N

T

Min
a
t
Rep
(
s

Google

JUST PUBLISHED.

SSAYS ON FOREIGN POLITICS.

By the late LORD SALISBURY.

Large Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS.

By the late LORD SALISBURY.

Large Crown 8vo. With Portraits. 5. net.

SECOND EDITION.

Russian Affairs. By GEOFFREY DRAGE, Author of "Cyril," "The Labour Problem," &c. With Maps, Medium 8vo, 21s. net.

"We know of no book which covers the whole ground so completely as Mr Drage's, or is so well calculated to put general readers in possession of the main facts, and it is for the general reader rather than for the specialist that he has wisely written." *The Times*

"An encyclopædia of everything relating to 'All the Russias.' . . . A volume which no library and no well-equipped statesman can afford to be without."—*Daily Telegraph*

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

LHASA AND ITS MYSTERIES

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BRITISH MISSION TO LHASA, 1903—1904.

By Lieut.-Colonel L. A. WADDELL, C.B., C.I.E., LL.D., etc.,

AUTHOR OF "THE BUDDHISM OF TIBET," "TRIBES OF THE BRAHMAPUTRA VALLEY," ETC

With over 100 Illustrations from special Photographs and Maps.

Demy 8vo. 25s. net. *[Ready Immediately*

A NEW EDITION.

JOURNEY TO LHASA AND CENTRAL TIBET.

By SARAT CHANDRA DAS, C.I.E.,

OF THE BENGAL EDUCATIONAL SERVICE; MEMBER OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY, BENGAL, ETC.

With Map and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. **10s. 6d. net.**

"All who are in any way interested in strange countries and peoples, or who care to know the truth about a land which has been misrepresented, should read the simple unvarnished narrative of Sarat Chandra Das. Were he European he would long ere this have taken rank among the most daring, accomplished and successful explorers of the age."—*The Morning Post*

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Google

First Edition already Exhausted. *Second Impression, Now Ready*

THE LIFE OF THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

BY

SIR ALFRED LYALL, P.C.

With Portraits, etc. Demy 8vo. 2 Vols. 36s. net.

TIMES.—"This book will not disappoint the reader's natural expectations that it will prove of great interest. . . . Sir Alfred Lyall holds no mean position in our literature as a poet and essayist, and he brings to his present task the special qualifications of personal acquaintance of Lord Dufferin, and of familiarity with the East."

PALL MALL GAZETTE. "The personal interest of the book is great enough of itself to recommend it; there is nothing in its pages to show, indeed, that their author had any other intention. But its political interest is yet greater. In that respect it is of more value than any other book of the kind that has been published for years."

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.—"A real work and not a mere compilation. . . This is the final Life."

THE DAILY CHRONICLE.—"All through we are in close touch with the subject, seeing him, feeling the human nature beat in him."

THE STANDARD.—"These two volumes contain many valuable side-lights on the late Queen's reign, a few letters of more than transient significance, and a picture of Lord Dufferin from youth to age which is so intimate and convincing as to leave next to nothing to be desired."

THE WORLD.—". . . . the authorised biography by Sir Alfred Lyall will be welcomed by a large body of readers in many different quarters of the world. . . . Sir Alfred Lyall has done his work well, with equal discrimination and discretion."

THE SCOTSMAN.—"This is a record of a great career, and, considering the extent of the field which had to be covered, it may be said with confidence that the biographer has worthily discharged his duties."

THE NORTHERN WHIG.—"Sir Alfred Lyall has succeeded marvellously in his task and has given us the story of a great life in reasonable space, delightful in its personal touches, and full of interest in its presentation of ever-varying incidents of Imperial importance."

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Google

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's New Novel.

ON MARCH 8 WILL BE PUBLISHED,

WITH [illegible] ILLUSTRATIONS BY [illegible]

THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE.

By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

[illegible]

THE STORY OF AN INDIAN UPLAND.

MRS HENRY DE LA PASTURE'S NEW NOVEL

PETER'S MOTHER.

HISTORICAL MYSTERIES.

A VAGRANT ENGLISHWOMAN.

TRACKS OF A ROLLING STONE.

[illegible] SMITH, ELDER & Co. will be happy [illegible] Copy of their CATALOGUE post free on application.

[illegible] 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

THIRD IMPRESSION NOW READY.

The Recent Development of Physical Science.

By W. C. D. WHETHAM, M.A., F.R.S.,

[illegible]

Illustrated. Large Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

[illegible]

15 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

Google

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE.

INCORPORATED A.D. 1720.

Head Office - - **Royal Exchange, E.C.**
West End Office - - **29 Pall Mall, S.W.**

Funds in Hand, £5,000,000. Claims Paid, £42,000,000.

FIRE, LIFE, SEA,
ACCIDENTS, EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.

The Corporation is prepared to undertake the duties of
TRUSTEE AND OR EXECUTOR.

For full Prospectus apply to the Secretary.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE BALKAN QUESTION

A SERIES OF STUDIES OF THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE BALKANS AND OF EUROPEAN RESPONSIBILITIES.

By VARIOUS WRITERS.

Edited by LUIGI VILLARI.

With a Map. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

CONTENTS Introduction By the Rt Honble James Bryce M.P., D.C.L., &c.—I. A Description of the Turkish Government By Edwin Pears, LL.B. II. The Balkan States By James Bourchier.—III. A History of Turkish Reforms since the Treaty of Berlin By Miss Victoria Buxton.—IV. Races, Religions and Propaganda By Luigi Villari.—V. Turkish Misrule in Macedonia By Dr. Bogitrade Tatarcheff.—VI. The Macedonian Committees and the Insurrection. By Frederick Moore.—VII. The Attitude of the Powers By Valentine Chirol.—VIII. The Attitude of France By M. Berard.—IX. The Policy of Italy. By an Italian Deputy.—X. A Suggested Scheme of Reforms. By E. Hilton Young.—XI. The Execution of the Reforms, A Plea for a British Policy By Arthur Ponsonby.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Google

DAVID NUTT, 57-59, Long Acre, W.C.

LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

DIVORCE. By Paul Bourget, Member of the French Academy. Translated by E. L. Chartwood. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.—"There is no more powerful and illuminating presentation of the French Catholic view of marriage than that given in M. Paul Bourget's latest and strongest novel. It has now been translated into English, and will doubtless find many readers. It is a novel of severe and sustained power and dignity, and it does not contain a passage that would justify the most prudish in applying to it the epithet 'unclean.'"

TO WINDWARD. The Story of a Stormy Course. A Novel of Modern New York. By H. C. Rowland, Author of "Sea Scamps." Frontispiece in Colour by Charlotte Weber. Crown 8vo, 359 pp., cloth, 6s.

A remarkably strong and dramatic novel, in part a story of the sea, in part the story of a man's battle in New York.

THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS. By Arthur Henry. Crown 8vo, 323 pp., and numerous full-page Illustrations. Art linen, 4s. net.

The story of real experiment of a young couple, disciples of Thoreau and Ruskin, who turned their backs on city life, and built their own house in a mountain woodland with the sole aid of their village neighbours.

"MUNCHAUSEN REINCARNATED IN THOMPSON SETON."

FERGY THE GUIDE and his Moral and Instructive Lies about Beasts, Birds, and Fishes. By H. S. Canfield. With Illustrations by A. J. Blashfield. Square 8vo, 242 pp., cloth, 6s. net.

A most amusing collection of backwoodsman's yarns of the tallest description about his hunting and fishing exploits. An American critic has wittily and truthfully described Fergy, the "veracious" guide, as "Munchausen reincarnated in Ernest Thompson Seton."

COMPLETION OF THE NEW LIBRARY EDITION OF

THE HISTORICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

With Photogravure Illustrations. *In 9 Volumes.*

Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net each.

HISTORY OF THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. 3 Vols.
HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS. 4 Vols.
JOHN OF BARNEVELD. 2 Vols.

No uniform Edition of Motley's Historical Works has ever existed in England, and for many years past the original Library Editions of the earlier works have been completely out of print.

"For the Library, this series will be always indispensable. The excellent typography and stout binding give the set every recommendation, and it is well that [illegible] from the standard edition of a work which will be permanent in its public demand and reputation."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISING

IN

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Cover Pages and other Special positions by arrangement.

Ordinary Page	-	£8	8	0	**Quarter Page**	-	£2	0	0
Half do.	-	3	10	0	**One-eighth do.**	-	1	2	6

Special Quotations for a Series upon application.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISING

IN

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Cover Pages and other Special positions by arrangement.

	£	s.	d.
Ten Lines in Single Column	0	11	6
Exceeding Ten Lines, and under a Quarter of a Column (per Line)	0	0	9
Half a Column, or Quarter of a Page	1	8	6
A Column, or Half a Page	2	10	0
A Page	5	0	0

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, 50a, ALBEMARLE STREET.

Google

THE

Scottish Widows' Fund

Life Assurance Society

A Great Bonus Yielding Office

ACCUMULATED FUNDS

£17,000,000

ANNUAL REVENUE

£1,725,000

Reasons why so many insure in

The Scottish Widows' Fund:—

It is the **Largest British** Life Assurance Office in which all the profits belong to the Policyholders, and, as there are no shareholders,

the Whole Profits are divided among the Assured.

Life Assurance and Annuity business only is transacted, and the Society has no Foreign Branches or any Agencies outside the United Kingdom. Consequently the rate of Expenditure is very low, and

The Bonuses have always been very large.

HEAD OFFICE 9 ST ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

Persons contemplating Life Assurance should complete and send this addressed post card to the Manager of the Society.

Full Address

190

Kindly send me a Prospectus of the SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND, giving full particulars of the Society's various Life Assurance Policies.

(Signature)

THE EDINBURGH LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY—FOUNDED 1823

Scottish Widows' Fund
Life Assurance Society

Policies as Provisions for Old Age
and also for Family Purposes.

These Policies secure a *Provision for the Member* himself in the event of his attaining an age when retirement from the active duties of life may become desirable or, if his death take place earlier, the Sum Assured is paid to his representatives. Besides, under the regulations of the Society, a Policy is capable of being turned to account in many ways. For example, under a Policy of £1000, effected in 1885 by a Life aged 35, payable at 60 or at previous death, for an annual sum of £43 : 8 : 4—

After the Premium for 1904 has been paid

The Family will have enjoyed for 19 years the protection of an Assurance which has increased annually from £1000 to . . . £1379

The Member, having paid 20 premiums, **might be relieved of future payments** by converting the Policy into a Paid-up Assurance, with right to future profits, for 20-25ths of £1379, or £1103

He might borrow on the security of the Policy alone any Sum up to £855

After his family had been protected for 19 years for the full Sum Assured and Bonuses added, **he might surrender** the Policy, on which the premiums paid amount to £868, for the larger Sum of £895

LONDON OFFICES: 28 CORNHILL, E.C., & 5 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

POST CARD

HALFPENNY STAMP

To THE MANAGER,

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

9 ST. ANDREW SQUARE,

EDINBURGH.

Google

DISTINCTIVE SYSTEM OF ASSURANCE

THE SOCIETY was founded in 1837, and the Accumulated Funds now exceed **Thirteen Millions Sterling.**

LIFE ASSURANCE.

Distinctive features—

Moderate Premiums.

Large Immediate Assurances.

Large Bonuses to those who prove to be good lives.

Expenses of Management are moderate; and as there are no Shareholders all Surplus goes to the Policyholders.

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES

form a Special Class by themselves, receiving the Whole Surplus arising therefrom.

EXAMPLES.

LIFE ASSURANCE. The Premiums are so moderate that the yearly sum charged by many other first-class Offices for £1000 (With Profits) will here usually secure from the commencement as much as £1200 or thereby.

A person, age 30, may secure £500 at death, with right to Bonus Additions, for an Annual Payment of £10:11:8 during life, or of £13:9:7 during 25 years only.

PROVISION FOR THE YOUNG. For £10 annually, a Parent or Guardian of a child under one year old, may secure to it an Assurance of £805, with Bonus Additions, payable at age 55, or at death if previous should that event happen after age 21.

If the Assurance were payable at death only, after 21, the amount would be £1276, with right to Bonus Additions.

All Premiums returnable should the child die before 21. Medical Examination is dispensed with in these cases, and there are no restrictions on future residence or occupation.

PENSION FOR ADVANCED AGE combined with **PROVISION AT DEATH.** A person, age 30, for an Annual Payment of £14:3:9, ceasing before age 65, may secure £500 at death, with right to Bonus Additions, together with an Annuity of £25 for the remainder of life, commencing at age 65.

The Assured, on attaining age 65, is possessed of a Paid-up Policy, with Bonus Additions, payable at death, and is in receipt of a fixed Income for remainder of life.

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES receive the whole Profits arising under this Class in the form of an Annual Bonus from the commencement.

A Premium of £17:14:7, at age 30, limited to 30 payments, secures £500, with Bonuses, to the Assured at age 60, or to his representatives in event of earlier death.

THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

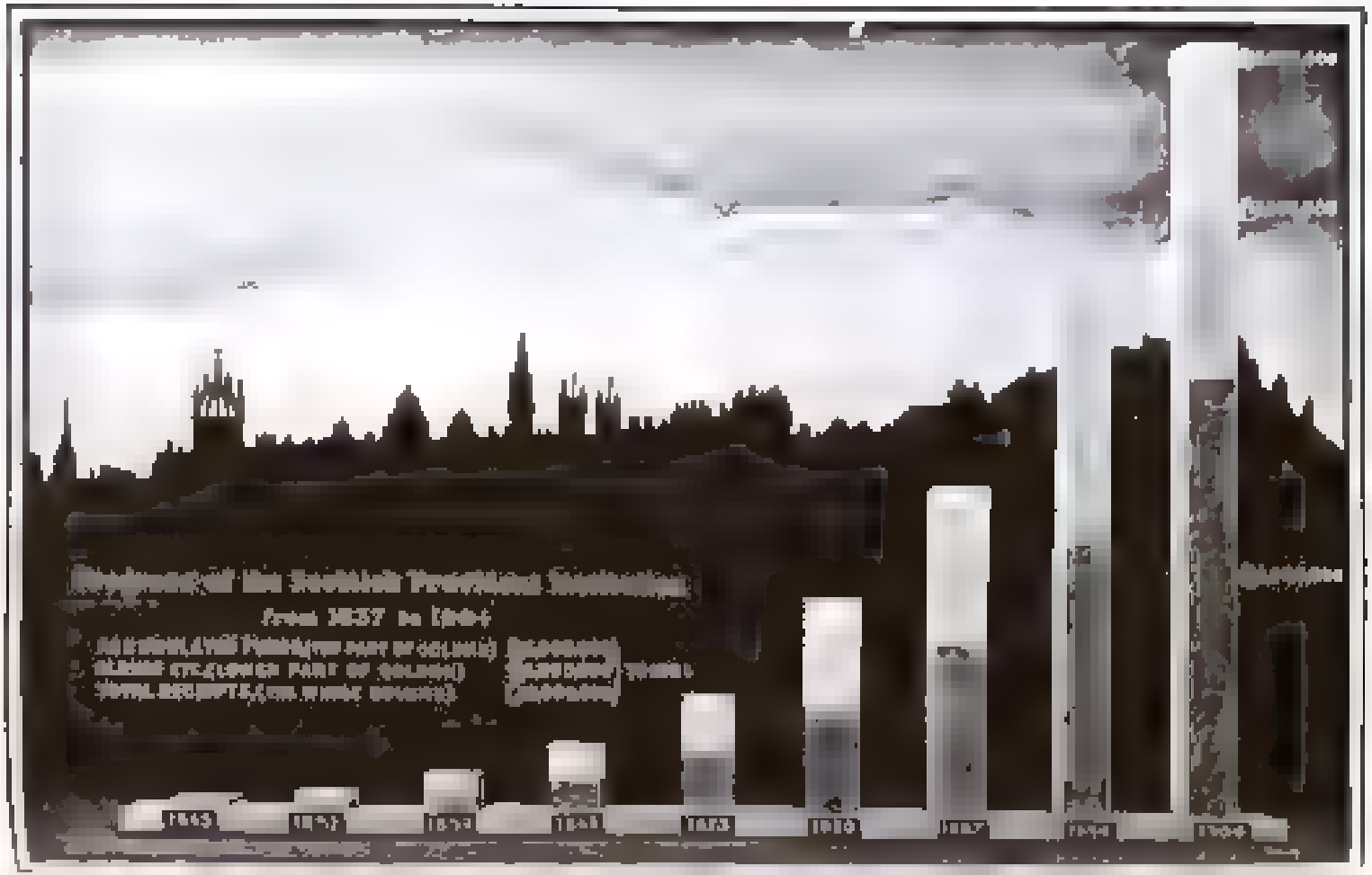
LONDON: 17 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C. WEST END: 17 PALL MALL, S.W.
DUBLIN: 36 COLLEGE GREEN.

Glasgow 29 St. Vincent Pl.
Aberdeen, 166 Union St.
Dundee, 49 Meadowside.
Birmingham, 95 Colmore Row
Bristol 27 Clare St.
Cardiff, 19 High St.
Leeds, 35 Park Row.
Liverpool, 25 Castle St.
Manchester 10 Albert Sq.
Newcastle, 1 Queen St.
Nottingham, 32 King St.
Belfast, 1 Donegall Sq., W.

HEAD OFFICE: No. 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH

Full Prospectus forwarded on application.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



MR. MURRAY'S

PROGRESSIVE SCIENCE SERIES.

Large 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. net per volume.

LATEST VOLUME—JUST PUBLISHED.

EARTHQUAKES. In the Light of the new Seismology. By CLARENCE EDWARD DUTTON, Major in the United States Army. Illustrated

OTHER VOLUMES.

EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS. By STEPHEN PAGET, F.R.C.S. With an Introduction by LORD LISTER. New and Revised Edition

INFECTION AND IMMUNITY. By GEORGE S. STERNBERG, M.D., Surgeon-General to the U.S. Army, Retired

THE STARS. A Study of the Universe. By Professor NEWCOMB.

THE COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN AND COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY. By Professor JACQUES LOEB, M.D., Professor of Physiology in the University of Chicago

RIVER DEVELOPMENT. As Illustrated by the Rivers of North America. By Professor I. C. RUSSELL. Illustrated.

THE STUDY OF MAN: An Introduction to Ethnology. By Professor A. C. HADDON, D.Sc., M.A. Illustrated

EARTH SCULPTURE. By Professor GEIKIE, LL.D., F.R.S. Second Edition. Illustrated.

VOLCANOES. By Professor BONNEY, D.Sc., F.R.S. Illustrated.

THE GROUNDWORK OF SCIENCE. By ST. GEORGE MIVART, M.D., Ph.D., F.R.S.

A BOOK OF WHALES. By the Editor of the Series F. E. BEDDARD, M.A., F.R.S. With 40 Illustrations by SIDNEY BERRIDGE

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

To all Lovers of Music.

MR. MURRAY'S MUSICAL SERIES.

Crown 8vo. 5s net each.

THE ORCHESTRA AND ORCHESTRAL MUSIC. By W. J. HENDERSON. With Eight Portraits and other Illustrations.

CHOIRS AND CHORAL MUSIC. By ARTHUR MEES. With Portraits

SONGS AND SONG WRITERS. By HENRY T. FINCK. With Eight Portraits.

THE OPERA. Past and Present. An Historical Sketch. By WILLIAM FOSTER APTHORP. With Portraits.

HOW TO LISTEN TO MUSIC. Hints and Suggestions to Untaught Lovers of the Art. By HENRY EDWARD KREHBIEL. With Eleven Portraits

WHAT IS GOOD MUSIC? Suggestions to Persons desiring to Cultivate a taste in Musical Art. By W. J. HENDERSON

HOW MUSIC DEVELOPED. By W. J. HENDERSON.

MUSIC: How It Came To Be What It Is. By HANNAH SMITH. With Illustrations.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

FOUNDED 1829.

Clergy Mutual

Assurance Society.

2 & 3 THE SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER, S.W

Patron
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

President
THE BISHOP OF LONDON

Chairman
THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

Actuary and Manager
FRANK I. WYATT, Jnr., F.I.A.

Vice-Presidents
THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

The Treasurer
THE RIGHT HON.

Trustees, Solicitors
AND FAIRY, NORTH, Jnr.

Secretary
W. A. ...

The Society offers the BENEFITS of MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE on Highly favourable terms to

THE CLERGY AND THEIR RELATIVES.

THE WHOLE OF THE PROFITS BELONG TO THE MEMBERS

ACCUMULATED FUNDS - £4,194,485.

ANNUAL INCOME - - £396,982.

BONUSES DISTRIBUTED - £3,723,720.

The ANNUAL PREMIUMS are lower than those usually charged

The BONUSES are on an exceedingly high scale

The CONDITIONS OF ASSURANCE are most favourable

The SECURITY afforded is absolute

IMPORTANT NOTICE

No Agents employed and no Commission paid for the introduction of business, although £10,000 a year is agreed to the members

Assurances can be readily effected by direct communication with the Office

2 & 3 THE SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER, S.W

PRINTED BY ...

Google
Original from

Google
Original from

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

B 1,469,487

UNIV. OF MICH.
MAR 30 1906
RECEIVED

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 05542 3092

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN